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THE

Lounger's Common-Place Book

OR

MISCELLANEOUS COLLECTIONS,

IN

History, Criticism, Biography, Poetry, & Romance.

THE THIRD EDITION.

[Newman, Jeremiah Whitaker]

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

ECCE RUBET QUIDAM PALLET STUPET OSCITAT ODIT,
HOC VOLO, NUNC NOBIS CARMINA NOSTRA PLACENT.

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1805.

THIS THIRD VOLUME OF A WORK WHICH

ENDEAVOURS TO STIMULATE ALL RANKS TO A CONSCIENTIOUS

PERFORMANCE OF THEIR DUTY,

IS DEDICATED

TO THE OFFICERS, NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS,

AND PRIVATES

OF THAT PORTION OF OUR SEA-FORCES, CALLED

MARINES;

WHO DURING THE LATE WAR, ASSAILED BY FORCE,

AND TEMPTED BY BAD EXAMPLE,

NOBLY RESISTED EVERY ATTEMPT TO SEDUCE THEM FROM

THEIR ALLEGIANCE,

AND REMAINED TRUE TO

THEIR GOD, THEIR KING, AND THEIR COUNTRY.

THAT EVERY INDIVIDUAL, WITH THE BLOOD AND FEELINGS OF

AN ENGLISHMAN,

MAY IMITATE THEIR CONDUCT,

IS THE CONFIDENTIAL WISH

OF THEIR FRIEND, AND FELLOW SUBJECT,

THE EDITOR.

MISCELLANEOUS COLLECTIONS.

PEREGRINUS, a native of Parium, a city on the Helleſpont or Dardanelles, during the ſecond century of the Chriſtian æra; a ſubject of the Antonines, a cotemporary and aſſociate of Aulus Gellius, and of Lucian.

Having ſtained his early manhood by flagitious conduct, and ſuffered from an injured huſband, a puniſhment which added ridicule to the ſmart of retributive juſtice; having hurried, by violence and vexation, an aged father to the grave; from the pangs of ſelf-accuſation, and the reſentment of his fellow citizens, he fled into Paleſtine, a country, which once proved a ſcourge, and afterwards gave a ſaviour to the world.

A wanderer, unſettled in life, unſettled and wavering in opinion, he gradually degenerated into a character not uncommon in modern times, a violent declaimer againſt thoſe pleaſures which he wanted inclination or ability to taſte.

At length, ſtimulated by compunction, novelty, or poverty, he ſought repoſe for mental inquietude, in the boſom of Chriſtianity, which firſt ſprung up in the Roman province of Judæa, where Peregrinus for a ſhort time reſided.

Apparently ſincere in his profeſſions, he was anxious for the ineſtimable comforts of hope and forgiveneſs, which revelation holds forth to repentant ſinners, and received conſiderable relief from the devout zeal of his patrons, who, eſtimating the value of their acquiſition, by the enormity of his tranſgreſſions, ſympathized with his ſorrows, and were edified by his diſcourſes, in which he adorned the doctrines of the goſpel, by figures, alluſions,

ſions, and expreſſions, borrowed from the various dialects and elegant mythology of the Greeks.

But neither the habits nor diſpoſitions of the proſelyte, were calculated for fulfilling the conditions of a diſpenſation, which enjoins purity of life, and affords no gratification to ſenſuality, ſelfiſhneſs or vanity. His converſion expoſed him to the religious banter of Lucian, who, however well-founded his ſuſpicions might be, as to the mercenary motives of Peregrinus, evidently miſtakes, in his attacks on the Chriſtian religion, the Moſaic ritual, for the milder and more cheering doctrines of Chriſt.

The ſarcaſms of the ſatiriſt, or the imprudence of the new convert, gradually opened the eyes of the Chriſtians; his moderation and abſtemiouſneſs, were found to be only aſſumed, for the purpoſe of impreſſing on the world, an opinion of his ſuperior ſanctity, while his non-compliance with the innocent cuſtoms of the world, was diſcovered to be a moſt arrogant and aſſuming ſpecies of pride, which, under the maſk of philoſophy, rudely ſets at defiance the eſtabliſhed opinions and general ſenſe of mankind.

To attract notice at all riſques, and to become the ſubject of general converſation by any means, was the ruling paſſion of his ſoul; whilſt, with all his boaſts of ſuperior wiſdom, he poured forth, on every trifling occaſion of envy, contradiction, or irritation, a torrent of foul invective; and always in a greater proportion, if the perſon he attacked, appeared to excel him in perſon, fortune, morals, or underſtanding.

Having proved himſelf groſsly deficient in every Chriſtian requiſite, and diſguiſing, under the philoſophic garb, an overbearing ſpirit, as well as a depraved heart; after repeated, but ineffectual admonitions to amend, he was expelled from the Chriſtian church.

Again thrown looſe on ſociety, he travelled on foot into Egypt; and having, by vicious or preposterous conduct, cloſed every avenue to fair fame, he aſſumed the character of a Cynic, affected the dreſs and manners of Diogenes, inflicted on himſelf corporal chaſtiſement, and inſiſted, that to a philoſopher, all words and all actions, as long as they did not violate moral juſtice, or diminiſh the great maſs of public happineſs, were equally indifferent.

He neglected or deſpiſed the decencies of dreſs, language, and geſture; performing publickly, without ſhame, and without ſcruple,

ſcruple, actions, which wholeſome prejudice and propriety, in all civilized ſocieties, have covered with a thick veil.

Such conduct was neither imitated nor approved, in a country warmly attached to ritual obſervance, and which has been called the mother of ſuperſtition. The diſappointed Cynic was driven with ignominy from the banks of the Nile, and repairing to Rome, ſoothed his chagrin and gratified his pride, that pride which, in the human heart, puts on ſuch a variety of forms, by loading with virulent abuſe, the cuſtoms, inſtitutions, and government of the country, which tolerated his inſolence.

He rudely attacked that excellent emperor, and good man, Titus Antoninus, who practically proved, that HE WAS THE TRUE PHILOSOPHER, by liſtening with patience to his impudent harangues; and if any of the charges againſt him, were true, by amending his conduct.

A Prefect of the city, extremely irritable in his temper, or whoſe conduct, as leſs correct, was more vulnerable, drove our unfortunate declaimer from the capital; and after paſſing through ſeveral cities of Greece, unnoticed or deſpiſed, Peregrinus fixed his abode at Athens, where he attracted the notice of Aulus Gellius, who has recorded the ſubſtance of ſeveral of their converſations.

One of his favorite topics was to inveigh againſt the folly, as he called it, of wrapping up the names of things, the terms affixed to vicious indulgence, or the harmleſs propenſities of nature, in refined phraſe and delicate expreſſion; he probably would have agreed with a certain writer, that there was evidently an increaſe of ſin, ſince bad women were called women of pleaſure, and the crime of adultery, ſoftened into the modiſh denomination of crim. con.

More vain and oſtentatious in *his* particular way, than any man alive, he groſsly attacked the liberality and public-ſpirit of Herodes Atticus, a rich citizen, who diffuſing his wealth in laudable exertion, and ornamenting his country by magnificent ſtructures, reflected credit on the taſte and munificence of a private citizen; placing many of the comforts, and ſome of the luxuries of life, within the reach of the pooreſt individual.

The territory on which the Olympic Games were exhibited, had been for ages a burning ſand, the death of many a candidate, from duſt and ſultry heat; a ſpot rendered claſſical by poets, and affording a permanent land-mark

to the chronologiſt and hiſtorian, was ſcantily ſupplied with water, for the neceſſary purpoſes of refreſhment, ornament, and food; a reproach to the avarice, the poverty, or the taſte of the Greeks.

The quick ſighted zeal of Herodes, ſaw and provided for the defect; he conducted, at a vaſt expence of labor and money, a copious ſtream, ſupplied from diſtant ſprings, by an aqueduct, which uniting magnificence with utility, was the wonder and ornament of his country.

A work, which it was difficult to ſpeak, or even think of, without praiſe, which excited and deſerved general approbation, was conſidered by Peregrinus, as an excellent opportunity for exerciſing his talent at ſatire and invective.

He abuſed Herodes, as vainglorious and oſtentatious, in thus laviſhing his wealth on an undertaking, which only ſerved to render the Olympic combatants effeminate, and unwarlike; he aſſerted, that it was more uſeful to the ſtate, though a few lives *were* ſacrificed, to habituate and harden them, by expoſure to heat and thirſt, than to ſuffer the defenders of their country to enjoy the unmanly indulgences of coolneſs and ſhade.

After much declamation in favor of ſelf-denial, it was obſerved, that on the next celebration of the games, the Cynic was foremoſt in the crowd which preſſed forward to enjoy the luxury of a limpid ſtream.

The office of a public cenſurer of mankind, whatever may be his motives, is not of a kind to conciliate affection, but the inconſiſtencies of Peregrinus rendered him contemptible; a circumſtance highly mortifying to a man, inceſſantly hunting after popularity, and ambitious of poſthumous fame.

Rendered deſperate by diſappointment, he reſolved, in the fervor of falſe philoſophy, which ſo often loſes ſight of truth, utility, and common ſenſe, he reſolved to aſtoniſh the world, and build his reputation on what he judged an imperiſhable baſis, by putting an end to his exiſtence on a funeral pile.

Being queſtioned as to the end and deſign he had in view, he ſaid, that he meant to hold forth to the world an impreſſive example; to teach men to deſpiſe death, and to bear pain with firmneſs and compoſure.

It was in vain he was told, that a fear of death was ſtrongly implanted in our boſoms for the wiſeſt purpoſes, and that it was the firſt duty of every citizen, and ought to be paramount to every

every other, to perform the offices of ſociety, in that poſt, in which Providence had placed him.

"If he imagines," ſaid Lucian, on hearing of his deſign, "if he imagines there is any thing ſo wonderfully pre-eminent and heroic, in committing himſelf to the flames, I can furniſh him with a long liſt of fools and madmen, who have excelled him in this his favorite method of making his exit.

"In the blaze of a fierce fire, as ſuffocation is inſtantaneous, ſenſation ceaſes in a moment; but on any occaſion which rouzes their zeal, or animates their devotion, the Indian Brahmins literally roaſt themſelves by ſlow fires, voluntarily expoſing themſelves to the agonies of death, for ſeveral hours.

"If the paſſion of Peregrinus ariſes merely from being tired of life, he need only return to his own country, whoſe laws, as a parricide and an adulterer, he has notoriouſly violated, and he will inſtantly receive the juſt reward of his crimes."

With all his pretended firmneſs, the Cynic appears inwardly to have dreaded the fate to which he had devoted himſelf; he was not without hopes, that by the interference of his aſſociates, or the compaſſion of the people, his propoſed death would be prevented.

But general expectation being rouzed, his abſolute and poſitive refuſal to undergo that which he had voluntarily offered, beſides lowering him in the eſteem of his followers, (for even Peregrinus was not without diſciples) his failure would have expoſed him to the riſk of being torn to pieces by the populace, who, on ſuch occaſions, are not diſpoſed to ſubmit quietly to an impoſtor, who ſports with their feelings, and inſults their credulity.

Finding he had nothing to expect from the humanity, he appealed to the ſuperſtition of the people; ſpoke of cœleſtial communications, dreams, and omens, which forbade the execution of his purpoſe; but he had gone too far to retreat, and finding that he had no alternative, but the death he had choſen, or a more ſhocking and ignominious end, he prepared the funeral pile with his own hands.

On the day appointed, and during the vaſt concourſe of the Olympic Games, he appeared with a train of attendants; addreſſed the people in a ſtudied ſpeech, in which he aſſerted, that the evils he had ſuffered, and the pains he had endured,

dured, were sufficient testimonies of his attachment to philosophy, without the present proof.

He then expatiated on the vanity of life, and the glory of devoting ourselves to death, for the benefit of others, but was interrupted by the shouts of his friends, (in all probability previously instructed) who exclaimed, that such a man ought to live for the sake of his country, for the instruction and edification of mankind.

These words, so highly grateful to Peregrinus, which would have secured him the credit, without subjecting him to the penalties of martyrdom, were calculated at once to soothe his vanity, and gratify his love of life, which, in spite of his declarations, still predominated.

These words were instantly overpowered by the voices of a very considerable majority, who loudly insisted, that a non-performance of that which he had promised, was unworthy the character he assumed, that a philosopher ought to set an example of consistency and scrupulous faith. "Conduct him to the pile, conduct him to the pile," re-echoing on every side, filled *our philosopher* with terror and dismay.

Convinced that nothing but death, in the manner and form he had himself proposed, would satisfy the merciless and irritated multitude; in a tremor, produced by violent agitation of body and mind, he sunk on the ground; repeated faintings, succeeded by a violent fever, made it necessary to postpone the business.

A physician who was sent for to administer relief, informed him, that if he was so anxiously bent on death, he might save himself the trouble and ceremony of publicly inflicting it on himself, for that the fever, if unsubdued, would soon release him from his cares.

Peregrinus, not relishing the proposal, told his medical friend, that merely to die in his bed, was not the thing he wanted, that so common a mode of going out of the world unnoticed and unapplauded, had neither the charm of novelty, nor the attraction of popular admiration.

After a struggle of several weeks, between his fears, his disease, and his pride, the fever left him, and he positively fixed the time and place at which he would execute his purpose.

On the sixteenth day of July, in the one hundred and sixty-fifth year of the Christian æra, and in the two hundred and thirty-sixth Olympiad, such was the for-

formal ſtyle in which it was announced, he aſcended for the laſt time, a funeral pile, which he had conſtructed with his own hands.

Three miles from Olympia, on the evening of a ſerene day, and the moon ſhining with a ſilver light, Peregrinus preſented himſelf to the public eye, with a long train of followers, and many others, whom curioſity or admiration had attracted.

Laying aſide his mantle, his wallet and his ſtaff, with a flambeau, he ſet fire to the fabric he had formed, of fir and other inflammatory materials; then ſcattering incenſe around him, and turning his face to the ſouth, he exclaimed in a loud voice, "Genii of my anceſtors, open your arms to receive me;" and leaping into the flames, was ſoon reduced to aſhes.

Thus terminated the career of a man, who may be ſaid to have rendered himſelf extraordinary by his crimes, and the manner of his death.

Having, by flagitious obliquity, barred againſt himſelf a path to honeſt fame, which is, or ought to be, within the reach of virtuous conduct and beneficial exertion alone, he attempted a bye-road to renown, by ſingularity, eccentric conduct, and what *he* called philoſophy; a name which for the worſt purpoſes, and with the moſt deplorable effects, has been ſo often conferred on ſyſtems, neither directly nor remotely tending to meliorate ourſelves, or increaſe the knowledge and happineſs of others.

Lucian, who was preſent at, and deſcribes the death of the Cynic, endeavoured, in the ſpirit of ironical raillery, to perſuade the ſpectators, that he felt the motion of an earthquake, at the moment Peregrinus expired, that a vulture was ſeen to aſcend from the funeral pile, and a voice heard, uttering the following words: I quit the earth, and take my flight to heaven.

As a proof of the diſpoſition in mankind to propagate, as well as receive falſhood, the ſatiriſt relates, that a few months after, he was in company with an old man, of venerable appearance and fair character, who poſitively affirmed, that he not only ſaw the vulture aſcend, and heard the words diſtinctly pronounced, but that he beheld the ſhade of Peregrinus, cloathed in a white tranſparent robe, and with a crown of olive on his head, in the portico of a temple at Elis.

For theſe, and other reaſons, ſtatues and divine honors were decreed to his memory; his ſtaff, a few years after his death, ſold for

for an Attic talent, which may be computed in Engliſh currency, at ſomething more than one hundred and eighty pounds.

Thus the peculiar turn of men's minds of that age, to admire ſuicide, and applaud thoſe who inſulted them, conſecrated and diffuſed a degree of ſplendor over the memory of an individual, who, but for a lucky eſcape, would, a few years before, have periſhed on a croſs, as a profligate, a parricide, and an adulterer.

In the preſent day, a candidate for fame or profit, though he will not exactly tread in the footſteps of Peregrinus, *ſome* of the means he may employ, will perhaps, be equally contradictory to utility and ſound ſenſe.

Illiterate and ſtupid himſelf, he may perſuade the world, that he has by a fortuitous glance, made himſelf acquainted with the ſtructure and laws of the animal economy, that he has in a few months rendered himſelf a complete maſter of the myſteries of a ſcience, to which the great benefactors of mankind, have devoted the ſtudies of a long life. Giving credit to his aſſertions, the infatuated multitude will laviſh their wealth on the minion of lucky incident, whom, but for the deluſive miſt he has ſpread before their eyes, they would not have truſted in their feullery or their dog-kennel.

Another may publiſh, as the production of firſt-rate genius, the elaborate nonſenſe of his own brain, artfully cloathed in the duſt, the cobwebs and antiquated phraſe of remote times; producing from *old* cheſts his *new* manuſcripts, he may raiſe contributions on the ignorant, the credulous, and the unwary.

A third adventurer, but of a different deſcription, may liſten to the harangues, and peruſe the nonſenſe of enthuſiaſts, myſtics, and madmen, till he catches the infection, and conſiders every prating driveller as inſpired. And how much ſoever the early part of his life may have been remarked for literary acuteneſs and ſound judgment; in the heat of enthuſiaſtic deluſion, he may obtrude his abſurd ſpeculations into national debates, and imitating the Saracens of old, pay divine honors to thoſe, whom Providence has deprived of its choiceſt gifts; to ideots and maniacs, whoſe arguments are beſt anſwered by a ſtraight waiſtcoat, and who ought never to have been ſuffered to re-paſs the threſhold of a mad-houſe.

PETRIFIED CITY IN AFRICA, a tale often told,

told, frequently refuted, and ſometimes believed.

To the catalogue of thoſe who have given credit to this abſurdity, I believe firſt mentioned by Kircher, in his Mundus Subterraneus, may be added the name of Louis the fourteenth, King of France, who ordered one of his ambaſſadors to procure the body of a man from this ſingular city.

It would not have been right to diſobey the commands of ſo generous a monarch, and the ſum of five hundred pounds was promiſed to two Janizaries, if they would procure, for a royal collector, the object of his wiſhes.

After a certain time, the crafty muſſulmen returning from a pretended journey into the deſart, reported, that it was not in their power to convey away ſo bulky a weight as the body of a man, without diſcovery, but that wiſhing to do every thing in their power for the ſatisfaction of his moſt Chriſtian majeſty, they had, with conſiderable difficulty and riſk, brought a petrified boy, and a petrified bun, for which the envoy, without demur, paid the ſtipulated price, and the *petrefactions* were ſent to France.

Theſe expenſive curioſities were afterwards ſhewn to a learned and ſhrewd traveller, Dr. Shaw, who proved very ſatisfactorily, that the bun was an echinus, and the *hard-hearted* boy no other than a ſtatue of Cupid, on whoſe ſhoulders the marks of a quiver, ſeparated by violence, evidently appeared, but which the Janizaries, in their mercenary eagerneſs, or groſs ignorance, had taken no pains to efface!!

PHILIPSON, JOHN, a gentleman of good family, in the county of Norfolk, a ſtriking inſtance of the inſanity of perverted paſſion.

Bleſſed with the gifts of fortune, intellect, literary acquirement, and perſonal accompliſhment, beyond the majority of mankind, he devoted the whole of his powers, mental, corporal, and pecuniary, to illicit love; I do not mean to the indiſcriminate indulgence of an appetite for venal beauty; *parabilem facilemque venerem non amavit*; *his* pleaſures were more refined, but far more deſtructive to the peace and intereſts of ſociety.

The arts of Mr. Philipſon were wholly directed and employed in vitiating ſpotleſs purity; he felt no deſire to win that heart, and preſs that hand which had been won and preſſed by another.

In theſe unwarrantable and dangerous purſuits, he ſuffered no conſideration of honor, conſcience, or expence, to arreſt his abominable

abominable career, and it would excite the doubts, as well as hurt the feelings, of my reader, to mention the number of women he ſeduced.

This execrable warfare againſt happineſs and innocence, naturally expoſed him to perſonal violence; he fought eleven duels, in three of which he was deſperately wounded; and in attaining his favorite object, undertook journies and voyages to diſtant countries, and endured fatigue, hunger, thirſt, cold, and a deprivation of the common comforts of life, with a patience and perſeverance, which, in a good cauſe, would have procured him the reputation of a hero or a ſaint.

It is fortunate for the world, and wiſely ordained by the Almighty, that no individual ſhall poſſeſs inexhauſtible reſources; otherwiſe there would be no check to the wantonneſs of folly, no curb to the perpetration of the worſt of crimes.

At the age of forty-ſeven, the ſubject of our preſent article, literally, and in *every* ſenſe of the word, was not *worth* a ſhilling; he had ſpent and wholly diſſipated property, real and perſonal, to the amount of *one hundred thouſand pounds*; ſo highly did he value the periſhable and tranſitory pleaſures he enjoyed.

Having exchanged wealth and independence for ignominious poverty; the gaming table, and *other arts*, ſomewhat connected with his favorite paſſion, afforded him a precarious ſubſiſtence for a few years.

In the interval, being detected in an intrigue, attended with aggravating circumſtances, which would have expoſed him to the ſtrong arm of the law, he ſuddenly quitted the Britiſh dominions, and flying to France, lived ſeveral years at Paris, in a routine of ſplendid infamy.

"But," to uſe the words of a writer of his life, for Mr. Philipſon was not without a *titled* biographer, the companion of ſome of his follies, and many of his crimes; "but aiming at a game too high, he was apprehended by virtue of a Lettre de Cachet, impriſoned in the Baſtile, and died in that fortreſs, in the year ſeventeen hundred and eighty."

This unpropitious poſition did not extinguiſh his conſtitutional propenſity; he contrived, ſays the authority I have juſt quoted, to attract the pity, win the affections, and corrupt the virtue of the daughter of one of his keepers; and, as if his death was

to

to take a tincture, characteriſtic of the manners of his life, *he actually died in the arms of this infatuated female.*

A child, born after the death of its parent, ſtill ſurvives him, and often liſtens with a mixture of ſurprize, horror, and regret, to the eventful hiſtory of *ſuch* a father.

PHILOSTRATUS.

From a paſſage in the life of Apollo Tyanæus, quoted by Philoſtratus, who is accuſed *of dealing too much in the marvellous*, it appears, that a people of India, called Oxydraci, poſſeſſed a deſtructive material, in its properties and effects, nearly approaching to gunpowder, and that this circumſtance intimidated Alexander the great, and prevented his attacking them.

"They overthrew their enemies," ſays this antient author, "by tempeſts, thunderbolts, and lightning, hurled from their walls."

For this paſſage I am indebted to *a modern writer of novels*, whoſe name and work have both eſcaped my memory.

PHŒNIX, a bird deſcribed by Tacitus and by Pliny.

The deſcription of the naturaliſt is quoted as a paſſage from Manilius, a Roman writer, contemporary with Marius and Sylla, but no longer extant.

"The Phœnix is a native of Arabia, ſacred to the ſun, and which lives to the age of five or ſix hundred years; when finding the languors of diſſolution approaching, it prepares a neſt of the ſlender branches of Caſſia, and other aromatic ſhrubs, on which it expires, and, wonderful to tell, a young bird is produced from the marrow of the bones of its parent."

My readers will hear with ſurprize, that a bird thus gravely mentioned by a celebrated naturaliſt, and ſpoken of by a philoſophic hiſtorian, in fact, never exiſted.

PHYSICIANS, and their Preſcriptions.

It has been obſerved by a late writer, whoſe good ſenſe is perpetually ſtruggling againſt ſtrong prejudices, "That phyſic is more deſtructive than diſeaſe, and that the inconveniences it actually produces, are much greater than any evils it can remove.

"However, as it is the faſhion to take phyſic, idle people, who have little to do, had better throw away their time on ſelf-preſervation, than in worſe employments; in ſuch caſes, the occupation of a phyſician is curious, he creates monſters for the *profeſſed* purpoſe

poſe of *deſtroying* them, and introduces giants that he may have the credit of knocking them down; in a word, he terrifies, in order that he may ſoothe, and torments, that he may afterwards diſplay his ſkill and dexterity in giving eaſe.

"All this evil and chicanery might be prevented, if we would only exert a little ſtrength of mind; acquire that moſt important of all arts, the art of ſuffering, and patiently ſubmit to the diſorders entailed on our nature; we ſhould, in that caſe, get rid of a moſt expenſive and vexatious ſpecies of impoſture, and be certain, when the hour of death arrived, that it came in the ordinary courſe, and had not been haſtened by the miſtakes of ignorance or the deceptions of art."

The ingenious author, whoſe words I have copied, was a curious but not uncommon inſtance of a man's theory and practice being completely at variance; although a *profeſſed* ſceptic in matters of ſcience as well as religion, on almoſt every occaſion of ill health and depreſſed ſpirits, he ſent for a phyſician or a clergyman; being rallied for this apparent inconſiſtency, his general reply was, "I wiſh to hear what they have to ſay, and then follow my own opinion."

But independent of this practical recantation, and allowing that the medical art cannot lengthen life, which, in ten thouſand inſtances, it notoriouſly and undoubtedly does, may I be permitted to aſk this ſarcaſtic obſerver, if it is of no importance to diminiſh pain, and alleviate the calamities and diſaſters of life? Will he deny the magic effects of opium, whoſe compoſing drops make ſo many nauſeous draughts *go down?* Would he refuſe bark to a miſerable wretch ſhaken to pieces by an intermittent? Would he interdict the moſt powerful of all minerals to a repentant ſinner, tainted by the envenomed ſcourge of unlawful love?

In the agonies of a pleuriſy, would he withdraw his arm from the ſalutary lancet, or, having fractured a limb, would he reject the aſſiſtance of a bandage? Whatever he might *ſay*, his conduct, on theſe trying occaſions, would at once prove his faith, and contradict his profeſſions.

PICUS, JOHN, Count of Mirandola, a learned man, and a munificent patron of literature, in the twelfth century, called by Scaliger, MONSTRUM SINE VITIO.

At the age of eighteen, he is ſaid to have been maſter of *twenty-two*

ty-two languages; he was the friend of Politian, who publiſhed their correſpondence; there is alſo an elegy on the death of Laurentio de Medicis, addreſſed to him, which may be ſeen among the Latin poems of Petrus Crinitus.

The count was author of a book of Theſes on a variety of ſubjects, logic, divinity, mathematics, *magic*, phyſics, and the Caballa; this work gave great offence, and was formally condemned by Pope Innocent the ſecond (Gregorio Papi.)

In an apology, which Picus found it neceſſary to make, he gives a curious inſtance of the groſs ignorance of one of his adverſaries; this ingenious gentleman being aſked the meaning of the word *Caballa*, replied, that it was the name of a certain wicked heretic, who had written againſt the Chriſtian religion.

PITT, WILLIAM, ſecond ſon of the firſt Earl of Chatham, a miniſter whom I once idolized, then rudely attacked, and now revere; ſuch are the fluctuations of haſty judgment, enthuſiaſm, paſſion, or caprice.

Having practiſed for a ſhort time as a barriſter, he ſoon felt that it was not his fate to retail opinions for gold, or to make the worſe appear the better cauſe; a more ſplendid, and to the public, a more beneficial ſituation was reſerved for him.

At a period of life, when moſt of us, abſorbed in folly and ſenſuality, are ſowing the bitter ſeeds of repentance; with a reſolution, which it is eaſier to deride than imitate, he vigorouſly applied the whole powers of his mind to public buſineſs, and private improvement.

With the youthful down ſtill on his cheek, he plunged into the ſtormy ſea of politics; defying compromiſe, and outſtripping competition, he ſkilfully ſteered amidſt the quickſands of party; ſeduced, but *never corrupted* by democratic ſyrens, purſuing the triumph, and partaking the popular gale, he at length gained the wiſhed-for port, where he reigns ſupreme, the favorite of his ſovereign, the arbiter of his aſſociates, and, with a few exceptions, beloved by the people.

A young man, thus occupying a poſt, which cabinet veterans have paſſed their lives in qualifying themſelves for, or in vainly attempting to procure, naturally excites a wiſh to enquire by what extraordinary merits ſuch preeminent ſuperiority has been attained.

To this queſtion, a ready and ſatisfactory anſwer may be given: the

the aſcendancy of the Lord Warden was evidently produced by predominating abilities, and the impulſe of hereditary worth; by aſſiduous parental inſtruction, and laſt, but not leaſt, by the fortunate peculiarity of his political poſition.

At a certain period of his reign, the king's ſituation, as to *confidential ſervants*, was confeſſedly hopeleſs, his mortifications had been various and ſevere.

The director of his education, and the friend of his private hours, through the unwarrantable arts of a faithleſs libeller, was generally diſliked: the Bedford party had been driven from the helm, with circumſtances of violence and outrage; the Duke of Grafton, purſued by the perſonal virulence of *the great literary aſſaſſin*, found that flight was his only ſafety.

An amiable chancellor, of exquiſite ſenſibility, and firſt-rate powers, but diſtracted by contending paſſions, periſhed prematurely, before his patent and appointment had gone through the neceſſary official forms: Lord North, conſidering his miniſterial exiſtence as incompatible with the diſapprobation of the Houſe of Commons, retired without a ſigh.

That illuſtrious combination of talent and integrity, collected under the auſpices of the worthy Marquis of Rockingham, had undermined the ground on which they ſtood, by *their ſelf-denying ordinance*: Lord Shelburne, with many recommendatory requiſites, was *not generally accepted*; and Mr. Fox, with powers and a diſpoſition, reſpected even by his enemies, had given juſt cauſe of offence, by a coarſe, a degrading, an unconſtitutional definition of a king.

Thus ſituated, and in fact thus deſerted, our gracious monarch anxiouſly looked around him for a Treaſury Atlas, on whom the burthen of miniſterial reſponſibility might reſt.

A youth happily preſented himſelf, of popular name, correct conduct, brilliant powers, and morals like his own, undebauched, but like his own, ſufficiently pliant for cabinet intrigue; *the ſovereign ſaw, and marked him for his own.*

It muſt be confeſſed, that on this occaſion, the machinery for diſplacing *one* miniſter, and *making* another, was curious and maſterly.

The affairs of a great mercantile company had been long and deſperately deranged; deciſive meaſures were called for from all quarters, to remedy the evils of peculation

peculation or miſmanagement, and to repleniſh an exhauſted treaſury.

For theſe deſirable purpoſes, and to introduce accuracy, order, and rigid ſupervifion, Mr. Fox's India bill had been produced; but an incautious diſtribution of patronage firſt exciting diſcontent, an invaſion of chartered rights was conjured up, his majeſty's opinion of the meaſure, during its diſcuſſion in parliament, was diligently and indecently propagated; the weak were alarmed, the ill-deſigning ſet in motion; Lord Temple laid the train, his couſin was appointed Premier, the watch-word was given, and PITT AND THE CONSTITUTION ſpread like wild fire through the nation.

From this ſlight retroſpect it appears, that the king's perſonal diſlike of his predeceſſors, was the more immediate cauſe of Mr. Pitt's early advancement; this advantage he improved by alternately diſplaying immoveable firmneſs, and accommodating pliancy.

He pertinaciouſly kept poſſeſſion of the manſion in Downing-ſtreet, againſt the ſenſe of a majority in parliament which all former miniſters had trembled at and ſhrunk from: ſurrounded by a hoſt of enemies, during the declamatory violence of the debates on a propoſed regency, he was not ſubdued by popular clamour, he was unawed by the frowns of a prince.

His readineſs to accept and follow advice from all quarters has been exemplified in his Board of Controul, his Iriſh Propoſitions, his Commutation Act, his Tobacco Bill, and more particularly by the line of conduct he has purſued on that critical and delicate ſubject, REFORM, and in the various attempts which have been made to aboliſh or meliorate the ſlave-trade; points, on which he has acted with good ſenſe, expediency, and good deſign.

"Your path," ſaid a virulent declamatory pamphleteer, who addreſſed the Premier, when the appointment of a regent, and Mr. Pitt's reſignation, were hourly expected, "your path as a ſtateſman is for ever cloſed, but nature and education have eminently qualified you for the bar.

"The court of King's Bench, where your friend, (at that time, Lord Kenyon) preſides, opens its friendly doors, and you may ſink with ſafety into a reſpectable barriſter.

"With your brief, your tie-wig, and the fourth-part of a hackney-coach, you will be valued by ſolicitors and attornies; with pompous diction, ſtudied phraſeology,

phraſeology, and nicely ſelected words, you may ſoothe the ſlumbers of a puiſne judge, and miſlead a petty jury."

The prophecy of this *ſecond Daniel* failed; his majeſty happily recovered, and Palinurus, improved by age and experience, again ſits at the helm.

Much has been ſaid on his extending the exciſe-laws; a mode of ſecuring the revenue, which Sir Robert Walpole, from the ſeditious and ſelfiſh clamour of his opponents, found it neceſſary to abandon.

Of ſo enormous a ſize is the national debt, that every means of inſuring the payment of the dividends is highly laudable; and I believe it is generally allowed, that on many important articles of conſumption, no impoſt can be rendered productive, without the unpopular aid of an exciſeman. This, though unavoidable, is a ſerious evil, a perplexing domeſtic grievance.

The early opinions of Mr. Pitt, on ſeveral topics, which once procured him conſiderable popularity, have been malignantly ſelected, and publiſhed by his enemies, in the hope of fixing on him the ſtigma of tergiverſation; but when we recollect the various miſchiefs which have been produced by agitating, at improper ſeaſons, firſt principles, in themſelves harmleſs and undeniable, I conſider the conduct of the miniſter as prudent and juſtifiable.

On the ſubject of a parliamentary reform, univerſal ſuffrage, &c. &c. whatever *at a certain time* may have been the generally accepted opinion, no well-meaning man can deny, that in our preſent circumſtances, a government ought to be ſupported, which ſecures us reſpect abroad, and tranquillity at home.

In the following extract from one of his ſpeeches, the praiſe of animated patriotiſm and ſtrong impreſſion, cannot be denied to the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

"I hope and truſt," ſaid Mr. Pitt, in anſwer to thoſe who were arguing for peace, "I hope and truſt that we are not leſs anxious for peace than the honourable gentlemen; but, however deſirable it may be, we will not proſtrate the preſent intereſts, the future ſafety, the honor and independence of Great Britain, at the feet of an inſolent and inſidious foe.

"It is not yet, I thank God, that we are to learn the humiliating leſſon of a baſe and abject ſubmiſſion.

"In what rencounter have our

our enemies had reaſon to think us degenerated from the ſpirit of our anceſtors?

"In what conflict with Engliſhmen have they not regularly experienced defeat and diſappointment?

"To proclaim that we are exhauſted, that we want the union and ability neceſſary for making a proper reſiſtance; to depreciate *our* reſources, and exalt thoſe of France, are, I confeſs, ſingular methods of bringing our adverſaries to reaſon."

At the moment of my preparing this article for the preſs, Mr. Pitt's return to the treaſury is announced; this is a circumſtance highly important in every point of view; whether we conſider him as THE PILOT WHO WEATHERED THE STORM, during the war of the French revolution, or as a parliamentary orator, who diſcovered and proclaimed ſo many errors in the adminiſtration of *his friend*, Mr. Addington; errors, which we hope and expect *he* will correct and remedy. I embrace this opportunity of bidding Mr. Addington a cordial, a friendly farewell; he has left an impreſſion on the minds of the people of England, which will not ſoon be effaced; that of a miniſter pleaſant in manners, honeſt in deſign, intelligible, plain, and cool; who, ſcorning to ſtoop to the little arts of a place and penſion-hunter, brought into office, and carries with him into retirement, clean hands, an uncorrupted heart, and an independent mind.

I conſidered, and ſtill conſider him as a miniſter, who, during the whole of his adminiſtration, recollected the enormous burthens already laid on our ſhoulders, and added to them in every inſtance with reluctance; A MINISTER WHO NEVER FORGOT HE WAS A MAN, and who perſevered in ſetting his face *(hinc illæ lachrymæ)* againſt public defaulters, and official peculation.—*Multis*, this I would tranſlate into many millions, *multis ille bonis flebilis abiit.*

Still I think he did right to retire; the popular current ſet in favor of his ſucceſſor, *which I hope he will not diſappoint*; and I am very much miſtaken if the late Chancellor of the Exchequer would not, in every inſtance, ſacrifice his own intereſt and inclinations, whenever placed in competition with the welfare of his country.

Various and important are the reaſons for congratulating my country on Mr. Pitt's return to office; *he is a war miniſter*, the marked enemy and oppoſer of French uſurpation, qualified by

 experience

experience and Engliſh feelings, to curb and correct it; and, aſſiſted by the prompt energy and fertile reſources of Lord Melville, if they perſiſt in my favorite plan of ſweeping the ocean in every direction, and ſending out cruiſers with every wind and every wave, ſo that not a cockle boat, under French colours, ſhall appear, WE MUST SUCCEED.

I hope to ſee the time, when not a particle of tea, ſugar, coffee, or *any* foreign produce, ſhall be conſumed in France, till it has paid the duty at an Engliſh cuſtom-houſe; by theſe and other means, war may be rendered as lucrative as peace; we ſhall be enabled to fulfill, with honor and effect, the duties of the expenſive office in which, by accident or by neceſſity, we are placed; that of DEFENDERS OF THE INDEPENDENCE OF EUROPE.

But at all events, I hope we ſhall be protected and guarded againſt the diplomatic arts of Meſſ. Otto and Talleyrand, thoſe wholeſale dealers in peace, thoſe fabricators of treaties; an art in which the inſidious duplicity of a Frenchman generally overreaches the honeſt, unſuſpecting nature of an Engliſhman: *this* Gallic art I dread more than all their flotillas, and all their threats of invaſion.

Notwithſtanding my ſtrong perſonal propenſities in favor of Mr. Fox, my admiration of the powers of his head, and my love of the qualities of his heart, I rejoice that he was excluded from forming a joint comprehenſive adminiſtration; my reaſons, which I hope will not offend him, I beg leave to ſtate.

I conceive, and I have reaſons for conceiving, that his principles pre-diſpoſe him to republicaniſm, that he is too honeſt and too well-meaning to diſguiſe or diſappoint theſe tendencies; and further, that he is connected with, and attached to, perſons *profeſſing* the ſame opinions; but who, without the kindneſs of *his* nature, would carry them even beyond the bounds of radical reform, and by the fury of indiſcriminate zeal, plunge the country at once into a ſtate of confuſion and uproar, *at a moment like the preſent*, very undeſirable.

I therefore object againſt Mr. Fox and his friends making any part of the preſent adminiſtration, for the ſame reaſon that eccleſiaſtics would preſerve the teſt act; not that they have any doubt of the objectors to it *meaning well*; far from it, but becauſe they are candid, open, and honeſt, and becauſe *their virtue is their crime*. The principles they avow are inconſiſtent with

with the Engliſh conſtitution, which is a pure monarchy, with all its prerogatives, collaterally aided and aſſiſted, it is true, by one legiſlative, judicial, and by one democratic fiſcal branch, but neither of which can, and God grant never may, exerciſe one jot or one tittle of regal power.

PITTMAN, HENRY, a Somerſetſhire ſurgeon, who ſerved the Duke of Monmouth in his profeſſional capacity, on his diſaſtrous expedition.

Of his conduct on this occaſion, a narrative remains, in which Pittman repeatedly declares, that the ſervices he rendered the duke were not voluntary, and takes great pains to prove his aſſertion; yet, in ſpite of all our precautions, there are crevices and loop-holes through which truth as well as error will creep.

In the apology for his conduct, a quarto pamphlet publiſhed in 1689, having occaſion to mention the duke's undertaking, he calls it *fatal* and *unfortunate*, which to Monmouth and his adherents it undoubtedly was, but to King James, if he had poſſeſſed one grain of prudence or good ſenſe, the defeat was auſpicious and lucky; nor would the epithets uſed by Pittman have been applied to the event, but by a well-wiſher to the ill-conducted deſcent.

After the victory of the king's troops, our ſurgeon and a number of his aſſociates were conducted to priſon, tried, and condemned to death, but by good fortune, by pleading compulſion, or rather by the well-timed application of a large ſum of money, which Pittman complains entirely ruined his fortune, his execution was reſpited, and, at laſt, changed to the puniſhment of tranſportation to Barbadoes.

From this iſland, to which ſo many individuals, in modern times, voluntarily and profitably *tranſport themſelves*, he found means to eſcape, and returned to England a year after the revolution, to witneſs the triumphs of his friends, and rejoice at the depreſſion of a common enemy.

With reſpect to the book publiſhed by Pittman, it is neither intereſting from the information it contains, nor attractive in the manner by which it is conveyed; it is the huzza of a priſoner at large, who, in the bliſs of recovered liberty, joins in the national chorus.

To blacken the deeds of the abdicated ſovereign, and to deſcribe the barbarities of the mercileſs Jeffreys, he thought a likely me-

thod of recommending himself to King William and his ministers.

PITY LEADS TO LOVE, a sentiment confirmed by every day's experience, and remarkably exemplified at the present moment.

Numbers of English women have married exiled Frenchmen, and many instances have occurred, in which virgins, widows, mothers of families, and buxom abigails, have been seduced by these strangers, whose persons, tempers, and manners, were by no means attractive; the lovers, in every instance I was acquainted with, had no other recommendation than genuine distress, and fortunes ruined beyond recovery.

"La pitie," says one of their writers, "comme toutes les passions, a ses sophismes et ses erreurs."

But if this amiable weakness sometimes leads to error and degradation, it occasionally is the handmaid of happiness and domestic comfort; a case strongly in point occurred in the life of Dr. John Burton, formerly fellow of Eton College, a man never recollected by his cotemporaries without love and regret, and mentioned in a former volume as a literary antagonist of Dr. King, who was of a character *a little* different.

Dr. Burton having been presented by his college to the vicarage of Maple-Derham, in Oxfordshire, repaired to that place in order to be inducted; when a melancholy scene presented itself; the widow of his predecessor, in that preferment (Dr. Edward Lyttleton) with three infant daughters, without a home, and without fortune!!

The worthy doctor insisted that the lady should on no account be put to the trouble of quitting the parsonage; he consoled her by every means in his power, and occasionally repeating his visits, became strongly interested in her welfare, and, at the same time, so fascinated with her person, disposition, manners and accomplishments, that, after a decent time, they became man and wife.

Those who have a relish for learning, embellished by taste and guided by good sense, will find them happily united in the *Opuscula* of this excellent man; a Latin oration spoken before the university of Oxford, and afterwards published under the title of "Heli, or an Instance of a Magistrate erring through lenity," is well worthy the perusal of

of vice chancellors, proctors, and heads of houſes.

The following paſſage of his monumental inſcription is ſtrictly appropriate; *Vir, inter primos, doctus, ingenioſus, pius, opum contemptor, ingenuæ juventutis fautor.*

PLAIN DEALING, beſt before as well as after marriage.

The following anecdote of certain inauſpicious nuptials, *I will not* authenticate, leſt I ſhould give pain to a worthy man, which in every inſtance has been carefully avoided in this collection, although the contrary hath been aſſerted; particularly in an article of my firſt volume, which deſcribed a ſingular inſtance of accumulated diſtreſs in one family.

I know that pain *was* inflicted by the narrative in queſtion, and I meant to give pain, but it was to two odious and worthleſs characters, who had directly or collaterally been the cauſe of all the miſery that was endured; but I muſt not forget the unlucky wedding, which, though I have ſuppreſſed names, deſerves to be recorded.

A gentleman of fortune and good ſenſe, but ſomewhat haſty in his temper, had for ſeveral years addreſſed a young woman of his own age and rank, and, after the uſual delays, had at laſt prevailed on her to accept his hand; the party went from church to the houſe of a near relation, at a few miles diſtance, and the day, as was cuſtomary at that period, paſſed in merriment and feaſting. At a late hour, the bride was conducted to bed, and her impatient lover, ſcarcely yet a huſband, after evading the ſnares of intoxication, and the contrivances of miſchievous fun, hurried to his miſtreſs's bed chamber.

But, in a ſhort time, the company was alarmed by an outcry that the gentleman, after remaining a few minutes, had ſuddenly quitted the room, ruſhed down ſtairs, and left the houſe without uttering a word.

The night, which promiſed pleaſanter things, concluded in buſtle and conſternation; inſtead of ſoft ſighs, rapturous kiſſes, and the gentle violence of hymeneal love; hyſteric ſcreams, hartſhorn, long faces, burnt feathers and confuſion.

Meſſengers were diſpatched in ſearch of the bridegroom, to his own houſe and other places in vain.

It was not without great difficulty, and after ſeveral months had paſſed, that any explanation of this ſingular ſeceſſion could be procured from the lady.

After

After many leading queſtions and diſtant hints, ſuch as counſel, learned in the law, are ſometimes obliged to have recourſe to, with reluctant witneſſes, it at laſt *came out*, that her huſband had undreſſed, and having raiſed part of the covering of the bed, as if in the act of ſtepping in, had almoſt immediately re-placed them, put on his clothes, and retired as has been already related.

He never would ſee his wife again, but ſettled on her a ſeparate maintenance, more than was proportionate to the income of his eſtate; though repeatedly queſtioned on the ſubject, and tried by wine and irritation, he never could be prevailed on to account for his conduct; it is difficult to imagine any circumſtance which could warrrant ſuch a proceeding.

The world, which on theſe and many other occaſions is kind enough to gueſs at, or find out the motives of *all* our actions, determined at once that the lady had crooked legs, was warped in the back, or in ſome way halt or mis-ſhapen; other reaſons ſtill more unpropitious were aſſigned; ſhe lived and died a virgin wife.

The circumſtance is introduced in this place to preſs a practical conſideration of it on young people and their friends, if they wiſh to ſecure happineſs in wedlock. Courtſhip, it is true, is generally a maſquerade, and, to a certain degree, perhaps it is impoſſible it ſhould be otherwiſe; few women would receive a lover in their night-caps, or with the diſtractions of faro furrowing their brows; and he who aſpires to the fame of being a favorite with the ladies, will, in general, refrain from viſiting them, with the ſteams of a ſtew, or the naufeating exhalations of a drunken club, hanging about him.

Our beſt looks, as well as our beſt clothes, are generally reſerved for ſuch occaſions; ſtill I profeſs myſelf a ſworn enemy to concealment and diſguiſe, on points where health of body, peace of mind, and domeſtic comfort are ſo nearly concerned.

I neither wiſh nor expect female delicacy to be diſtreſſed by mortifying confeſſions and awkward avowals; as to common impediments, a man ſhould keep his eyes open, and have his ſenſes about him. Yet, if I had made an offer of my ſervices to a lady, in whoſe family *exiſting circumſtances* were unpropitious, it would certainly be the duty of a father, an uncle, or a guardian, to inform me that the goddeſs of my idolatry could only be kept ſtraight by ſteel and whalebone; that

that her form was ſo unſymmetrical, as to diſqualify her for fulfilling the firſt great command; that a very near relation was under the care of Doctor Willis; or that their blood had been unhappily contaminated by ſcrophula; to make ſuch unpleaſant diſcoveries, and the firſt night muſt, either to man or woman, be a moſt irritating circumſtance.

Certain ſage matrons, to whom I have communicated my opinion on this and other ſubjects, generally ſhake their heads, and tell me, that if *my* ſyſtem was literally and ſtrictly adopted, half the weddings which take place would be prevented, and population be retarded. Perhaps they are right, but how much individual unhappineſs would be prevented; and ſurely the ſtate of a cheerful old maid, or a dry old batchelor, who takes good care of his nephews, his nieces and *himſelf*, is a thouſand times more deſirable than that of a wretched parent, agonized half his life by the deaths, diſtortions and fatuity of his puny offspring.

A lively and a lovely woman, often mentioned in this work, having, in addition to her various thefts, *ſtolen* a ſight of this article, in an unfiniſhed ſtate, inſiſts that certain preliminary queſtions ſhall, in future, be put to all men and women previous to the marriage ceremony.

Thoſe to be put to the latter, ſuch as, are your legs ſtraight? Is your ſhape taper? &c. &c. &c. ſhe leaves to gentlemen to draw up; but among the queſtions to be put to the *lords of the creation*, ſhe wiſhes the following to be introduced.

"How many horſes and how many grooms have you at Newmarket, and what are your engagements there?

"Will you promiſe, if you meet a *black-legs* the day you are going to be married, that you will not ſay to him, in my hearing, 'I am very ſorry, Dick, I cannot go to **** with you juſt now; but if you will wait at the Folly a little, I ſhall have done with *this woman* in leſs than an hour, and will come directly to you?

"If you ſhould make ſuch a ſlip, and I ſhould be ſuch *a deviliſh good kind of creature* as to excuſe it, will you promiſe, upon your honor, to be ſatisfied with getting drunk three times a week?

"What is your preſent female eſtabliſhment; your previous attachments it would be *illiberal* to expect you to drop, but may I depend on your not enlarging them?

"Have you more than ſix acknowledged natural children?

Thoſe

Thoſe *ſuppreſſed* in the Foundling hoſpital and country workhouſes are, of courſe, out of the queſtion?

"Will you permit my guardian to have half an hour's converſation with you in the preſence of the phyſician, ſurgeon, apothecary, nurſe and laundreſs, you have employed for the laſt five years?

"*Will you abſtain from chewing lemon-peel for one week*, and tobacco for the reſt of your life?

"Can you produce receipts in full from your Oxford and London tradeſmen? Are the title-deeds of your eſtate in your own poſſeſſion?

"Who *ſuffers for you* at Bath, and the watering places? Will you ſubmit to paſs one evening in a week at home, and without company?

"In caſe of a young family, will you enter into a bond, under conſiderable penalties, to indulge me in a favorite plan of domeſtic education, and if not qualified to ſuperintend and direct, will you engage not to place any impediments in my way, but to ſtrengthen my authority by *your* preſence and approbation?

"Will you promiſe, in caſe of compliance with theſe various requeſts, and *however encouraged by elevated example*, not to break out into paſſionate exclamations before the ſervants, ſuch as, THIS DAMNED WOMAN POISONS ALL MY COMFORTS, &c. &c.

"Do you believe there is a God, and that he ſent a Redeemer to die for mankind? Do you agree that your family ſhall devote one day in ſeven to prayer and thankſgiving, that you will at leaſt, once in that day, accompany me and your children to ſome public place of worſhip? Will you on the Sabbath-day abſtain from routes, card-parties, giving dinners, and long journies?

"If, notwithſtanding all my precautions, it ſhould be my misfortune to have a vicious, unfeeling huſband, and to be at laſt driven by a mutual union of folly, reſentment and infatuation to Doctors Commons, will you allow it to be ſome extenuation of my crime, '*That I was carried to a country-box, in a remote county, with one of your deareſt friends upon earth, and that during the whole time of your ſtay, you regularly retired intoxicated, and placed your deareſt friend upon earth by my ſide, at midnight, on a ſopha, yawning and exclaiming as you went out, 'You ſee, George, men and their wives are the dulleſt devils in the world, and the worſe company,' though you were conſcious, at the*

the ſame time, that the companion you aſſigned me to, was the firſt winner of my virgin heart, but afterwards ſeduced by mercenary views, and the redeeming his eſtate from a heavy mortgage, to form an alliance with ſplendid miſery.

"If you ſhould be ſo unfortunate at the gaming-table as to loſe not only your money, but your credit, will you promiſe not to take a wild young man of family and fortune *to board and lodge* in your manſion-houſe, at an extravagant price, telling him at the ſame time, with a wink and a ſignificant look at me, that you will find him in *every thing?*

"Will you engage, if ever you condeſcend to accompany your wife to the play, not to get up at the end of the third act, in a ſide box, a crowded houſe, and Mrs. Siddons on the ſtage, and ſay, in an audible voice, taking out your watch at the ſame time, 'Well, my dear, you'll excuſe me, but I *muſt* ſtep into the lobby, and have a peep at the fleſh market, all the world will be there?'

"And if you *ſhould* happen to forget this promiſe, and I, by way of anſwer, ſay, 'Pray pleaſe yourſelf, I am vaſtly well entertained here, I may depend on your coming in time enough to ſee me to the carriage.' Will you further promiſe not to anſwer in a loud voice, ſo loud as to attract the attention of the whole houſe, 'DAMMEE, MA'M, DO YOU MEAN TO INSULT ME?!!'

But the queſtions of Madame Beaux Yeux have led me aſtray into the land of promiſe; and I haſten to conclude the article with a ſtory, which thoſe who oppoſe my doctrine of unreſerved, previous communications, tell, by way of laughing me out of my ſyſtem; it is, I believe, taken from a work of ſome celebrity in its way, formerly publiſhed by Mr. Joſeph Miller, of facetious memory, and has gone through many editions.

"Before we go to church," ſaid a lover, in humble life, to his ſweetheart on the morning of their wedding-day, "I think it but honeſt to own that I have occaſionally been too intimate with the ſexton's daughter; but I hope it will make no difference between us." "None in the leaſt, love," replied the bride, very coolly, "I admire your candour, and will imitate it; on moſt of thoſe nights you were toying with the daughter, I was romping with her brother in the next room."

Excuſez moi mon emetique, et je vous en excuſerai votre lavement, was a proverbial expreſſion

preſſion, current for time immemorial, in a kingdom, which with all its affectation of refinement and ſuperiority, has exhibited at every period, and ſtill continues to exhibit, a contradictory union of gallantry and meanneſs, groſsneſs and gaiety, politeneſs and barbariſm.

PLAGUE of ſixteen hundred and forty-ſix.

The following are ſome of the public directions given during this tremendous calamity in the Engliſh metropolis, and introduced, in this place, on the unerring principle, that it is as important to prevent, as to remedy.

"Every houſe *viſited* ſhall be marked with a red croſs, in the middle of the door, which mark ſhall at leaſt be a foot in length and of a proportionate breadth, with the following words in legible characters accompanying it, LORD HAVE MERCY UPON US; theſe to continue on the door of the houſe, until the lawful opening of the ſame.

"The ſearchers, chirurgeons, keepers and buriers, ſhall never paſs the ſtreets without a red rod in their hands of three feet in length, open and evident to be ſeen by all they meet.

"They ſhall not go into any houſe but their own, and they ſhall wholly abſtain from company.

"The ſtreet ſhall daily be pared and kept clean before each door, the paring, ſcraping, and filth to be immediately carried away by the raker, who ſhall give notice of his approach by blowing a horn.

"Layſtalls ſhall be at a proper diſtance from the city, and no vault ſhall on any account be emptied in any garden, or in any other place, adjoining, to the ſame.

"Special care ſhall be taken that no ſtinking fiſh, unwholeſome fleſh, or muſty corn be ſold in the ſhops or markets; the brewers and tipling houſes muſt alſo be well looked after, and no unwholeſome caſks muſt be ſuffered; no hogs, dogs, cats, tame pigeons, or tame rabbits ſhall be kept.

PLAYHOUSE, the profeſt diverſion of the age, which flouriſhes with luxurious elegance, in defiance of timid moraliſts, and the more furious attacks of the puritan and methodiſt.

In the ardor of well-meant but miſtaken zeal, theſe declaimers forget, that a love of pleaſure is a natural, and, if moderately indulged, a rational principle, im-

implanted for wiſe purpoſes, in the breaſts of us all.

That it is unlawful to laugh, and criminal to pretend to be happy, an impious idea, which deſcribes the Almighty and benevolent Diſpoſer of the univerſe as a tyrant, and man as the victim of a ſevere deſtiny, could only have entered an imagination clouded by deſpair, and impervious to the mild rays of hope and mercy.

But, if the doors of our theatres *could* be cloſed, I fear that the divine and philanthropiſt would gain an ineffectual victory, by driving the promiſcuous multitude of a crowded metropolis to the ſties of ſenſuality and drunkenneſs, or the receſſes of ſecret ſin.

Yet the merit of Collier, and thoſe who followed him, ſhould not be forgotten; they attacked and drove from the ſtage thoſe impious railleries and obſcene alluſions, injurious to correct amuſement, and diſgraceful to national taſte, which tainted the dramas of the day, and too often ſully the pages of Wycherly, Congreve, Farquhar, and Vanburgh.

It would be eaſy, in the preſent inſtance, as has been repeatedly obſerved in other parts of this collection, it would be eaſy from the abuſe to argue againſt the uſe of amuſement; but does it follow from reaſon, or the nature of things, or from a negligent and corrupted police, that the avenues of our theatres muſt, on every ſide, be ſurrounded by the noiſome dens of proſtitution, and fraud? where women and wine are employed, by well-known deſperadoes and their emiſſaries, as decoys to the gaming table, whilſt plunder and ſuicide cloſe the diſmal ſcene.

The ſame argument might, with equal propriety, be alledged againſt kings, becauſe St. James's palace, the reſidence of a prince exemplary for pure manners and decorous conduct, is almoſt elbowed by gamblers, pickpockets and impures; and in ſuch numbers, that if fire from heaven, as in the days of the patriarchs, ſhould deſcend and deſtroy every houſe of infamy in the royal purlieus, our gracious monarch would almoſt have a deſart around him.

But it was not to criticiſe on the drama, or moraliſe on its abuſes, that the preſent article was introduced;—the public expectation has been ſtrongly raiſed, and amply gratified, by the gorgeous decorations and bulky magnificence of our new-built theatres, which, leaving regal ſplendor and eccleſiaſtic grandeur at an humble diſtance, rival or outſtrip the

the vaſt dimenſions and graceful proportions of ancient art.

The *Coup d'Œil* is certainly ſtriking, but, after the ſtare of wonder and the exclamations of panegyric are ſatiated and exhauſted, when the critic and dramatic amateur are ſeated in the brilliant magic circle, to enjoy that for which moſt rational men viſit a theatre; they will find, with regret, that comfort, and the pleaſure of diſtinctly hearing what is ſaid on the ſtage, have been wholly ſacrificed to architectural grandeur and vaſtneſs of ſpace; a ſpace, which the woeful experience of paſt ſeaſons has feelingly told the managers, is never, but on the rare occaſion of ſome temporary ſtimulus, adequately occupied.

Proud to catch cold at a Venetian door, has repeatedly preſented itſelf to the imagination as well as feelings of many a ſhivering ſpectator.

Mr. Sheridan might have been taught, without paying ſo dearly for his knowledge, and without exhibiting the degrading ſpectacle of a half-finiſhed building (that unerring ſymptom of an empty treaſury) he might have been taught, that there *is* a degree of ſpace, accurately determined by reaſon and experience, beyond which the human voice, however artificially aſſiſted, or violently ſtrained, cannot with efficacy reach.

The rapture of an immenſe receipt may ſeize the imagination, or tempt the avarice of a manager, but he ought never to loſe ſight of the prior claims of the public, to comfort and amuſement; or he will, as in the preſent caſe, be often obliged to exhibit his gilded lattices, his ſtuccoes, his pilaſters, his proceſſions, his cavalcades, his laughing tragedies and crying comedies, to empty benches; whilſt the few who are ſo unlucky as to be entrapped by the gaudy puppet-ſhew, will ſuffer miſchiefs not eaſily remedied, from damp ſpace unoccupied, and from freezing currents of air; and all they have in return, is a view of apparently dumb actors, whom they may like to ſee, but, with the exception of the fidlers, cannot poſſibly hear.

The public would have been to the full as well amuſed, and much better ſatisfied, had the theatres prepared for their reception been leſs gawdy and leſs ſtupendous, without levying additional contributions on their pockets; contributions, which in the preſent rage for ſumptuous exhibition, they would have paid with leſs regret, had not the pleaſure derived from the drama, and the comfort of *hearing* a

good

good play, been proportionately diminiſhed, if not almoſt wholly deſtroyed.

POET LAUREAT, a title firſt invented by the Cæſars of Germany, perpetuated by cuſtom in the Engliſh court, and conferred at different times on the various and unequal merits of a Gower, a Skelton, a Dryden, a Cibber, and a Warton.

From Auguſtus to George the third, the muſe has been flattering and venal, but it will be difficult to produce in any age or country, a ſimilar eſtabliſhment of a ſtipendiary poet, who is bound to furniſh twice a year, a meaſure of praiſe and verſe, ſuch as may be ſung in the preſence of the ſovereign and his court.

The Delphic laurel, in the mythology of the Greeks conſecrated to Apollo, and celebrated by the enthuſiaſtic imagination of poets, and the garland of oak-leaves diſtributed to victors in the Roman Capitoline games, probably firſt ſuggeſted ſuch a literary diſtinction, which, with its various ceremonies, was continued to the reign of Theodoſius, who aboliſhed it, as a remnant of Pagan ſuperſtition.

After ages of deſolation and barbariſm, when few could write, and few enjoy the pleaſures of good writing, this title, after due examination, was renewed with conſiderable ſplendor, in the tender and accompliſhed Petrarch, whoſe name, though his works have been conſigned to oblivion, by certain modern critics, has a ſtrong and juſt claim to gratitude and praiſe, for reviving by precept, as well as example, the ſpirit and ſtudies of the Auguſtan age.

Various and violent diſputes have ariſen on the ſubject of Laura; by ſome commentators, her exiſtence has been denied, and by others ſtrongly ſupported; whether ſhe was or was not married, has alſo afforded ample matter for diſcuſſion. The Abbè de Sade, who glories in being her deſcendant, calls her the mother of eleven children, naming preciſely the date of her birth, her marriage, her death, and the name of her huſband, Hugues de Sade, a citizen of Avignon.

The identical object of a poet's love, ſometimes exiſting only in his own heated imagination, and ſometimes real fleſh and blood, after ſo long an interval, cannot be eaſily aſcertained.

In the conteſt concerning Laura, as in many others, zeal and partiality ſupply the place of evidence and argument: both ſides may be right in their aſſertions, concerning the perſon *they conſider* as Petrarch's love, but all may be

be wrong, when their aſſertions are applied to the real object of their hero's attachment. I confeſs I ſee no ſort of diſgrace attached to the poet or his miſtreſs, from the mere circumſtance of her being married, which the admirers of Petrarch, think it their duty ſo elaborately to refute, and ſo ſtrenuouſly to deny.

I believe few men have paſſed through life without admiring, and ſometimes celebrating female beauty and excellence, although poſſeſſed by another: but it muſt be extreme ignorance, or extreme malice only, that would convert every inſtance of ſuch involuntary homage to feminine worth, into illicit intercourſe. In ſuch caſes, the dangers of time, opportunity, and importunity, cannot be too often, nor too ſtrongly inculcated. But daily inſtances occur, in which, from the united force of friendſhip, intereſt, and religion, the nuptial vow has never been ſtained, even by what a late writer, calls, *the innocent adultery of the eye.*

The diſtinction of Poet Laureat, which Petrarch deſerved and enjoyed, was conferred on Philelphus, a ſatirical, generous, but diſtreſſed poet of the fifteenth century, whoſe Decades and proſe epiſtles are not without entertaining anecdotes of his times; on Taſſo who took refuge from calamity under the patronage of Cardinal Aldobrandini; on Querno the buffoon of Leo the tenth, and on Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini, afterwards Pope Pius the third, who on being preſented with a panegyric in verſe by a poet who expected pecuniary recompence, gave him the following impromptu.

Pro numeris numeros vobis ſperate Poetæ,
Mutare eſt animus carmina, non emere.

To which the writer with ſpirit, perhaps with juſtice, replied:

Si tibi pro numeris numeros fortuna dediſſet,
Non eſſet capiti tanta corona tuo.

To my fair readers who may feel the inconvenience of a dead language, it may be neceſſary to explain that the pope in his two lines, expreſſed his determination to give verſe for verſe, that he would barter but not buy poetry: to this the diſappointed expectant replied, that if his holineſs had never met with any other return, for the labors of *his* pen, the triple crown would never have encircled his head.

The ceremony of being publicly crowned with laurel, was revived at Rome in the eighteenth century, in the perſon of Signora

nora Corelli, a learned Italian woman, eminent for her talents in poetry and music.

Her previous examination continued the greatest part of a day, in the presence of a polite, a literary, and a numerous audience.

Our fair candidate, to use the ceremonial language of a procession, was *supported*, in plain English, she was conducted or accompanied by the ladies of the patrician families of Cardelli, Dandini, and Gennasi.

The conservators appointed by the pope, sitting under a canopy adorned with the arms of his holiness, and other allegoric decorations, received Signora Corelli, who as she approached, made a graceful effort to bend her knees, but was gallantly and dexterously prevented by the Chevalier de Cinque, one of the chamberlains of the sacred palace.

He gently raised the lady, and in an audible voice declaring to the conservators the merits of the candidate, and the previous trial she had passed through; by their directions, which after a short consultation they *stood up* to give, he presented her with the papal diploma, and placed a crown of laurel on the head of the happy female.

Jean Baptista Cinci, a Roman knight, registered the coronation, which was announced to the public, by the discharge of *three hundred* cannon from the castle of St. Angelo: and Signora Corelli received the congratulations of her friends.

To a stern republican at my elbow, who *wonders* I will crowd my page with *such mummery*, I directly answered; "That it was not more absurd than dressing up a prostitute in the cast off frippery of aristocracy, calling her the Goddess of Reason, and seating her on a throne in the church of Notre Dame.

Perhaps it was as innocent, as electing for the *citizens* of Rome, consuls, censors and tribunes, at the moment *their deliverers* were dethroning their sovereign, plundering their churches, and packing up the best of their pictures, the most precious of their master pieces of art, and antiquity, to be sent to the metropolis of *the greatest*, THE MOST HONEST *and enlightened nation in Europe:* I confess it was not equal to the coronation of the Emperor Napoleon, surrounded by his Chamberlains, Arch-Treasurers, Legions of Honor, and Arch-Traitors.

POLITICAL ATTACHMENTS, how very transitory.

Few ages have witnessed more striking

ſtriking inſtances of revolutions, than the preſent, not only in kingdoms and inſtitutions, but in men's minds, in their aſſociations, in their theories, and their practice.

The following extracts from a ſevere addreſs to an eminent character, were written by a man who once idolized the object of his preſent hoſtility. He commences with telling his old aſſociate "that in the plenitude of a luxurious table, in the arms of faded beauty, and the full-mouthed chorus of a degenerate club, he ſtrangely forgets himſelf as a patriot and an honeſt man; that he neglects thoſe duties, and deſpiſes thoſe ſalutary maxims which taught him firſt to riſe.

"To ſtem the current of early inclination," continues the pamphleteer "to counteract habitual propenſity, and cenſure an old friend, is extremely unpleaſant; but the moment is now arrived, when to trifle is to be criminal, when not to exert the whole of our powers, whatever they may be, againſt France, the common enemy of God and man, is the worſt of treaſon.

"It would be unworthy of a man, who once enjoyed a ſhare in your convivial moments, to catch at an unguarded word, or watch for a warm expreſſion after a third bottle; yet, it is impoſſible for friendſhip, partiality, or common ſenſe, to deny that your toaſts and tavern-ſpeeches are hair-breadth eſcapes from libel and ſedition; that you convert a public dinner into a convention of mal-contents, for the purpoſe of provoking irritating diſcuſſion, and deſſeminating inflammatory harangues.

"The company you keep, the opinions you avow, and the ſyſtem you purſue, however honeſt your intentions, are hoſtile to the intereſts, and derogatory to the honor of your country; in its effects, your conduct is more injurious than the avowed enemy who openly declares war againſt us.

"The efforts of the Philiſtines, thoſe deteſtable idolators of old, *who defied the living God*, their efforts to vanquiſh the Herculean Iſraelite, would never have ſucceeded, had not a *kind friend* previouſly deſpoiled him of that luxuriant appendage which decorated his brow, which was the ſource of his ſtrength, and the terror of all his enemies.

"Such and ſo trying are the circumſtances and ſituation of this country, that the part YOU act cannot be a matter of indifference; thouſands who never think for themſelves, look up to you for their political creed, which

which they receive with implicit faith, and propagate with enthuſiaſtic zeal.

"An individual, gifted like you, I conſider, and would treat, as a necromancer, a magician practiſing unlawful arts, and bewitching, by your extraordinary powers, the public mind.

"In this reſpect, you are more to be dreaded than Bonaparte; and if you will not liſten to the voice of duty, I would, on the paramount incontrovertible principle, that public ſafety is the ſupreme law, I would not heſitate a moment in ſubjecting you to a mild ſpecies of coercion.

"I would, for a time, deprive you of pen, ink and paper; all intercourſe with *a certain deſcription* of your friends, ſhould be cut off.

"I would confine you as a miſtaken theoriſt, an obſtinate man, who ſcorn to yield to the imperious neceſſity of the times; an impracticable ſtateſman, an inexpedient philoſopher, who conſider the welfare of your country as duſt in the balance, when placed in competition with a favorite poſition, or a perſonal attachment.

"The exerciſe neceſſary for your health ſhould not be prevented; no pleaſures, compatible with public ſafety, ſhould be wanting to ſoothe your hours of retirement; a ſpacious houſe, extenſive pleaſure grounds, a library, and a botanic conſervatory; wine in moderation, muſic, and your female friend, who, on the ſcore of intellect and accompliſhment, is herſelf a hoſt, ſhould alternately alleviate your regrets.

"And when the clouds, which now darken our horizon, ſhall be happily diſſipated by the prudent activity of his majeſty's miniſters, and the bravery of our fleets and armies, you ſhould be reſtored to that liberty of which you do not appear to know the proper value.

"But I ardently hope that ſuch meaſures will not be neceſſary, that you will no longer be led aſtray by an erring ſpirit, that you will rouze from your deluſive infatuations; as you have been egregiouſly miſtaken, let your progreſs in the right path, be proportionately energetic.

"You have been miſled, as is not uncommon in life, by men of leſs ability, but more cunning than yourſelf; they enſnare the open generoſity of your honeſt nature by exaggerated deſcriptions and miſapplied firſt principles; by plauſible poſitions, impracticable theories, and deceitful forms of words.

"Retire from aſſociates uncreditable to your intellect and your taſte; retire, while yet your retreat is not cut off, from a vor-

tex which has whirled into perdition the firſt of politicians and the firſt of men; take refuge with every moderate and every conſiderate man, in the ſtrong holds, and behind the ſafe barriers of a conſtitution which offers protection to all.

"And ſtill a patriot, though a courtier grown,
From petty tyrants fly unto the throne".

POLITICAL COUNTRY GENTLEMAN in Ireland.

The following portrait, drawn by a native of that country, I ſuppoſed was imaginary, but ſince my former edition, I have been informed that it is taken from the life.

"God forgive me if I am miſtaken, but I do not believe there is a race of animals more noxious to Ireland, than our political country gentlemen; remember, I ſpeak of the caſt in general; I acknowledge and am acquainted with ſeveral valuable exceptions.

"Awkward and arrogant; full of conſequence and claret, they exerciſe deſpotic power among their country vaſſals, who, cringing in the kitchen and the hall, imitate the conduct of their landlords at the caſtle.

"Taking their annual flight to town, they exhibit a curious contraſt of ſtiffneſs and obſequiouſneſs; the open air, ruddy cheeks, and clowniſh bluſtering of a Dromore bully, with the cunning of an attorney, and the bending back of a place hunter.

"Such are the characters who advertiſe their country, as they would a bad ſervant, libel the people who ſupport them, and expoſe us to the ridicule and abhorrence of Europe."

POLITICAL PARADOX, in a modern writer which I have heard immoderately praiſed.

"The utmoſt pinnacle of political perfection, is, that of being powerful and happy amidſt the moſt enormous abuſes."

To this, another may be added, which, I underſtand, a certain gentleman conſiders it as the glory of his life to have produced: the zeal with which he has enforced and explained it, have been conſidered, in a certain quarter, as an atonement for his *former errors*.

"The more theoretically true any political maxim appears, in the ſame proportion, it will be found practically falſe, unſafe, and inadmiſſible."

POPE, ALEXANDER, the moſt correct and harmonious of Engliſh poets, evidently, and, in the firſt inſtance, from his own

own confeſſion, aſſiſted by the rich melody of Dryden, and the ſtrong imagination of Milton.

On a writer who has exhauſted the copiouſneſs of Ruſſhead, the verſatile refinement of Dr. Warton, the candid criticiſm of Spence, and the acute preciſion of Dr. Johnſon, little remains to be ſaid; yet I cannot help acknowledging the pleaſant and ſcientific manner in which the ſecond writer, after a pauſe of twenty years, gradually undermined the untenable aſſertions contained in his firſt volume, concerning the genius and writings of the ſubject of this article.

I ſincerely wiſh that men of genius like Dr. Warton, and his brother Tom, would occaſionally advance ſome ingenious paradox for the amuſement of literary circles, that the public might be gratified and improved, by ſuch ingenious recantations.

"Pope," ſays one of his bitter enemies, amiably, if not ſucceſsfully anſwered by Miſs Seward, "Pope has taken great pains to make a penitent nun ſpeak the language of a proſtitute." The aſſertion of this gallant defender of Heloiſe, is not without foundation, ſuch conduct can ſcarcely be excuſed, by the fervid imagination of a poet, or the tempting opportunity ſuch ſingular adventures afforded, to the creative mind of a man of genius, for glowing deſcription, paſſionate language, picturesque imagry, and pathetic exclamation.

Yet, in ſtrictneſs of fact, the poem is erroneous, for the unfortunate Heloiſe was not ſo wholly loſt to the importance of fair fame, and the world's good opinion, as to decline marriage *on her own account*, or on the licentious principles of the poet; who, I believe, would have been an arrant rake, but for the mortifying impediments of a diſtorted form, and a tender conſtitution.

Nuptiæ non conveniunt cum philoſopho; wedlock and its cares are unſuitable to the life and habits of a man of learning, are the words of this accompliſhed woman. She conſidered, ſhe ſenſibly conſidered marriage as inconſiſtent with the purſuits of her lover, who was ambitious of literary fame, and fired with the keen ardour of polemic divinity, and the faſhionable ſcholaſtic learning of his day.

Of theſe curious lucubrations of Abelard, evidently the productions of an acute, a ſtrong, but miſguided mind, I have ſeen a folio volume; a ſpecies of reading, not very acceptable to preſent readers.

This ſtatement, ſtrictly conſiſtent with truth, but widely

different from the ſenſual and voluptuous motives, ſo ſeducingly diſplayed in Pope's epiſtle, ſurely places Heloiſe in a moſt amiable and endearing point of view.

I may probably be thought overſcrupulous, and unreaſonably ſevere, in wiſhing to reject any part of the intereſting and pleaſing works of Pope; I may provoke the cenſure ſo often pronounced againſt the preſent age, that the farther advances we make in debauchery, the more ſcrupulous and faſtidiouſly nice we become in our taſte and apprehenſion; that to conceal a licentious life and depraved manners, we draw over it a thin, a flimſy curtain of prepoſterous affectation; faces hardened by the bronze of guilt, we plaiſter and dawb over with artificial bluſhes, the ineffectual ſemblance of innocence and ſenſibility.

A rank hypocrite upon record, a profligate, well-known in every ſtew, and poſted in the ſpurious chronicles of every pariſh in which he has reſided, ſhall rouze the indignation of an audience, for a minute violation of decorum, or a diſtant alluſion in converſation, while the prude and demirep, join in chorus with their hero, yet enjoy that which they abuſe.

The paſſages, to whoſe avowed licentiouſneſs of ſentiment, and irritating voluptuouſneſs I have juſt alluded, I cannot but conſider, as highly injurious to the manners of a riſing generation, and incompatible with that unſullied purity, ſo deſirable in female minds, and ſo eſſential to the welfare of families.

I once heard a modern Lorenzo, who is often mentioned in this work, a gay accompliſhed villain, who had killed his man, and debauched *many* women: I once heard him triumphantly declare, that it was his conſtant and regular ſyſtem, in the proſecution of his amorous intrigues, to place certain irritating, but decently written memoirs, as it were accidentally in the way of his victims. After they had produced their natural effects, he followed them up, by reading with due emphaſis, ſignificant geſtures, and explanatory comment, this luſcious poem, and he declared that he *never* failed of ſucceſs.

Dr. Warton has applied to Pope, the following character of the French poet Boileau, written by Voltaire.

"Not having abilities equal to the ſublime and the pathetic, but poſſeſſing, in a conſiderable degree, acute perception, and good common ſenſe, he became the poet of reaſon."

Yet ſurely the praiſe of enraptured

tured ſublimity, cannot be denied to the Meſſiah of Pope; his verſes on an unfortunate lady, exhibit the moſt pathetic touches our language affords; and it is impoſſible to peruſe the epiſtle to Abelard, his Rape of the Lock, and his Dunciad, notwithſtanding its perſonal malignity, without being convinced of his talent for incident, and that he poſſeſſed a fertile and happy invention.

His undertaking a long and laborious tranſlation, appears to have diminiſhed, in the opinion of common readers, the real poetical merits he poſſeſſed; but, he was ſeduced into the toils, and where is the man who could have reſiſted the temptation? He was ſeduced into the toils by the allurements of independence.

Let it however be remembered, that it was a high-blooded, ſpirited courſer, voluntarily ſubmitting to the load, the collar, and the laſh, for the ſake of more delicate provender; and that after quitting the trammells, he was ſtill able as before, to ſkim o'er the unbending corn, and ſweep along the plain.

In all future editions of the tranſlation of Homer, intellectual equity, and literary juſtice, demand that the names of Broom and Fenton, ſhould be printed jointly with Pope's in the title page, and to each part they individually executed, whether in the text or notes.

To announce a large work, which could only be produced by conſiderable toil and application, as the ſole work of one man, when it was avowedly, and a large portion of it, the produce of ſeveral perſons, is calling in falſehood, to aid the fame of a man, who wanted not ſuch helps.

It has been remarked, with an ill-natured and invidious comment, that the library of this moſt claſſical of our bards, has fallen into the poſſeſſion of Mr. Roſe, deſervedly eminent, in an important department of government, for official diligence, and indefatigable application.

I ſee no reaſon for doubting this gentleman's ability, to uſe and enjoy the treaſure he poſſeſſes, and to which he ſeems more particularly entitled, as *nearly related* to a noble lord, who was one of Mr. Pope's executors.

It has been ſaid of Pope, as of other ſatiriſts, that the characters he delineates, are *all hero, or all ſcoundrel*; and that when party prejudice, and perſonal reſentment are forgotten, poſterity will hear with ſurprize, that Dennis, with eccentricities bordering, in the latter part of his life, on mad-

madneſs, was a ſound critic; Welſtead a reſpectable writer; and, that his 'bug with gilded wings,' was a young nobleman, of elegant manners and amiable life, a patron of arts and of learning.

We have been inundated, and I underſtand are ſtill threatened, with more inundations of POPE, WITH NOTES:—Is there no public-ſpirited bookſeller to reſcue us? Will no kind hand ſave us from the expence and trouble of comments which do *not* explain, of puerile trifles and indecent anecdote?

It was the pride and aim of Mr. Pope, to write ſo clearly and intelligibly, *that he who ran might read*; and I cannot help exclaiming, to paſt as well as preſent annotators, to the dry dogmatiſm of Dr. Warburton, and the indiſcriminate indelicacy of Dr. Warton—CLAUDITE JAM RIVOS PUERI.

An edition of Pope, without a ſingle note, well printed, on good paper, with black ink, and delivered to the public at a reaſonable price, is much wanted, and would ſell well; it ſhould be ſubjected to the management of taſte, diſintereſtedneſs, and good ſenſe.

Compilations from every author who mentions Pope, or lived within twenty miles of Twickenham, and pieces highly exceptionable, which it is not certain he wrote, ought to be rejected, as equally uncreditable to the poet and his editor; from ſuch an edition, I would expunge with a ſigh, the far-famed epiſtle to Abelard.

POOR RATE, a heavy increaſing land tax, introduced in this place for the purpoſe of mentioning one of the probable cauſes to which this redundant expenditure may be attributed; THE PREVAILING CUSTOM OF APPOINTING ATTORNIES, VESTRY CLERKS.

I do not by any means ſuſpect theſe gentlemen of foul play, or ill deſign, but it is natural to expect that they will carry with them into office the ſpirit of trade; man is not formed of materials to perſiſt in a line of conduct which would defeat the purpoſe of a profeſſion, by which a family is to be ſupported, and competency attained.

It was formerly the cuſtom to place in this ſituation, ſome reputable decayed tradeſman, who, on any occaſion of difference or altercation, appointed a friendly meeting of the parties, and the diſpute was adjuſted without further expence.

But in the preſent manner of conducting pariſh buſineſs, it has been

been calculated, that the enormous sum of thirty thousand pounds a year, is expended in appeals to quarter sessions; that vexatious removals, litigious contests, and journies over half the kingdom, in conducting parish contests, amount to one third of the whole expenditure.

I cannot name without approbation, a sensible and well-timed bill, brought into parliament by Mr. East, for preventing vexatious removals; before this salutary repeal, an industrious labourer, or mechanic, was exposed to the hardship of being hurried from a spot to which he was attached, and where he was able to support his family. This measure was dictated by the urgency of the times, and by common sense; every man surely ought to be permitted to exert his labor and ingenuity, that most precious and inalienable species of property, in whatever manner, and in whatever place he pleases.

POST, FREDERIC CHRISTIAN, a well-disposed religious enthusiast, who, by intermarrying with their females, and by attentively studying the customs and habits of Indians, and by personal integrity, exercised in the years seventeen hundred and fifty-eight, and seventeen hundred and fifty-nine, a powerful influence over the warlike tribes of Delawar and Ohio; nations, who though untutored in the arts and refinements of Europe, had proved themselves formidable enemies.

The services of Post were important and well-timed, at a period when our prospects were gloomy; the English army, under General Braddock, from too great security, that parent of danger, or from the predatory, harrassing, and irregular mode of attack, adopted by savages, had, with their leader, been, not only defeated, but almost literally cut to pieces; and it was become necessary to take effectual means for counteracting the intrigues of France, who, by emissaries, by presents, by threats, and misrepresentation, had seduced the Shawanese, and other powerful tribes, from their alliance with England.

The expedition of General Forbes against Fort Duquesne was at this time also preparing; an expedition, in which difficulties and disasters, unknown in a German campaign, and dangers not easily guarded against, were added to tardy levies, *an army on paper*, provincial disputes, slow payments, and a commander worn down by anxiety and disease, and obliged to attend his army on a litter.

An

An enemy, at one moment hovering or howling, the next, ſilently watching every unguarded moment, to mark down from behind a tree, or to cut off by ſurprize every ſtraggler; generally inviſible, and for the moſt part inacceſſible; while the feelings of a military man were irritated in the moſt vulnerable part, by his beſt men dropping around him, yet compelled by mortifying neceſſity, to bear the attacks of, but never purſue, a flying horde, who, at moments when exhauſted nature was ſnatching a ſhort interval of repoſe, ruſhing from precipices, thickets, and caverns, with hideous yell, diabolic features, and inſtruments of butchery, rather than death, were calculated to inſpire horror in an extraordinary degree.

For theſe, and other reaſons, I have long been induced to conſider the expedition of Forbes as requiring, and actually diſplaying, thoſe great military requiſites, ſo rarely united, SUFFERING WITH PATIENT FIRMNESS, AND ACTING WITH INTREPID VIGOR, in a greater degree, than was exhibited by Wolfe, or by Amherſt.

The victories of Quebec and Montreal, were, I confeſs, more ſplendid, rapid, and deciſive, and they have, on that account, been more warmly celebrated by hiſtorians, poets, and painters.

But to ſecure ſuch advantages, and to render the footing of the Engliſh permanent on the American continent, it was of the firſt conſequence to detach the natives from their French allies; to mitigate reſentment, and conciliate friendſhip.

After a war which had long raged with inveterate animoſity, where was the man to be found, who would expoſe himſelf to the hardſhips of a journey, through immenſe woods, infeſted with wild beaſts and noxious reptiles, over moraſſes, ſwamps, and mountains; where the thickeſt brakes, moſt impracticable ravines, and regions leaſt frequented, were to be explored, in order to avoid French ſcouts, and marauding parties of ſavages, whom to have met, before any negotiator reached the Indian towns, and had a TALK with the chiefs, would have been certain death.

Repeated and large rewards having been vainly offered to the few who were qualified for the taſk, Chriſtian Frederic Poſt, the ſubject of our preſent article, came forward; in an earneſt manner, and with an intereſting countenance, he ſpoke as follows:

"If it pleaſe the Lord that I undertake the journey, and that I ulti-

I ultimately find favor in his ſight, may I reſt aſſured, that the national faith will be ſcrupulouſly obſerved in ſuch treaty as I ſhall make? for with ſorrow I declare, that by our treacherous dealings with the natives, the character of an Engliſhman is become a bye-word to the ſcornful, a reproach in the mouth of our enemies."

Such is the weight of perſonal character, or ſo well-founded were the charges he made, that he was liſtened to with reſpectful attention, and aſſured, that whatever engagements he might enter into, ſhould be religiouſly obſerved.

Rejecting every offer of compenſation, for an act which he declared, nothing but a ſtrong conviction that it was his duty, could have prevailed on him to undertake; with little more than a few preſents for the ſavages, a ſcrip and a ſtaff, he plunged into the wilderneſs.

A ſtrong, an enthuſiaſtic, a rational reliance on divine Providence, appears to have been his principal ſupport, under perils, which an Engliſhman with his comforts about him, ſhudders only to read of. His cloaths and fleſh torn by briars and thorns; half a night ſometimes paſſed in a tree to avoid ſome real or ſuſpected danger, and after deſcending, obliged to repoſe (I ſcarcely can think, ſleep) till day light, drenched in rain, hungry, fatigued, and cold.

It is not neceſſary to dwell on adventures which, but for the known veracity of the man who related them, would ſcarcely be credited; after almoſt every ſpecies of difficulty and diſtreſs that romance has invented, or imagination can ſuggeſt, our intrepid traveller at length approached the confines of the Indian town; but the part he had to act on his arrival, was not without conſiderable danger.

Poſt was ſufficiently acquainted with the character of a ſavage, to be convinced, that if he did not firſt procure a ſight, as well as a hearing of the chiefs of the tribes, he ſhould inſtantly fall a ſacrifice to the uncontrouled paſſions, and irritated reſentments of angry individuals in the intereſt of France; his ſituation required coolneſs, intrepidity, and circumſpection, as well as a portion of agility and ſtrength of body.

After accurately ſurveying the ſpot, he conveyed himſelf, unobſerved, into a thicket on a riſing ground, near their habitations, and from this place watched till he ſaw the perſons with whom he firſt wiſhed to commence THE TALK. The moment a favorable

a favorable opportunity offered, he undauntedly darted from his retreat, rushed towards the chiefs, with some of whom he was personally acquainted, and threw himself into their arms and protection; a call sacred in the breast of an Indian, with all his excesses, and never violated.

His presence soon excited curiosity and alarm, the natives quickly collected in considerable numbers, and the Shawanese, an exasperated and furious tribe, corrupted by Gallic presents, recollecting that he was an English partizan, rushed upon him with their tomahawks.

On this trying occasion, his hospitable friends, who valued him as a good man who had never deceived them, resolutely protected Post from their weapons; received several wounds aimed at him, and after much persuasion, he was permitted to deliver his presents, and explain the object of his mission.

A tumultuous discussion took place, but the majority, partial to the character of Frederic, and knowing him to be a religious observer of his word, finally accepted his offer, while their angry opponents, seceding to the opposite banks of a river which washed their town, to brood over their discontents, threatened, and even attempted, to assassinate the successful negociator.

A detachment, on the point of setting out to harrass General Forbes, was countermanded, and the treaty concluded by many tribes who inhabit an immense track of country, entirely abandoning the alliance of France.

Thus, a man of peculiar simplicity of manners, honest, but unlearned, was enabled by religious enthusiasm, knowledge of a certain kind, and by local habits, to render his country such service, as the most consummate military skill, united with erudition, accomplishment, and diplomatic dexterity, would have attempted in vain. He returned to enjoy the grateful acknowledgments of his countrymen, and the approbation of an honest heart, but would never allow that he had performed more than an act of common duty, as a Christian and a man; nor would he accept of any reward.

Post concludes an unadorned account of his journey with a devout prayer, of which the following is a part. "Praise and glory to the Lamb of God, which was slain for our redemption, which conducted me in safety through a land of perils, jealousy, and mistrust, where Satan, the prince of this world, has rule and

and government. Bleſſed be the Lord, who hath preſerved me under all dangers and difficulties, who was my guide through the wilderneſs, the mire, the thicket, and heavy darkneſs."

I could not help remarking, in his different converſations with the Indians, I mean thoſe who oppoſed his deſigns, that the following ſhrewd but natural queſtion, on the part of a native, evidently perplexed the ſincerity and good ſenſe of the envoy. "Why do the Engliſh and French come from their own countries to fight? can't they ſettle their diſputes at home? You tell us, it is true, that the ground on which we hunt, you have bought at a fair price, but remember, YOUR COUNTRYMEN ALWAYS MAKE THE POOR INDIANS STUPID WITH STRONG SPIRITS, WHENEVER THEY MEET TO AGREE FOR A PURCHASE."

POTT, PERCIVAL, an Engliſh ſurgeon, and a ſcientific writer, remarkable for the claſſic purity of his ſtyle, the ſcrupulous preciſion of his definitions, and unerring cloſeneſs of argument.

"His life," ſays a medical man, and one of his enthuſiaſtic admirers, to whom I am obliged for a good part of this and other profeſſional information, "his life was a national bleſſing, his death a national loſs; he enlarged the bounds of human art; he was eyes to the blind, and feet to the lame."

Compariſons have been ſaid to be odious, yet, if by comparing the merits of thoſe who have gone before, we are able to ſtimulate to uſeful exertion thoſe who follow, why ſhould compariſons be forbidden? Oppoſed to his cotemporaries, Gataker, Cæſar Hawkins, Bromfield, and Ranby, he was eminently ſuperior in originality of thought, didactic perſpicuity, and the ſimple graces of genius and taſte.

Mr. Pott predominated, early in life, in a profeſſion, which has been ſaid not to procure the members of it bread, till they have no teeth to eat it, particularly as a conſulting ſurgeon, a path generally occupied by medical veterans; for fifty years he diſcharged, with fidelity and honor, the appointments of ſurgeon and lecturer to a large hoſpital.

Yet there were thoſe about him, as there are, fortunately, about us all, to preſerve vigilance, and ſuppreſs inordinate exultation, many *good-natured* friends, able and willing to proclaim his defects. He was accuſed of too pompous an affectation of the employment and aſſociation of the nobility, to the excluſion of

of the pleas of diſeaſe and poverty, the duties, the hoſpitalities, and the domeſtic endearments of life.

This accuſation was contradicted by fact, for no man was better qualified to communicate, and no man received greater pleaſure, at the table, the fire-ſide, or in profeſſional converſation, than Mr. Pott; he was a fond father, a good huſband, a ſucceſsful cultivator of literature; in art an amateur as well as a connoiſſeur. His pecuniary character is beſt aſcertained by the life he led, the company he kept, and the fortune he left, which though competent and reſpectable, was leſs by one-third, than men with half his receipts have accumulated.

"If a patient ever preſents himſelf to Pott," ſaid, one of his profeſſional cotemporaries a wit and a bon-vivant; "if a patient calls, whom he ſuſpects of not having a five guinea fee in his pocket, he always has his hand in the direction of his watch ſtring, and the following ſpeech ready. 'I muſt beg of you *my friend* to be as conciſe as poſſible, for I am to be at Lady Harrington's (the old counteſs was at that time an excellent patient) I am to be at Lady Harrington's exactly at two, and am a very material evidence, in an important cauſe in the court of King's bench, where I muſt be preciſely at three, ſo that you ſee I have not a moment to loſe.'

'I am ſorry to hear it,' ſaid a man of *unpromiſing* appearance, who from the eagerneſs of his enquiries, had been ſhewn into the ſtudy, in Lincoln-inn-fields, 'for I am come poſt haſte, in a chaiſe and four, which is gone to change horſes, to deſire that you would inſtantly attend my brother, who being thrown from his horſe in hunting, has fractured his ſkull; and as you have ſo many engagements, I think it my duty to ſeek help where it can be procured.' In ſpite of entreaties, he ruſhed to the door, and left Don Diego, as you may ſuppoſe, ſeverely mortified."

Ridicule and buffoonery do not require truth and matter of fact, on which to raiſe their ſuperſtructures; this ſtory, perhaps a fabrication of the moment, was well told, and calculated to raiſe a long and hearty laugh, at a tavern dinner. The company enjoyed the joke, admired the humor of the buffoon, but like other men of a ſimilar caſt, he was admired and feared.

The humoriſt who with many good points, had brought cares on himſelf to drive away thoſe of others; wholly devoted to diſſi-

pation,

pation, was gradually avoided, and deſpiſed, and after a life of pecuniary difficulty, and ſhabby expedients, ſunk into obſcurity, dotage and oblivion.

POWEL, VAVASOR, a hot-headed Welchman, a religious enthuſiaſt, and a popular preacher, in the reign of King Charles the firſt, of a good but decayed family in Radnorſhire, where his father was reduced to the humble ſtation of a vender of ale; the ſubject of our preſent article, in his youth acted for ſeveral years as hoſtler, at Biſhop's Caſtle in Shropſhire.

In this occupation he embraced every opportunity of attending religious worſhip and reading ſuch books as he could procure; he alſo occaſionally received, pecuniary aſſiſtance from his uncle, and by the help of this maternal relation, afterwards became a ſtudent at Jeſus College, Oxford; but from the narrowneſs of his finances was never able to get regularly matriculated.

With theſe and other aids, he qualified himſelf for, and became a ſchoolmaſter at Clun in Shropſhire, but is ſaid never to have been a correct writer or reader of the learned languages; at this place having procured (as was aſſerted by his enemies) a letter of ordination, granted to a deceaſed perſon, whoſe name he had erazed, he inſerted his own.

By this unwarrantable and ſurreptitious manœuvre, he was permitted to officiate as curate.

"He now began to thunder from the pulpit as if he had been a fiery ſpirit iſſuing out of hell; but in conſequence of the many errors he broached, was ſuſpected of nonconformity; his calling was queſtioned, and his orders ſcanned. Both being found ſpurious and counterfeit, he was indicted, tried at the Radnor ſeſſions, and with much ado, eſcaped the gallows: from a union of neceſſity and inclination, he then commenced field preacher."

At this time the diſputes between King Charles the firſt and the parliament increaſing, Powel exerted the whole weight of his influence and eloquence againſt royalty; for this reaſon "he was no longer permitted to preach in the principality, but *was conducted by the Providence of God*, to London, where he continued to hold forth againſt the king, uttering, ſtrange notions and unheard of blaſphemies, and promoting by all means in his power, *the good old cauſe*."

The parliament at length proving victorious, Vavaſor determined on returning to his native country, but applying to the ſynod or aſſembly of divines for a teſti-

a teſtimonial, was told that he could not be approved, unleſs he would take orders from the preſbytery.

To this he replied, "that he had no objection to be tried as a Chriſtian, and as a ſcholar, or concerning his life and converſation, but that with reſpect to praying, preaching and doctrinal matters, he had his doubts of the competency of any human inſtitutions, becauſe DIVINE GIFTS CAN ONLY BE IMPARTED AND CALLED IN QUESTION BY DIVINE AUTHORITY."

The aſſembly, aware of the ſervices which Powel had done, and was ſtill able to render them, at laſt "patched up a certificate;" he was warmly ſupported by the independents and returned triumphantly into Wales, with a ſtipend of one hundred pounds a year, payable out of the revenues of the deans and chapters.

With augmented powers, and quickened zeal, "he became as active, as the perpetual motion of a bad tongue, and the invention of a wicked brain could make him, calling epiſcopacy, antichriſtian, and foully aſperſing the eſtabliſhed clergy; he had alſo other *pretty pickings* from glebes, reſerved rents, tythes, and lay-impropriations, from ſixteen hundred and forty-nine, to ſixteen hundred and fifty-three."

By theſe and other means he grew wealthy, and was accuſed by his enemies of becoming worldly minded; an offence which it is difficult for a man, who is to live by the world, wholly to avoid: but with all his faults, he gave unequivocal proofs of ſincerity, firmneſs and boldneſs, in the day of trouble, as well as proſperity.

Hearing that Oliver Cromwell deſigned to aſſume the powers of abſolute monarchy, under a deceitful name; after ſeveral private rebukes and admonitions, he publicly reprimanded him, to his face, from the pulpit, for his baſeneſs, apoſtacy and uſurpation, and avowed his reſolution to keep no terms with one who had ſo notoriouſly, violated his faith and truſt; recommending the ſame line of conduct and inveterate hoſtility to others.

The uſurper not willing that the eccleſiaſtic drum which had forwarded and cheered *his* triumphant march, ſhould *beat to arms againſt him*; after vainly endeavouring to ſilence Vavaſor, by promiſes, by ſoothing, and by threats, he committed him to priſon.

From this confinement he was releaſed by the reſtoration of King Charles the ſecond, but had

had ſcarcely time to taſte the ſweets of liberty; his former activity being recollected, he was again impriſoned, and finiſhed his days in the Fleet, where he had paſſed the laſt nine years of his life.

Powel had many faults and ſome abſurdities, and I give him a place in my book, becauſe I think he was honeſt, and uniformly oppoſed deſpotiſm under every form; he ſaw through and laſhed the canting hypocriſy, the ſelfiſh ambition of Cromwell, who kicked at the ladder by which he had climbed; he alſo inveighed acrimoniouſly againſt the corrupt and unbridled profligacy, political as well as moral, of Charles the ſecond.

His enemies deſcribe him as a man of a ſtrong mind, but ſciſmatical, buſy and preſumptuous; an indefatigable enemy to kings and biſhops. By ſome he was accounted an anabaptiſt, by others, a fifth monarchy man. From what I have ſeen of his writings, (for he was an aſſiduous, an unceaſing employer of the preſs) this does not appear to have been the caſe; his tenets and doctrines make a near approach to calviniſm; yet the preſbyterians and independents affected to diſavow him as a brother ſectary.

He was reputed to be "a dangerous and peſtilent man," and was notorious in the pulpit for language virulently culpable, and unbecoming.

In one of his fits of railing againſt the univerſity, having occaſion to mention a certain fellow of Magdalen college, who had offended him, he obſerved "that the pope would provide for him a mitre, and the devil, a frying pan."

"Vavaſor Powel was an unwearied labourer in God's vineyard, he would preach and pray without ceaſing, and was of that fiery imagination and temperament, produced or called forth by the prolific ſpirit of thoſe diſtempered times, that the emanation of a fervid ſpirit, or the perſpirable matter of the overloaded veſſels of his head, was ſeen to aſcend in a vapour or viſible cloud over his head at the time of preaching.

This did not eſcape the notice of his fond admirers, who compared it to the nimbus or circular ray, placed by painters around the heads of canonized ſaints, and other holy characters.

It probably was froſty weather; when ſuch exhalations are often obſerved, and at thoſe ſeaſons, may frequently be ſeen ariſing from horſes, *and other animals*, who have travelled a good pace.

I have

I have more than once remarked it, to a friend, who occaſionally reads this collection, in the late ſerjeant Davy, who was once told by a gentleman whom he had been perſecuting as an evidence, "that his pores and his mouth were always open."

In the inſtance to which I refer, the learned ſerjeant attracted the notice of the whole court by the vapor which iſſued from him, and was told by a brother barriſter in reply to a long and laborious effort of Davy, "that notwithſtanding all the pains he took, he only *threw a cloud* over the buſineſs."

But it is time to conclude Powel's article, which I will do in the words of one of his ſurviving friends.

"He was a ſucceſsful teacher of the paſt, a ſincere witneſs of the preſent, and an example of unyielding fortitude to future ages; amidſt the falling off of thouſands, amidſt principalities and powers, and the rulers of darkneſs, he obtained mercy, and was found faithful; after various trials and impriſonments, he would not accept deliverance unworthily, but waited patiently and with reſignation God's good time, expecting a better reſurrection."

The titles of ſome of his publications are peculiar:

1. Twenty-ſeven Reaſons againſt human Liturgies.

2. Chriſt and Moſes, or the Goſpel Covenant.

3. A Diſcovery of the great Diſparity between a Scriptural and a Dioceſan Biſhop.

4. The Bird chirping in his Cage. (Written whilſt in priſon.)

5. A Young Man's Conflict with the Devil.

He alſo publiſhed a defence of himſelf againſt a report falſely raiſed by his enemies, that he had defrauded the receivers of the Welſh tythes; a uſeful Concordance of the Bible, and many other works.

POWER OF A KING OF ENGLAND.

An ingenious foreigner aſked an Engliſhman to point out the difference between the conſtitution of *his* country, and that of Great Britain, obſerving at the ſame time, that a King of England did what he pleaſed by means of a parliament, whilſt his own ſovereign, an abſolute monarch, did the ſame without a parliament.

To this queſtion the following anſwer was given; "In points which do not ſhock the prejudices

dices and inclinations of the people, I agree that generally ſpeaking, a King of England can do as he pleaſes, but every day's experience proves, that there are meaſures which the miniſter ardently wiſhes to carry, but in which his friends will not ſupport him.

In *general acts*, the regal prerogative ſeems uncontrouled; in thoſe of a *particular and private nature*, the power of a King of England, is as circumſcribed as that of the meaneſt of his ſubjects.

He can raiſe twenty millions of money, and declare war againſt half Europe; but he cannot, without courſe of law, abridge the liberty of the humbleſt individual.

But even this apparently abſolute power, if we examine it more cloſely, is in fact, no more than *influence*; and he who is influenced by *any* motive, be it whatever it may, has in fact, *value received* for the ſacrifice he makes.

The king or miniſter who offers a bribe directly, or by implication, confeſſes, that the party he wiſhes to prevail on, poſſeſſes the power of refuſal; ſo that corruption is at once an effect and a proof of liberty.

In the preſent age of indiſcriminate, licentious, and uncandid diſcuſſion, inſtances of *undue ſtretches* of power are in the mouth of every political ſtripling; of the inability of royaliſm to prevent or correct perſonal inſult and outraged feelings; two *notorious* inſtances, are upon record in the preſent reign—John Wilkes and Peter Pindar; a perſon who ſhould venture to pour forth on any private individual or any decent woman, the groſs ſcurrilities and indecencies, *avowedly falſe*, which theſe *gentlemen* ſo laviſhly beſtowed on their ſovereign, of all men on earth the moſt well-meaning and inoffenſive; ſo groſs a violation of propriety would inſtantly have been puniſhed with a horſe-whip and a kick down ſtairs.

PRATT, Mr. a novel-writer, and, if he could ſhake off the idea of *making books*, a reſpectable verſifier.

This author, who often exhibits in the ſame page, ſingular contraſts of brilliancy, and inſipidity, and who is better known to the world under his aſſumed name of Courtney Melmoth, had been originally a clergyman in Northamptonſhire, but yielding to the conſequences of neglect or indecorum, ſeceded from the prieſthood. All the intelligence I could procure on this ſubject, in a haſty journey I

once made through a part of the country where Mr. Pratt had officiated, was, from a country female, who exclaimed, that he had been a terrible man among the women.

His Emma Corbett is well drawn, but of too melancholy a caſt for readers of weak nerves, whom I have often obſerved injurioufly affected by its peruſal; he was accuſed by the partizans of the mother country, of putting all the argument in the ſcale of the aſſertor of American independence; the war on that continent being the ground-work of his novel.

His Pupil of Pleaſure, levelled againſt the deſtructive effects of the Cheſterfield ſyſtem, is a maſterly but miſchievous production; he opens the campaign of his hero in ſo faſcinating a manner, deſcribes his encounters, his victories, and his pleaſures, in ſuch high colouring, before the cataſtrophe and puniſhment of ſo much villainy take place, that the antidote is ſaid to have proved as deſtructive as the poiſon it was deſigned to counteract; conſcious of this, I hope, undeſigned effect, and, in the hope of correcting it, he publiſhed his Tutor of Truth.

Pratt never was popular. It has been demanded, why? He was, at leaſt fifteen years ago, pleaſing in his perſon and manners; and at table, where there was Madeira for the complaint in his ſtomach, he had, for a woman's man, much intereſting anecdote and ready information; perhaps, he trod too cloſely on the heels of pompous plauſibility and affected refinement. With many literary and many ſocial accompliſhments, how then can we account for his being received, in certain circles, with an awkward kind of cautious reſerve?

This was occaſioned by his tendency to unceaſing panegyric on young men with lively imaginations and well-lined pockets; on theſe affectors of literary aſſociation, he is ſaid to have occaſionally levied contributions; I mean in the fair way of debtor and creditor; for I acquit him of the infamy of gambling tricks, that modern faſhionable way of making uſe of a friend. His conduct was rather the juſtifiable fineſſe of a clever fellow, who could ſay good things, and praiſe the man, in proſe or rhyme, who could not, but had plenty of guineas, almoſt the only commodity in which Pratt was deficient.

Another prejudice operated againſt him. In one of his early productions, Benignus, or Liberal Opinions, he had inculcated a doctrine, that a humane, open-hearted, generous man, without a guard

a guard on his conduct, would, in his journey through life, be cheated, plundered, plucked, deceived, and finally, rot in a jail, unleſs he exerted againſt the falſe, ſelfiſh herd of dirty or of ſplendid ſcoundrels whom we meet at the corner of every ſtreet, ſome of their own low arts and mercenary manœuvres.

I will not ſwear to the words, as I quote from memory, after a very diſtant peruſal, but this was nearly the meaning; I wiſh not to plead the cauſe of an hypotheſis, which, carried to the extreme, would transform us all to miſanthropes, and make us paſs each other as wolves and tygers. But have I a reader, who, laying his hand *on the right place*, will ſeriouſly avow that there is not in the world, as it goes, ſome reaſon for Pratt's axiom; like others, it muſt be taken, *cum grano ſalis*, with ſome allowances.

It was, as might naturally be expected, luſtily cried out againſt as the doctrine of Machiavel, Rochefoucault and Mandeville; it excited the howl of the preciſe moraliſt, and the ſnarl of the growling ſatiriſt, who abuſed and practiſed the deceit, and flew open-mouthed on the man who pretended to tell tales out of ſchool. It is thus that the raviſhed coquette *laments* the rape of a libertine, whom ſhe has incited, abuſes and enjoys.

In a ſuppoſed vacancy of the Laureatſhip, Mr. Pratt has been introduced as a competitor by a modern rhymer, who thus deſcribes the metamorphoſis of the nobleman appointed to decide on the various merits of the candidates, and who, at the time, had the diſpoſal of the poſt in queſtion.

But 'ere the court commenc'd, a change was made,
A not unneedful change in Sal's-b'ry's head;
For court precedence, and for etiquette,
A change of mourning, and a ball room ſeat;
Preciſion nice in ſwords, and coats and bags,
A lord's blue ribbon, or a foot-man's tags;
For all thoſe bagatelles which courtiers ſay,
Muſt grace the man who wears the golden key;
Poetic knowledge, criticiſm ſublime,
To judge of metre, and decide on rhyme;
To weigh in ſcale exact, each poet's merit,
Which few improve, and fewer ſtill inherit,

Such the rare gifts beſtow'd upon him now,
Soon as the court breaks up, his ſapient brow
Sinks to ſoft ſmiles, nod, chat, and ready bow.
Thus have I ſeen, oh were he ſtill but living,
To make us laugh, at which ſuch fools are ſtriving;
Thus have I ſeen, King David, king of actors,
Who rul'd, at Drury, goddeſſes and hectors,
Give empires, crowns, and provinces away,
And pour out bounty, as he pour'd out tea;
The curtain dropp'd, at home, we all agreed,
He was *a little manager* indeed.

Without waiting to produce the various inſtances of Mr. Garrick's frequent and well directed benevolence and generoſity, in contradiction to this ſarcaſm from the man of rhyme, I proceed to introduce, in his words, the ſubject of our preſent article:

——— Pratt next advanc'd to ſpeak;
Once Courtney Melmoth (in a youthful freak)
With honey'd flatt'ry, his long practic'd trade,
His ſoft attack upon the peer he made:
"Illuſtrious ſon, of an illuſtrious ſire,
Whom poets worſhip, and whom all admire;
In ev'ry feature of thy godlike face,
Shines attic wit, true judgment, ſenſe and grace.
Oh, thou art all—" 'Arreſt thy cloying treat,'
The peer reply'd, 'the doſe is much too ſweet;
'Tis true, we love the ſoothing voice of praiſe,
When well wrapp'd up in ſmooth and artful lays;
But praiſe, like thine, is quite another matter,
So undeſerv'd, 'tis the ſevereſt ſatire.
With hand unſkilful, to the work you ruſh,
And daubing trowel, not a fine hair bruſh.
Mere lamb or veal, or beef, diſguſt the glutton,
Ragou'd, he'll ſwallow ram for Banſtead mutton;
With raptures ſwallow, like a ſharp-ſet wit,
Of what plain dreſs'd he had not touch'd a bit.
Thus, pleaſant Warren, when he gives a pill,
A gilded coat he orders o'er it ſtill;

However

However good the purpoſe it perform
It muſt be given in a proper form;
Or the ſick patient nauſeating throws,
Full in the doctor's face the mawkiſh doſe.
Pleaſure's warm pupil, who for Stanhope rages,
Tho' knowledge of the heart pervades the pages,
Tho' meant againſt Lord Cheſterfield to tell,
Splits on the ſelf ſame rock, *you paint too well.*

I am ſorry any thing in this article ſhould have offended Mr. Pratt, with whom I once paſſed ſome pleaſant hours; I can only ſay that if I had been diſpoſed to uſe, inſtead of burning, a packet of anecdotes ſent, *unaſked*, from ———ſhire, I ſhould have ſubjected myſelf to a proſecution for defamation.

PRATT, EDWARD, an officer in the ſervice of the Eaſt India company, and half brother to the venerable and illuſtrious Earl Camden, who, ſince my former impreſſion, has departed to a world, where he will enjoy the rewards of patriotiſm and public ſpirit.

The ſubject of my preſent article is produced as a remarkable inſtance of unconquerable taciturnity and tenacious accuracy of memory. Though by no means an avaricious man, he always preferred the upper floor of a houſe for his reſidence, on account of its tranquillity, and regularly, without departing once from his rule for twenty years, while on ſhore, dined in a room by himſelf at a tavern, conſuming daily throughout the year, a ſolitary bottle of port, without intoxication.

He was ſeldom heard to ſpeak, but no circumſtance, however urgent, could prevail on him to break ſilence at whiſt, the favorite amuſement of his life; at the concluſion of each rubber, he could correctly call over the cards, in the exact order in which they were played, as well as the perſons from whoſe hands they fell, and enumerate various inſtances of error or dexterity in his aſſociates, with practical remarks.

This exertion of the retentive powers, though exerciſed on a trifling occaſion, was often doubted, and as often aſcertained by conſiderable wagers, or the *argumentum ad crumenam*, that favorite, and where both parties have money, that deciſive argument of the preſent age; better qualified for drawing out a purſe, than producing acute reaſoning, or elaborate inveſtigation.

So

So averſe was Mr. Pratt to uſing his tongue, that he choſe to forego many little ſatisfactions and comforts, rather than be at the pains to aſk for them; the endearing chit chat of friendſhip and affection, the ſocial ſmall talk of domeſtic life, the lively intercourſe and ſpirited converſation of poliſhed circles, which the ſons of ſolitude ſometimes reliſh, and are ſometimes beſt able to join in and enjoy, he ſedulouſly avoided, perhaps was unqualified to taſte.

In his voyages to the eaſt, he might be compared to the Aſiatic mute, or the viſionary quietiſt: he often doubled the Cape without opening his lips; and, on a certain occaſion, the ſhip having been detained by a long calm, to an Engliſh ſailor far more diſtreſſing than a tempeſtuous ſea, the anxious and diſpirited crew were at laſt revived by the wiſhed-for breeze ſpringing up.

A few days after the welcome tidings of land were proclaimed from the top-maſt, while the officers and ſhip's company were congratulating each other on the approaching comforts of terra firma, the features of Mr. Pratt were obſerved to relax: "I knew you would enjoy the thoughts of land," ſaid the firſt officer to our ſpecial original, "I ſaw it an hour before the careleſs ragamuffin aloft," were the firſt, the laſt, and the only words he uttered during the voyage.

He, who for months has been pent up in the fœtid exhalations of a ſhip's hold, the diſguſting cloſeneſs of a dog-hole between the decks, or been drenched, melted, or frozen on the ſhrouds or a quarter-deck, will join in ſurprize, and is beſt qualified to eſtimate ſuch unnatural, ſuch ſtoic apathy.

This general coſtiveneſs of ſpeech, ſuch unſocial reſerved behaviour, probably originated from ill treatment on his firſt voyage, and a ſubſequent, haſty, unfavourable opinion of his aſſociates, the boiſterous ſons of the waves; an ill-founded, an ungenerous prejudice, in which he was ſupported by a ſenſible and learned writer, whoſe Goliah faculties were at times debaſed by the puerile infatuations of a pigmy.

I prefer a priſon to a ſhip, ſaid Dr. Johnſon, for you have always more room, and generally better company. This illiberal ſarcaſm, from a man who knew and taught better things, deſerved, and in certain circles would have experienced the chaſtiſement of a cane, could a man have been found, ſufficiently bold to encounter the formidable quarter-ſtaff of the moraliſt, which in the

the controverſy concerning the authenticity of the poems of Oſſian, once ſilenced the menaces of Mr. Macpherſon, who attempted to throw his ſword into the critical balance.

PRAYERS OF THE CHURCH.

A certain curate being deſired by a ſick perſon, to introduce his name among thoſe expreſsly prayed for in the ſervice, demanded of him how it happened, that when in health, he never ſaw him at church, but found that he was always deſirous of the prayers of good Chriſtians when afflicted with diſeaſe.

"I will explain this matter to you," ſaid the countryman, "when I have my health, the providing for my family, and the cares of the world, ſo thoroughly occupy my mind, that I really find neither time nor inclination to think of any thing elſe, *it is only when I am ill that I am devout*"

"How then can you be ſo unreaſonable," ſaid the eccleſiaſtic, "as to deſire that I ſhould take any ſtep that would be likely to put religion, and the thoughts of futurity out of your head? indeed I will do no ſuch thing; either reſolve to perform your religious exerciſes when in health, or continue ſick and repentant, till you are brought to a ſenſe of your duty."

That excellent ſeaman and gallant commander, Sir Edward Hawke, uſed to relate a ſhort converſation he once heard between two boys, belonging to different ſhips: "Do you have prayers often on board your ſhip," ſaid Jack; "Always when there is a probability of rough weather," replied Tom. "Aye--there's ſome ſenſe in *that*; but *we* have them regularly all the year round, in the fineſt weather, without a breath of air ſtirring, and when *there's no more occaſion for it*—— he was interrupted by the whiſtle of the boatſwain.

PREACHER, a good one thus deſcribed.

"By a good preacher," ſays a modern writer, "I do not mean a man of noiſe and geſture, who preaches up himſelf rather than his ſubject, and aſcends the pulpit for the ſame reaſon that too many go to church.

"By a good preacher, I underſtand a man of ſolid, but not ſhining parts, improved by education, who, entering into the ſpirit of the holy ſcriptures, ſpeaks what he feels, and feels what is juſt; who is clear and

copious; accurate and perſuaſive; more attentive to ſenſe than ſound; to matter than manner; to dignity of ſentiment than loftineſs of ſtyle; whoſe diſcourſes have as much ſimplicity as will render them inſtructive to the common people, and at the ſame time as much ſublimity as will make them acceptable and uſeful to the more refined claſſes of ſociety."

PREGNANT WOMEN; it is ſaid to be an aphoriſm of Hippocrates, that if a female of this deſcription be bled, ſhe will miſcarry.

Γυνη εγ γαστρι εχϑσα φλεϐοτομωϑειϲα εκτριτωχει.

The quick ſighted dexterity of the preſent age, knows by experience, as well as analogy, that this learned man, and excellent phyſician, was in this point very much miſtaken.

Breaking through a rule, which probably has coſt thouſands of women their lives, I underſtand, from a medical friend, that bleeding in this inſtance, is practiſed by the moderns, not only without fear of danger, but with conſiderable utility and ſucceſs.

Galen, at an early period, when art and ſcience were fettered by ſyſtems, and governed by great names, Galen narrowly eſcaped being ſtoned to death, for bleeding patients till they fainted, yet I am informed from the reſpectable authority, which I have juſt quoted, that in pleuriſies, and in other highly inflammatory diſeaſes, *in the country*, the method he purſued was perfectly juſtifiable, and in ſome caſes, abſolutely neceſſary.

PRESENCE OF MIND. In the hurry and horror of a popular inſurrection, or any other urgent calamity, how few of us are able to poſſeſs a collected mind?

The populace of Paris, inflamed by reſentment, and probably ſtimulated by apt emiſſaries, had reſolved to deſtroy the houſe of Monſ. D'Eſpremenil.

As the deciſions of a mob are generally executed as rapidly as they are conceived, the frantic multitude haſtened to the ſpot, but were ſurprized and ſilenced on their arrival, at being addreſſed from an upper window of the houſe in the following manner: "Whoſe houſe do you propoſe ſetting fire to?" "D'Eſpremenil's," was the anſwer. "This then cannot be the houſe, for I bought and paid for it but a few years ſince, and he was only the tenant. Would you burn the furniture? It is the upholſterer's: Would you deſtroy his wife? She

She is the property of the public: Would you kill his children? They may be your own.

This ſingular addreſs was efficacious, and the croud returned to the Jardin de Palais Royale, that focus of the French Revolution, from which it has ſince taken its name.

PRESSING, a mode of procuring mariners for public ſervice in caſes of emergency, violent, alarming, and often dangerous; bearing hard on a uſeful body of men, whoſe expoſure to the warring elements, ſeems to render additional calamity unneceſſary, and apparently inconſiſtent with the genius of a free government.

Yet this harſh proceeding, ſo contrary to Britiſh liberty, ſeems a prerogative inherent in the crown, from general immemorial uſage, grounded on common law; and though not directly, and in expreſs terms, authorized by any particular ſtatute, is recognized by many acts of parliament, which it is not reaſonable to ſuppoſe would mention a practice, illegal and repugnant to the principles of the conſtitution, without ſome mark of diſapprobation.

War is confeſſedly a great evil, and preſſing, one of the miſchiefs which accompany it, but it is a maxim in law, as well as ſound policy, that private miſchiefs muſt be ſubmitted to, for the prevention of national calamity, and a greater calamity cannot be imagined, than to be weak and defenceleſs at ſea, in time of war.

I will not harraſs the reader or myſelf, by a long and pompous recitation of acts, from the petitions, as they were then ſtyled, of the fifty-ſeventh year of the reign of Edward the third, to the ſtatute of the ſecond and third of Philip and Mary, which "layeth a penalty on watermen, for obſtinately withdrawing and hiding themſelves in ſecret places and out-corners, till the time of preſſing is over-paſſed."

I come at once to that auſpicious period, the revolution, when the principles of liberty were underſtood and aſſerted.

During the reign of King William, as well as that of Queen Anne, perſons under certain qualifications, and of a certain deſcription, were exempted from preſſing, under proper precautions, to prevent abuſe.

Theſe exemptions, clearly and inconteſtibly pre-ſuppoſe and prove the expediency, the neceſſity, and legality of preſſing, as without ſuch remedies or protections, the law conſiders every ſeaman

ſeaman as liable and ſubject to an inconvenience, unavoidable in a maritime country.

This ſubject, which was thought important by that great conſtitutional lawyer, Sir Michael Foſter, will, I hope, be conſidered as not wholly unworthy the attention of general readers, ſtript of technical phraſe, and legal jargon.

It may alſo tend to quiet men's minds, when they are convinced, that this temporary invaſion of liberty, after other various and ineffectual methods of manning the navy, have been repeatedly tried, is neceſſary for the welfare, and even the exiſtence of the ſtate, and that it is the law of the land; obſerving that the queſtion of preſſing freemen or landmen, is not at all affected by this declaration.

I ſhould hope that this ſtatement of a queſtion, which has often afforded matter of declamation to ill-deſigning men, would ſtimulate all who are immediately or remotely concerned in commanding, or ſupplying the wants of the Britiſh navy, to exert themſelves, in alleviating the hardſhips, and adminiſtering to the comfort of Engliſh ſeamen, more particularly in preventing their being caned, and inſulted by *upſtart ſtriplings*.

Let us place ourſelves in the ſituation of a man preſſed at the moment of return from a long and perilous voyage, and expoſed by the hard law of inexorable neceſſity, to be dragged from the deareſt objects of love, and domeſtic affection, to ſeek for wounds and death, amidſt the raging of tempeſts, and the noiſe of many waters.

PRICE, JAMES, an Engliſh chymiſt, who, in a courſe of experiments, exhibited in the preſence of may perſons of ſcience and reputation, produced a wonderful powder, which, if it did not actually turn what it touched to gold, like the fabulous philoſopher's ſtone, made near approaches to that miraculous tranſmutation.

Half a grain of this wonder-working ingredient which was of a deep red color, and weighed by an indifferent perſon, prevented quickſilver from evaporating, or boiling, though the crucible which contained it, was ſurrounded by an intenſe fire, and was itſelf become red hot.

I will not puzzle my readers, nor expoſe myſelf, by deſcribing in technical terms every part of the proceſs; it is ſufficient to obſerve, that Dr Price directed, but touched nothing, and, that at the concluſion of the operation, when the crucible was cooled

cooled and broken, a globule, weighing ten grains, of a yellow metal, was found at the bottom, which a ſkilful artiſt, after trying it by the common teſts, pronounced to be pure gold, for which he would give the higheſt price, that was generally aſked for that precious metal.

A variety of experiments, which it is not neceſſary to particularize in this place, and of which the principal nobility and gentlemen, in the neighbourhood of Guildford, the doctor's reſidence, were witneſſes, eſtabliſhed, beyond a doubt, the fact, that by means of his extraordinary powders, for he produced a white as well as a red one, ſilver and gold, in the proportion of 28 to 1, and in other inſtances of 40 to 1, and 60 to 1, was repeatedly produced.

Notwithſtanding ſuch unexceptionable evidence, the world, ſtill incredulous, and ſuſpecting deception, demanded further experiments; but the ſanguine expectations of the friends of Dr. Price were checked and extinguiſhed, by his obſerving, that the whole of his materials were expended in the experiments he had made, and that he could not furniſh himſelf with more, but by a proceſs tedious and operoſe, whoſe effects had already been injurious to his health, and of which he declined the repetition.

Whether the operator had impaired his fortune, his intellect, or his ſpirits, I cannot tell, but I underſtand, that, not long after, he died by his own hands; and his ſecret, to the experimental chymiſt, ſo highly intereſting, periſhed with him.

The philoſopher and ſtateſman, who may lament the loſs of an art, which apparently would have enabled us to pay off the national debt, and to ſet at defiance the exhauſting circumſtances of war, will however ceaſe to repine, and will eſtimate the doctor's ſecret at its proper value, when they are told, as he confeſſed to a friend, a few months before his death, that *the materials neceſſary to produce an ounce of gold, coſt ſeventeen pounds.*

PRINCE OF PEACE.

I am accuſed of having treated this Spaniſh favorite indecorouſly, and add the following circumſtance in his favor.

Don Ramos de Salas, a reſpectable profeſſor and doctor of laws, in the univerſity of Salamanca, was condemned to ſix years impriſonment in the inquiſition, for certain ſpeculative opinions: againſt this deciſion his friends appealed; but the Archbiſhop

biſhop of Toledo, "conſidering de Salas as a bold, unbending ſpirit, a philoſopher of the preſent age, and one who had preſumed to doubt the neceſſity of an inquiſition," confirmed the ſentence.

The Prince of Peace being applied to for his interceſſion, laid the buſineſs before the king, who ordered the proceedings to be reviſed; this the Grand Inquiſitor refuſed, but his majeſty enjoining obedience to his mandate, the eccleſiaſtic pauſed, and relying on his influence with the queen, addreſſed himſelf to her majeſty on his knees, and in pathetic language, but without ſucceſs.

It was on this occaſion, that the Queen of Spain burſt forth into the following animated words, "Your grace," for our ſpirited female was ſpeaking to the Archbiſhop of Lorenzo, who was uſing *his* endeavours after the Grand Inquiſitor had failed, "your grace muſt excuſe me, for I can liſten no longer, it is to theſe inquiſitors, and to hypocrites like theſe, that the ſovereigns of Europe are indebted for all the revolutions, and all the misfortunes they have experienced." De Salas was ſet at liberty, and this is ſaid to be the firſt inſtance, in the Spaniſh annals, in which a decree of the inquiſition had been reverſed.

In certain late remonſtrances which took place between the Engliſh and Spaniſh courts, the Prince of Peace has been cenſured for his degrading ſubmiſſion to Gallic indignity; what might not any man be obliged to ſubmit to, rather than expoſe his throat to the knife of a footpad, or his head to the piſtol of a highwayman?

PRIOR, MATTHEW—for a curious ſpecies of domeſtic economy, and his reaſons for practiſing it, ſee ELWES, JOHN.

PRIVILEGE AND PREROGATIVE; two delicate powers in the Engliſh conſtitution, which require conſiderable addreſs in the exertion of them, to avoid on the one hand, their extinguiſhing general liberty; and on the other, not to deprive public functionaries of the energy of ſelf-preſervation.

The eſſence of our Engliſh conſtitution, if I underſtand it rightly, is, that each of the bodies which compoſe it, can act *ſeparately*, only within their own walls, but *jointly* over the whole.

The will of the king, except in his own palaces and precincts, where

where he acts as the master of his family; the will of the king, in every other case, can only be executed by magistrates, civil officers, and public courts of justice, under the known and established law of the land.

But the powers of the house of commons, have been pronounced by a late parliamentary orator, *undefinable*, a dreadful, a terrible word; a tyranny, to which, if *his* description be correct, I should prefer the fiat of a Persian Cadi.

He pronounces it criminal to pretend to enumerate the various instances, in which that supreme law, the *salus populi*, might call them forth.

The utility, and sometimes the necessity, of such a power, cannot be denied; but it is highly desirable to define it, and mark out fences and barriers against a formidable enemy, which *might* attack those from whom it derived its existence.

In the early part of the present reign, the speakers warrants excited terror and resentment in the whole country, and produced animated opposition.

It was contended, that whatever power the speaker possessed, it could only be given him to regulate the assembly in which he presided, that they might perform their functions effectually, and without interruption.

He is also authorized to prevent publishing the debates, and to punish any one who shall ridicule the assembly or its members; on the wholesome principle, that whatever we render contemptible, we shall soon disobey.

Yet I confess myself on the whole, more jealous of the undue exertion of privilege, than of regal prerogative; I would rather be levelled to the ground by the staff of a constable, or the fist of a king's messenger, than be crushed by the weight of a serjeant's mace.

I should prefer being dispatched at once under the weight of Mr. Reeves's royal trunk, to the evil of having my head or my limbs broken every sessions, by one of the crabbed branches; I would rather be killed at once by a lion, than be kicked and bruised by *another animal*, who had wrapped itself in his royal skin.

PROBLEM OF MOLYNEUX, the friend of Locke, and mentioned by the latter in his Essay on the Human Understanding.

A person born blind, and arrived at manhood, has been taught by long habit to distinguish *by his*

his touch, a cube from a globe, of the ſame metal, and of the ſame ſize.—The queſtion is, the cube and the globe being placed on a table, and the blind man acquiring his ſight in a moment, the queſtion is, whether, without touching, he would be able to ſay which is the cube, and which is the globe.

Moſt men of ſcience have determined that the perſon ſo ſituated, could not *at once* determine; the whole ſeems to turn on this; whether the notions of extention and figure, are acquired *equally* and *cotemporaneouſly* by ſight as well as touch.

PROFESSION, or buſineſs, a dependence far preferable to court patronage. See WILLIAMS, Mr.

PROFLIGATE SERVANT, a ſingular but hazardous mode of reforming one.

A few years ſince, there appeared in one of the Iriſh Journals, an advertiſement from a ſervant who wanted a valet's place, ſtating, that he was *without character*, and had many faults, but hoped to mend. A confeſſion ſo frank, and indeed ſo uncommon in that claſs of people, caught the eye of a gentleman in the environs of Dublin, well known for eccentric humor, and generous hoſpitality.

He ſent for the man, and on his entering the room, thus addreſſed him; "You graceleſs dog, that ſeem bent on ſtarving, pray where and with whom did you live laſt?" "With Squire ———, of St. Stephen's Green," replied the valet, "and an ill-natured, unreaſonable man he was, an't pleaſe your honor, tho' 'tis true, I gave him ſome *ſmall cauſe*; would you believe it, ſir, for no other reaſon in the world, than becauſe I kept genteel hours, kiſſed the wenches, loved whiſky, and becauſe he miſſed a pair of ſilver mounted piſtols, and *another thing or two*, he ſent me packing, and ſtopped my wages."

"You are the lad for *my* money," ſaid the gentleman, "you have owned your faults, which I have never been able to prevail on a ſervant to do.

"I now know your failing; but remember, if I ever catch you at any of your light-fingered tricks, you ſhall certainly die in you ſhoes.—Be with me to-morrow morning, at nine o'clock, you idle dog; in the mean time, take theſe ten guineas, and pay your old maſter for his piſtols."

The graceleſs rogue entered on his place the next day, and faithfully

fully ſerved for the reſt of his life, his new maſter, who left him at his deceaſe, a handſome annuity; he embarked in trade, was ſucceſsful, and at the moment I write, is a wealthy and reſpectable merchant in Dublin.

By a ſevere diſciplinarian, he would have been doomed to confinement in a jail, that nurſery for violence and plunder, from which, after ſome ſlight puniſhment for his firſt offence, he would have iſſued a qualified deſperado; and after a life of blood and plunder, in all probability, would have expiated his crimes on a gibbet.

PROJECT OF BOURGFONTAIN; a plan, ſaid to have been concerted at a religious houſe of that name, in France, in the year ſixteen hundred and twenty-one, for the purpoſe of conſulting on the means of aboliſhing Chriſtianity.

The perſons mentioned, as having been preſent at theſe conſultations, were the Abbot of St. Cyran, Janſen, Biſhop of Ypres, Robert Arnauld, and others; this fabulous narrative, now almoſt buried in oblivion, once excited a conſiderable ſenſation at Paris; a pamphlet, written to eſtabliſh its exiſtence, was ſuppreſſed by a public edict, and diſgracefully burnt. It is noticed by Paſcal, in his lettres, Provencales, by Meynier, in the Facta Janſenii, and was proved to be wholly a ſcheme of the Jeſuits, to throw an odium on the Janſeniſts, by Father Clemencet, one of the pious, learned, and indefatigable Benedictine editors, to whom literature is ſo much indebted.

My attention was called to this obſolete controverſy, by the alarming publication of Profeſſor Robiſon, who roundly charges the philoſophers, ſceptics, and *free-maſons* of the preſent day, with a regular and premeditated deſign of the ſame kind: I would wiſh to do juſtice to the intentions of the learned writer, but like other warm advocates, in ſupport of a favorite opinion, he proves too much.

I agree with him in opinion on many of his data, and ſubſcribe to the truth of *ſome* of his ſtatements; but in the ardor of zeal, or the fertility of a creative imagination, he attacks monſters, and fight with giants, who exiſt only in his own fancy.

I cannot ſee, nor indeed do I believe, that there has been any aſſociated body, collected by a bond of union, by oath, or by co-operation of deſign, to undermine the Chriſtian religion, more than there has been in all ages and in all countries, amongſt the vici-

vicious, the profligate, and the unprincipled.

At every period of civilized ſociety, there have been, and ever will be, bold, bad men, who, finding that the religious ſyſtems of their country ſtood in the way of their own criminal purſuits, have endeavoured to ridicule, reject, and diſbelieve the one, rather than ſet bounds to, or mortify the other.

This principle, rebellious both againſt reaſon and revelation, originates from paſſions, planted for the wiſeſt purpoſes, in the human breaſt, and of this CONSPIRACY, ſo emphatically proclaimed by the profeſſor, every man becomes a member, who prefers illicit indulgence, to honeſt gratification, and who reſiſts the ſalutary reſtraints of juſtice and moderation.

Perhaps this ingenious, but exaggerating writer, will be ſurprized and concerned at being himſelf conſidered as a CONSPIRATOR AGAINST TRUTH AND COMMON SENSE, when he accuſes reſpectable bodies of men, of being diſaffected to religion and order, who are in fact, as warmly attached to Chriſtianity and regal government, as the zealous profeſſor himſelf; but who do not injure the cauſe they ſupport, by *raſh and ill adviſed alarms*.

PRINCIPLES AND MANNERS OF THE TIMES; a once popular work of Dr. John Brown's, a favorite, and I fear, a flatterer of the Biſhop of Glouceſter.

In a ſtyle highly animated, and in elegant language, but with a conſiderable degree of the Warburtonian arrogance, Dr. Brown draws a melancholy picture of the decline of public ſpirit and private virtue; he does not call it an abandoned, wicked, profligate age, but a vain, a luxurious, a ſelfiſh, and an effeminate one. From theſe, and other circumſtances, he prophecies national ruin and diſgrace; but the ſplendid ſucceſſes which ſoon followed, and the commercial proſperity of Great Britain attaining a height unexampled, the doctor was pronounced a falſe prophet; his book loſt its credit, and the writer, ſome years after, fell a ſacrifice to deſpondency, from the diſappointment of certain expectations he had formed from the munificence or the gratitude of the Czarina.

This modern Cenſor, this ſecond Cato, who is ſaid to have enjoyed many of the pleaſures which he ſo ſeverely laſhes, ſeems to have forgot, that the ſame charges have been brought againſt every nation, which has attained wealth

wealth and power. Who will, who can, or who ought, to prevent a man, up to his neck in rouleaus and India bonds, from gratifying his inclination for elegance, ſplendor, and refinement?

Fifty years have almoſt elapſed ſince the following picture of the manners of the Engliſh capital was ſketched; how far it is applicable to our preſent circumſtances, it is not my buſineſs to decide.

"The firſt and principal article of town-effeminacy, is that of dreſs, which, in all its variety of modern exceſs, is too low for ſerious animadverſion; yet in this, muſt every man, of every rank and age, employ his mornings, who pretends to keep good company. The wiſeſt, the moſt virtuous, the moſt polite, if defective in theſe exterior and unmanly delicacies, are avoided as low people, whom nobody knows, and with whom one is aſhamed to be ſeen.

"No man of faſhion can croſs the ſtreet in which he lives, to dine, without the effeminate covering and conveyance of a chair. Wherever he goes, he meets the ſame delicacy; warm carpets are ſpread under his feet, hangings ſurround him, doors and windows, nicely jointed, prevent all poſſibility of entrance to the rude external air.

"Vanity lends her aid to the unmanly ſpectacle; ſplendid furniture, a ſumptuous ſideboard, a train of attendants, elegant and coſtly entertainments, for which earth, air, and ſeas, are ranſacked; expenſive wines from the Continent, and the childiſh vagaries of a whimſical deſert, are the ſupreme pride of the maſter, the admiration or envy of his gueſts.

"Luxury is not idle in her province, but ſhares with her ſiſter Vanity, in the labors of the day. High ſoups and ſauces, every mode of foreign cookery, that can quicken taſte, and ſpur the lagging appetite, is aſſiduouſly employed.

"A knowledge of books, a taſte in arts, a proficiency in ſcience, were formerly regarded as proper qualifications for a man of elevated condition; but reading is now ſunk into a morning's amuſement, till the important hour of dreſs arrives, a gentle relaxation from the tedious rounds of pleaſure.

"But what kind of reading muſt that be, which can attract or entertain the languid ſpirit of modern effeminacy, and prevent the inſupportable toil of thinking? Weekly eſſays, novels, plays,

plays, and irreligious pamphlets, together with a general hash of these, served up in some monthly mess of dullness, are the meagre, literary diet, of town and country.

"The principle of honor is either lost or totally corrupted, our ambition is trifling, our pleasures are unmanly. In such a general defect of religion and honor, can we expect to find a place for the love of our country? Shew and pleasure, and the means of procuring them, are the main objects of pursuit. The clergy need not blush that they have fallen with the fame, the manners, and the principles of their country; the worthy part of them cannot aspire to truer glory, than to have become objects of contempt to those who are the contempt of Europe."

It may be curious to contrast this character of his countrymen, whom Dr. Brown thus severely described, as in the last stage of degeneracy, with his singular picture of our Gallic neighbours.

"The French have virtues and vices, strengths and weaknesses, respectable, inconsistent, and apparently incompatible with each other. Effeminate, yet brave; insincere, yet honorable; hospitable, not benevolent; vain, yet subtle; splendid, not generous; warlike, yet polite; plausible, not virtuous; mercantile, not mean; in trifles, serious; gay in enterprize; women at the toilette; heroes in the field; in conduct, decent; profligate at heart; divided in opinion; in action united; weak in manners; strong in principle; contemptible in private life; in public, formidable."

A character of our neighbours before the revolution, by another writer, ought to accompany the doctor's sketch.

"If I may hazard a remark on the conversation talents of a Frenchman, I would praise them for equanimity, but censure them for insipidity; originality of thought, and vigorous expression, are so entirely excluded, that characters of ability and inanity, nearly meet on a par. Tame, elegant, unintersting, and polite, they converse without instruction, and depart without offence.

"Where there is much polish, you have little argument, and if you neither argue nor discuss, what is conversation? Good temper and easy manners, it must be confessed, are the first ingredients for sociable chat, but wit and knowledge must break into some inequalities, or conversation is like a journey on an endless *flat*."

Dr. Brown's work excited the severity

ſeverity of criticiſm, and in his attempt to defend himſelf, he was accuſed of falſe reaſoning, and preſumption; his adverſaries aſſerted, that the ſtate of the kingdom was a complete refutation of his book; that ſunk, as he had deſcribed it, in effeminacy, cowardice, ſelfiſhneſs and ſenſuality, it had chaſtiſed its enemies by ſea and land, and that the literary character of the age had been reſcued from the ſcurrilous ſarcaſms he had poured forth, by works which would be peruſed with pleaſure, when his gloomy declamations would be forgotten.

PSALMANAZAR, GEORGE, a man of learning, a literary impoſtor, and one of the writers employed in compilling the Univerſal Hiſtory, a taſk which he executed with ſkill and fidelity.

This adventurer, who attracted in his time, no ſmall attention, was firſt noticed by a Colonel Lauder, in the garriſon of Sluys, at which place, a wanderer from his parents and country, and under the preſſure of extreme poverty, he had enliſted as a private ſoldier. But he induſtriouſly and artfully circulated a ſtrange ſtory, that he was a native of the iſland of Formoſa, converted from idolatry by certain Jeſuits, and that he was obliged to fly from the vengeance of the Japaneſe, whoſe hatred has been deſcribed as particularly virulent againſt Chriſtianity in all its forms.

The ſingularity of his relation, and the apparent ſimplicity of his manners, induced the colonel, and Innes, his regimental chaplain, an unprincipled profligate, to take him under their protection; he accompanied them to England, and was ſoon after introduced to the Biſhop of London, who liſtened to his account with pity and implicit faith, became his patron, contributed generouſly towards his ſupport, and rewarded with conſiderable preferment, Innes, who was aware of, and had early detected the cheat, but conſidered it as a convenient ſtep to patronage.

The artful conduct of the ſtranger, in producing and ſpeaking a language, alphabet, and grammar, purely of his own invention, and his eating raw meat, roots, and herbs, ſoon rendered him an object of public notice, and occaſioned much curious diſquiſition between many characters of the firſt rank in church and ſtate.

The keen-eyed ſcepticiſm of the Doctors Halley, Mead, and Woodward, reſcued them, however, from the charge of blind credulity, in which many of their reſpectable cotemporaries were

involved; theſe gentlemen had cried down Pſalmanazar as an arrant rogue, from the beginning. Yet, what pretence, however vain, what abſurdity, however palpable, need ſhrink from enquiry, or dread detection, when Dr. Graham, Mayerſbach, Animal Magnetiſm, and Metallic Tractors, meet with zealous diſciples, and warm encouragement?

The moſt ſanguine hopes of the impoſtor, could he have ſilenced the accuſation of his own heart, appear to have been crowned with ſucceſs, and he derived liberal contributions from the pity, the curioſity, or the folly of mankind, who conſidered it their duty, as Chriſtians and as humane men, to protect an unfortunate fugitive, who had ſuffered in the cauſe of truth.

He drew up, in Latin, an account of the iſland of Formoſa, a conſiſtent and entertaining work, which was tranſlated, hurried through the preſs, had a rapid ſale, and is quoted, without ſuſpicion, by Buffon; whilſt his adherence to certain ſingularities in his manners and diet, gathered from popular opinion, or from books, conſiderably ſtrengthened the impoſition, for the carrying on of which he was eminently qualified, by poſſeſſing a command of countenance, temper, and recollection, which no perplexity, rough uſage, or croſs examination, could derange.

His memory was at the ſame time ſo correctly tenacious, that after the exerciſe of habit, in verbal arrangement, on being deſired to tranſlate a long liſt of Engliſh words into the Formoſan language, they were marked down without his knowledge, and his credit was conſiderably corroborated by his correctly affixing the ſame terms to the ſame words, on the queſtion being repeated, three, ſix, or even twelve months afterwards. In this manner his impoſture had been firſt diſcovered by Innes, but this diſgrace to his cloth ſuppreſſed what he knew, and joined in the fraud from ſiniſter motives.

By favor of the Biſhop of Oxford, who proved a warm advocate in his cauſe, Pſalmanazar was enabled to improve himſelf in his ſtudies, and convenient apartments were provided for him in one of the univerſities.

To impreſs his new neighbours at this place with proper ideas of his intenſe and unceaſing application, it was his cuſtom to keep lighted candles in his room during the night, and to ſleep in an eaſy chair; that his bed-maker finding his bed untumbled (and not failing to repeat the circumſtance)

ſtance) might not ſuppoſe he indulged in ſo unphiloſophical a refreſhment, as going to bed: he occaſionally lamented the noiſe and interruptions occaſioned by certain young men in an adjoining apartment, who preferred the joys of wine and good-fellowſhip, to ſolitude and midnight ſtudies.

On his return to London, he drew up, at the deſire of his friends, a Verſion of the Church Catechiſm, in what he called his native tongue, which was examined by the learned, found regular and grammatical, and pronounced a real language, and no counterfeit. By theſe, and other arts, the ſupplies of his patrons continued liberal, and he was enabled to lead an idle, in ſome inſtances, when he was thrown off his guard, an extravagant, and, it is to be feared, occaſionally an immoral life.

Thoſe gentlemen who had firſt ſuſpected his integrity could not reſt till their doubts were juſtified; they pointed out various abſurdities, and many contradictions, in his narrative, as well as in his declarations; his firſt encouragers began to feel ſhame, he was gradually lowered in the public eſteem, his early benefactors ſilently withdrew their ſupport.

The fraud was generally underſtood, and the capricious *cullibility* of the public, which is ſo eager to ſwallow barefaced improbability, was ſoon converted, by a natural proceſs, into the malignity of irritated pride, and the reſentment of mortified vanity; while thoſe who had originally given warning againſt impoſture, did not forget to increaſe the confuſion of their opponents, by ridicule and ſarcaſm.

The ſituation of this degraded man became critical; detected, and almoſt deſerted, his ſubſiſtence was precarious, but having diſplayed in his aſſumed character, conſiderable abilities, and having cultivated an extenſive acquaintance with a claſs of men, who have been pronounced the beſt patrons of literary adventure, he was employed by the bookſellers in a periodical publication, and laſtly in the accurate and uſeful, but dry and laborious undertaking of a Univerſal Hiſtory, a conſiderable portion of the antient part of which, was committed to his care.

He did not, during his life, in any formal manner, proclaim his impoſition, and could never be prevailed on, to diſcloſe his real name and country (ſuppoſed to be the ſouth of France) that he might not diſgrace his family; yet

yet he did not ſcruple confeſſing his fraud to confidential friends, with tears and repentance.

PUBLIC SINGERS AND PLAYERS AT ROME.

We learn from an ancient hiſtorian, part of the precautionary diſcipline practiſed by them; the firſt I do not exactly underſtand, and the ſecond is a ſubject I will not enter on; "Plumbeam chartam ſupinus pectore ſuſtinebant, enemate et vomitu purgabant, pomis et cibis *officioſis* abſtinuere:" this helps to explain a paſſage I have read in ſome modern poet.

Black-friars annalls him were
pleas'd to call,
The warden of apothecaries
hall;
And when ſo dignified, he'd not
forbear,
That operation which the learn'd
declare,
Gives a fine voice, and makes
the ladies fair.

PULPIT CASUISTRY.

In a late diſcourſe, on the general complexion and prevalent manners of the times, it was remarked, that the learned preacher appeared ſomewhat embarraſſed; that as a polite man *getting on* in the church, and before a dignified audience, he ſtruggled between a conviction of diſagreeable truths, which it was his duty as a miniſter of the goſpel, to declare unreſervedly, and a wiſh as a courtier, to palliate or ſoften them.

After ſpeaking of that depraved ſtate of morals, the common effect of wealth and luxury, which at every period of the world, has ended in the downfall of the moſt powerful empires, he added ſomewhat paradoxically, "*that, in the preſent day, although the reigning manners of the multitude, gave a countenance to vice, the general ſentiment of the public, was in favor of virtue.*"

The divine, on quitting the pulpit, was attacked by a near neighbour, for uttering ſo contradictory and exceptionable a tenet; he accuſed him "of attempting to palliate the exterior levity, but diſguiſed flagitiouſneſs of the age, and inſiſted, that it was a moſt unjuſtifiable ſpecies of mockery, to give a mere empty conſent to the principles of virtue, whilſt we flatly contradicted it by actions."

The preacher, a pleaſant, a worthy man, and not without many good points in his character, ſeemed a little hurt; but it was remarked at dinner time, that chagrin had not at all diminiſhed his appetite, or injured his

ſcientific

ſcientific and practical reliſh for port wine.

The language he held, and for which he was properly cenſured by one of his aſſociates, reminds me of a production publiſhed many years ago; I do not recollect, when, by whom, or where, but I well remember the object of the writer was peculiar. He endeavoured to prove that a man of a moſt flagitious private life, but who ſtrictly attended to exterior decorum, and regularly performed the duties of public devotion, was leſs an enemy to revealed religion and virtue, than a man of more innocent life, but who entirely neglected or careleſsly performed the duties of public worſhip, and private thankſgiving.

PULPIT ELOQUENCE.

The unanimated mode of delivery, too generally adopted by Engliſh preachers, has been often cenſured, and with *ſome* reaſon; yet I cannot, by any means, agree with thoſe who would wiſh to introduce the geſtures of theatric exhibition into the houſe of God.

To awaken mankind from the dreams of ſenſuality, and worldly intereſt; to increaſe the influence of virtue by additional motives, and to deter the wicked by new terrors; to enforce morality by divine revelation; to convince our reaſon and affect our hearts, are the great objects of every honeſt preacher of the goſpel; objects equally defeated by extravagant action, violent vociferation, or by his aſſuming the appearance of a ſtatue, with head, hands, and eyes, immoveably rivetted to his text book.

Though the toil of art ſhould be diſcovered as little as poſſible, he who would *do good* as a divine, muſt not let *a wiſh to ſhine* be his paramount motive; he muſt adopt a grave ſimplicity, a well regulated earneſtneſs of delivery, a deliberate pronunciation, a mild devout, unaffected ſolemnity of manner, ariſing from a conviction of the important truths he inculcates. Nothing is more awfully impreſſive than well timed pauſes, after any ſtrong ſentiment, or emphatic quotation from the inſpired writers.

There ſhould be no ſmirking, no ſelf-approving half-ſuppreſſed ſmiles, no ſtudied graceful attitudes, no curvetting of the head and neck, no toſſing forward of the ſhoulders, no prettineſs of gate, no regular intervals for adjuſting band, dreſs, book, handkerchief, and cuſhion.

I know two well-meaning, and in other reſpects, pleaſant men, who loſing ſight of propriety, common ſenſe, and the ſacred nature

nature of the office in which they are engaged, conſtantly exhibit, in the pulpit and reading deſk, the prepoſterous habits, affected niceties, and prim prettineſſes of *petit maitres*.

Although in other points their characters are reſpectable, and their pulpit compoſitions good; theſe unwarrantable and inconſiſtent levities, always excite ridicule or diſguſt.

The deſirable medium between a ranter and a drone, it is eaſier to wiſh for, than deſcribe; it muſt be the effect of good ſenſe and correct taſte, on a temperate frame of body and mind, on a well modulated voice, a critical ear, an intereſting countenance, and a chaſte uniformity of expreſſion and geſture; and I believe in ſome inſtances is unattainable, even *with* theſe requiſites, from a mal-formation of the organs of ſpeech.

Many of theſe, it is true, muſt be born with a man, and cannot be acquired. Numbers of meritorious young clergymen, after long and conſiderable pains, have groſsly failed; while others, commencing their clerical functions, unprepared, and almoſt unpremeditated, have ſecured ſilent attention, and univerſal approbation.

He who could ſecure the occaſional attendance of two or three judicious, candid, but *ſevere* friends, to hear him officiate during the firſt month of his entrance on the miniſterial office, would reap conſiderable advantage from their obſervations.

Biſhop Burnet is ſaid to have indulged, in an undue degree of pulpit action, and to have been highly gratified with an indecorous mode of approbation, a ſort of humming noiſe from the congregation, which was a prevalent faſhion at that time.

This cuſtom, highly indecent in a place of worſhip, provoked the cenſure of Biſhop Spratt, the rival of the prelate of Saliſbury; he checked it frequently whilſt he was preaching, and on more than one occaſion, raiſing his voice, exclaimed, "Peace, peace, I pray you peace!" The whig divine, if we may believe a tory biographer, leſs delicate in his taſte, is ſaid to have ſometimes ſat down to enjoy it.

Yet to applaud a favorite preacher, by voice as well as geſture, was frequently practiſed at an early period of the Chriſtian church.

Vigilantius, though afterwards a backſlider and heretic, could not ſuppreſs the raptures he felt on hearing St. Jerome; he leaped ſuddenly from his ſeat, and applauded both with hands and feet, exclaiming at the ſame time with

with a loud voice, Exellent Father! Holy Man! Orthodox Divine!

It is alſo related on good authority, that when St. Chryſoſtome delivered his ſermons, the congregation frequently waved their handkerchiefs and hats, and at a certain time cried aloud, "Thou art a preacher ſent from God, the thirteenth apoſtle of Chriſt, the glory, and honor of the prieſthood."

Gregory Nazianzen once boaſted, that *his* words moved the people, as the waves of the ſea are raiſed by the wind.

The correct taſte of the preſent age has baniſhed this indecent cuſtom from our churches; if clapping were allowed, it would be unfair to forbid hiſſing, and thus the temple of the Almighty would be converted into a play houſe, or a bear-garden.

The cuſhion-thumping propenſity of Biſhop Burnet, often excited the profane merriment of Charles the ſecond; he told him, on one occaſion, as he deſcended from preaching at the royal chapel; "If my doubts were not removed by the force of your arguments, my Lord, I ſhould be inſtantly ſilenced by the weight of your fiſt."

The king had been irritated by the honeſt cenſures of Burnet, who thought it his duty, as a Chriſtian biſhop, to expoſtulate with Charles on his abandoned conduct; "The only means of extricating yourſelf from the troubles which ſurround you," ſaid Burnet, "is to remove the croud of giddy and guilty creatures that flutter about your court; nothing hath ſo much tended to alienate the affections of your ſubjects, after the great loyalty and deliverances you have experienced, as the ſcandalous reports of your life, and converſation, which, if you perſiſt in, divine vengeance will purſue you in this world and the next."

PURSUITS OF LITERATURE.

The author of this unacknowledged production, which would place a crown of bays *and of nettles*, on the poets head, is praiſed, and juſtly praiſed, in the following words, by a modern writer.

Thou too, the nameleſs bard, whoſe honeſt zeal
For law, for morals, for the public weal,
Pours down impetuous on thy country's foes,
The ſtream of verſe, and *many-languag'd proſe*;
Thou too, though oft thy ill-adviſ'd diſlike

The

The guiltleſs head with random
cenſure ſtrike—
Though quaint alluſions, vague
and undefin'd,
Play faintly round the ear, but
mock the mind,
Through the mix'd maſs, yet
taſte and learning ſhine,
And manly vigor ſtamps the
nervous line;
While patriot rage the generous
verſe inſpires,
And wakes and points the *deſul-*
tory fires.

I have marked, with the ſilent criticiſm of Italic, the only fault I have been able to find in Mr. ****.

QUEEN ANNE, the four laſt years of her reign, which commenced with ſplendor, but cloſed unpropitiouſly; this period ſo productive of great events and great men, has afforded matter of controverſy to a variety of writers.

He who has read only the well written malignity of Swift, and the eloquent miſrepreſentations of Bolingbroke, ſhould peruſe a periodical paper publiſhed at that period, called the Medley; Tracts on the management of the war, written by Dr. Hare, Biſhop of Chichêſter; Lamberti's Memoirs; the Barrier Treaty Vindicated; and Burnet's Hiſtory of his own Times; obſerving to recollect as he proceeds, the party principles of each writer.

Both ſides occaſionally depart from impartiality and juſtice; fixing their eyes on men rather than meaſures, they forget that a genuine Whig with the beſt intentions, may be an indifferent miniſter, and a Tory with all his degrading maxims, may prove himſelf an able politician, and *vice verſa*.

We know and feel that there have been knaves and fools on all ſides, and he who ſhould aſk on which of the benches a member of parliament ſat, before he praiſed a good action, might as well demand the color of his coat, and would act as rationally as the Jew, who on a certain occaſion demanded, if any good could come out of Nazareth.

Yet, it is impoſſible for the moſt candid and moderate man to deny, that the four laſt years of the reign of Queen Anne exhibit a ſpectale mortifying to an Engliſhman; an enemy trodden into duſt only a few years before, by the victorious Marlborough; the ſame enemy dictating a humiliating peace; a peace for which Europe and the world are now ſuffering, as France crippled, proſtrate, and bleeding at every pore, might, and on every principle of policy and ſelf defence

ought

ought to have been irrecoverably cruſhed.

In reply, it has been obſerved, that our national reſources were exhauſted, that a long train of ſplendid victories produced no advantage, while the wealth of the country was conveyed into the pockets of army-agents, colonels of regiments, commiſſaries, and contractors.

If ſuch was the ſtate of things, why, but from corrupt and unwarrantable motives, why were the repeated and urgent applications of Lewis the fourteenth and his miniſters ſeveral years before ſo conſtantly rejected; when England might have made her own terms, and much of the deſolation inflicted on the preſent generation have been prevented: the ſnake might have been incurably *ſcotched*.

Such conduct, whether to be attributed to a Godolphin, a Marlborough, an Oxford, or a Bolingbroke, cannot be too ſeverely reprobated.

Among the artificers of this execrable peace; hiſtorians have generally named Henry St. John, Viſcount Bolingbroke, who was baniſhed ſoon after the acceſſion of the Houſe of Hanover, but by intrigues which have never been exactly underſtood, afterwards made his peace at St. James's, and his outlawry was reverſed.

He then became an unceaſing oppoſer of adminiſtration, and was addreſſed in panegyric ſtrains by a cotemporary poet, who attempted to cloath him in virtues, which it was known that Bolingbroke deſpiſed.

The verſe-writer deſcribed the ſtateſman in his philoſophical retirement, praiſed his turn for agricultural purſuits, and his fondneſs of rural ſports; told of his building a palace at Dawley, and calling it a farm; ſaid that his eloquence detained the enraptured gueſt till midnight, that his converſation at table, was the feaſt of reaſon, and the flow of ſoul, and concluded with an abuſive apoſtrophe, againſt a country and an adminiſtration, which had doomed *ſo great and good a man*, at once the glory and ſhame of England, to obſcurity and repoſe.

A certain literary friend of the premier, irritated by what he conſidered as groſs miſrepreſentation, anſwered it in a ſpirited way, and aſſured the author, that it was impoſſible to recognize St. John, in the diſguiſe in which he had wrapped him, for the poet had compared him to a God viſiting the earth.

"With whom can ſuch abuſive lies prevail?
Or who believes the proſtituted tale?

If

If George is Jove, ſure every man
muſt own,
St. John the Titan who aſſail'd
his throne;
But baffled in his plan ſo wild
and vain,
Our thund'rer hurl'd him to the
earth again,
With mercy heard him groaning
for reprieve,
Forgave his wrongs and bade the
rebel live.
How ill his practice juſtifies his
plea,
How ill his pardon and his crimes
agree.
Abroad, forſwearing ev'ry trait'-
rous deed,
At home, reſolving blindly to
proceed;
Renewing all the rancour of his
mind,
— — — — — —
In patriot maſk, and liberty's fair
guiſe,
Bidding fell diſcord and rebellion
riſe.
Dawley may triumph in its build-
er's art,
And ſtand fit emblem of its own-
er's heart;
Tho' low its name, yet pompous
is its frame,
The words and deeds of St. John
are the ſame;
Humbled with guilt pretending
to appear,
With vows repentant mocks the
public ear;
But out of ſight all chicanry and
cheat
— — — — — — —
Again wou'd his duplicity diſ-
play,
Again be truſted, and again be-
tray.
In pow'r abuſing ev'ry ſacred
truſt;
Ungrateful, cruel, treach'rous,
and unjuſt.
But when diſmiſs'd impatient of
the ſting;
A traitor to his Saviour and his
king;
This is the hero whom thy verſe
belies,
Honeſt and gen'rous, virtuous
and wiſe.
Wou'd hiſtory and painting lend
their aid,
What horrid deeds, had Dawley's
walls diſplay'd?
What ſcenes of rapine, luſt, de-
ceit, wou'd riſe;
Heroes in exile, and betray'd al-
lies;
In ſpite of all that god-like
Marlb'rough won,
The Lilly trampled, and the Gaul
undone;
In ſpite of all — — —
— — — — — —
The Britiſh lion hunted from the
field,
And to a proſtrate foe compell'd
to yield,
Theſe were *thy* glories, St. John
— — —

I am

I am compelled by truth to obſerve, that the time for making ſuch a peace as *ought to have been made*, was at the moment of the Duke of Marlborough's victories, when the whole court of Verſailles was panic-ſtruck, and the French armies flying in every direction: this ſtatement, if correct, places the whole weight of fraud and guilt on the Whigs.

RAPHAEL'S CARTOONS. Certain productions of the pencil of that great painter on ſacred ſubjects, ſo called.

"Theſe pictures," ſaid the late Mr. Wilkes, "were purchaſed with the public money, by King William, who loved and underſtood the fine arts, and poſſeſſed the feelings of a man of taſte, as well as the ſentiments of a hero."

This deſcription of our great deliverer, is, I confeſs, ſomewhat different from the opinion I had conceived of him; with all his merits as a warrior and a ſtateſman, the king, as I have always thought, neglected or deſpiſed the elegant productions of art and imagination; painting and poetry were under few obligations to him.

"He built," continues the ſame gentleman, "a ſuite of apartments for their reception at Hampton-Court, and the Engliſh nation was permitted to contemplate their beauties, without difficulty. They remained in that palace until the preſent reign, when they were removed to *a late baronet's ſmoky houſe, at the end of a great ſmoky town*, being firſt mangled, that they might fit their preſent improper ſituation.

"They are entirely ſecluded from the public eye, though purchaſed with the public money, before the acceſſion of the Brunſwick family; and while the Kings of France and Spain, open their collections for the pleaſure and improvement of their ſubjects, Engliſhmen are prevented enjoying the ſight of what may be called, the pride of our iſland, a national treaſure, and by no means private property. Surely a bad compliment to a generous people, who, under prodigious public burthens, allow their prince an immenſe income."

The editor thinks it right to add, that the honorable gentleman was miſtaken in ſaying, that the pieces in queſtion are ſhut up from public inſpection, as he underſtands that any perſon whoſe inclinations induce him, may be favored with a ſight, if he is provided with half-crowns, will remember thoroughly to clean

clean his ſhoes, and aſk no improper queſtions.

" I cannot but lament," ſays the ſame writer, " that an opportunity was lately loſt of improving public taſte, and decorating a noble ſtructure (St. Paul's) with the moſt valuable works of Sir Joſhua, and other eminent painters, owing to the abſurd prejudices of a taſteleſs prelate, Dr. Terrick. It is thus that learning and ſcience have ever been oppoſed by ſtupidity and ſuperſtition."

The doors of this cathedral, ſince I firſt came to the preſs, have been opened to the merits of Dr. Johnſon, the philanthropy of Mr. Howard, and the gallant intrepidity of our naval commanders.

To obviate an implied cenſure of the conduct of a great perſonage, in the above extract, I inſert a well-founded compliment to George the third, from a late hiſtorian.

The merit of diſcovery has too often been ſtained with avarice and cruelty; an honourable exception is due to the virtue of our own times and country.

The voyages undertaken, by command of his preſent majeſty, were inſpired by the pure and generous love of ſcience and mankind; adapting his benefactions to the different ſtages of ſociety, he has founded a ſchool for painting in the Capital, and has introduced into the iſlands of the South Sea, thoſe vegetables and animals moſt uſeful to human life.

Theſe are imperial works, and worthy kings.

Nothing was wanting to have compleated ſuch ſplendid benevolence, but a liberal, free, and unreſerved communication of *all* the original curious drawings and ſketches of certain voyages, printed and publiſhed at the royal expence, and given to the public at a moderate price. Thoſe who may not clearly comprehend the hint, may refer to the latter part of the article aſſigned to Mr. Bruce, in a former volume.

RATHBOD, King of Frieſland, in the ſeventh century; a pagan, and originally, a perſecutor of the Chriſtians, but almoſt converted, by Wulfran, Biſhop of Sens.

He conſented to be baptized, if, previous to the ceremony, his converter would give him a ſatisfactory anſwer to an important queſtion; this the prelate, in his zeal for procuring ſo illuſtrious a proſelyte, readily promiſed.

On the day appointed, the prieſts and the people aſſembled, and a ſplendid proceſſion, worthy a royal convert, took place.

When

When arrived at the ſacred font, for it was not till the baptiſm had commenced, that the king propoſed his queſtion; fixing his eyes ſternly on the biſhop, he thus addreſſed him:

"I adjure you in the name of Almighty God, that God, who, you ſay, ſent his only ſon to die for mankind; I ſolemnly adjure you to inform me, if, in conſequence of my baptiſmal admiſſion into the Chriſtian church, I ſhould hereafter viſit that heaven which you have promiſed to the faithful, whether I ſhall meet the ſpirits of my departed anceſtors, thoſe heroes who have greatly lived, and greatly died; thoſe illuſtrious chiefs, whoſe examples it has been my pride to follow, and in whoſe footſteps, I would willingly tread?"

"I will not deceive you, ſir," replied Wulfran, with more ſincerity than worldly policy, "as God hath reſerved to himſelf, only a certain number of elect, the princes of whom you ſpeak, having died without baptiſm, will certainly be damned.

"But for your comfort, your royal deſcendants, with a long train of noble Friſians, who ſhall believe and be baptized, will hereafter be your aſſociates in the realms of everlaſting bliſs."

"I cannot admit your inhuman and irrational ſyſtem," replied Rathbod, withdrawing his foot, which was already in the water, "I prefer the ancient opinions of my forefathers, whoſe valor and heroic atchievements, deſerve a better fate, than that infernal fiery gulph, which you deſcribe."

With theſe words the royal ſceptic retired, leaving the biſhop to lament his want of orthodoxy, in thus giving way to the feelings of nature, and the convictions of common ſenſe.

REASON, its uſe and abuſe.

"To magnify the powers of reaſon beyond their extent, or to depreciate them below their real uſe, are extremes injurious to the cauſe of truth, and great impediments to our forming a correct judgment on ſubjects of the firſt importance to our happineſs.

"He who ſhould aſſert, that the human intellect is fully adequate to the diſcuſſion and comprehenſion of the various and wonderful operations of nature, which every where ſurround him, or the unfathomable myſteries of Divine revelation, would *feel* himſelf contradicted by the experience of every moment of his life.

"It is therefore of the firſt conſequence, to determine the extent

extent of our faculties, to decide how far, and on what ſubjects, they may ſafely be truſted.

"To form a judgment of men and things, from comparing the paſt with the preſent, and to deduce uſeful rules for our conduct in life; to draw, from a ſtudy of human nature, the laws of our frame, and the conſtitution of ſociety, apt arts for increaſing or eſtabliſhing the advantages we enjoy from it; to examine the proofs on which the validity of holy writ depends, and to be able to guard ourſelves againſt the deluſions of enthuſiaſts, are a few of the great purpoſes, for which the human underſtanding may be ſafely relied on."

Satisfied with that portion of knowledge, which it has pleaſed the Almighty to impart, and not complaining of that which he hath thought proper to withhold, let us

Hope humbly then, with trembling pinions ſoar,
Wait the great teacher death, and God adore.

RECOVERY FROM THE GRAVE, a remarkable inſtance of, recorded and authenticated by ſeveral reſpectable hiſtorians.

It is mentioned in this place, in order to ſtimulate the relations and friends of perſons *whoſe animation hath been ſuſpended*, by drowning, ſuffocation, and other accidents; and to encourage them not to relax in their efforts of recovery, however hopeleſs appearances may be.

I alſo mean this article as a ſalutary check on perſons of *another deſcription*, the reſiduary legatees, ſecond couſins, favorite houſekeepers, and religious intimates of wealthy bachelors, rich widows, and childleſs or childiſh old men; I would wiſh them not to be too haſty in *laying them out*, and to pay ſome little regard to decency and decorum, before they ſend for the undertaker, ſcrew up the coffin, and *rummage* for the will.

A ſpark of life not yet wholly extinguiſhed, may be rouzed into a flame, by their abominable hypocriſy, and their avaricious hopes, be ultimately defeated, by a new deviſee.

But, waving further preliminary comment, to which I am perpetually gliding, and to come at once to the fact; the circumſtance I propoſe relating, took place in the middle of the ſixteenth century, during the reigns of Elizabeth of England, and Charles the ninth of France, at a period when the intrepid female, who filled the Engliſh throne, felt it her duty, or her intereſt,

intereſt, to interfere in the wars of the League, and actually ſent an army of ſix thouſand men, under the command of Ambroſe Dudley, Earl of Warwick, who took poſſeſſion of Dieppe and Havre de Grace, but was too late to prevent the city of Rouen being taken by aſſault, by the Duke of Guiſe and his party.

It was at this ſiege, and in defending Fort St. Catharine, a ſtrong poſt, that Francis de St. Civile, a young man of a good family in Normandy, *but ſomewhat tainted by the new opinions*, leading on the company he commanded, received a muſket ſhot, which, entering his right cheek, and paſſing obliquely downwards, was buried in his neck.

A conſiderable effuſion of blood took place, he fell motionleſs on the ground, and ſoon after, being conſidered as dead, was ſtripped, and with another corpſe committed to the earth.

A faithful ſervant, long connected with, and warmly attached to his family, impatiently waited his return, and on being told what had happened, was anxious to ſee the body of his beloved maſter, and, with a ſuperſtition, in this inſtance amiable, to give it Chriſtian burial.

In the eagerneſs of zeal and of love, he procured ſeveral ſoldiers, of Mr. de St. Civile's company, to attend him, with torches, to the ſpot where the captain was buried. The day was already cloſed, when he received the melancholy intelligence, and a ſolemn ſtillneſs reigned over a ſpot, ſo lately the ſcene of carnage and confuſion.

They opened many graves in vain, and as they were fearful of exciting the attention, and drawing upon them the fire of the beſiegers, were preparing to return without having accompliſhed their buſineſs, when this truſty domeſtic's attention was ſuddenly attracted by ſome bright body on the ground, which, reflecting the blaze of the torch, ſparkled in his eye.

Turning back to examine the cauſe, he ſaw, uncovered, a hand and arm of ſome corpſe already buried; on cloſer inſpection, and gazing with eager looks, he found that the glittering object, was a diamond ring on one of the fingers; this he inſtantly recognized, having formerly brought it to his maſter as a token of love from the miſtreſs of the young ſoldier's heart.

The body was diſinterred without delay, and the valet, bearing it in his arms, returned to his quarters: he could not help remarking, as he carried this honorable

norable burthen, that it was ſtill warm; ſtopping a moment to look at that face, which had ſmiled on him a thouſand times, he perceived ſomething like a faint breath iſſuing from the mouth, this circumſtance created new hopes, and the inſtant he reached home, placing the body in a warm bed, and calling in medical aid, the wounded man gradually recovered.

The firſt object De St. Civile opened his eyes on, was the fond, the faithful domeſtic, who had attended him from his entrance into life, and had now ſnatched him from an untimely grave.

He remained for ſeveral weeks in a languid ſtate, and the city was in the mean time taken by ſtorm; the beſiegers being exaſperated againſt the family of the wounded captain, for the active part they had taken, with that more than ſavage animoſity, with which civil wars are carried on, threw the ſick man from the window.

Fortunately for Mr. De St. Civile, there was a large dunghill underneath, on which he fell without injury; here, in the noiſe and confuſion of a military aſſault, he lay for ſeveral days unnoticed by the enemy, was occaſionally ſupplied with a little nouriſhment, and at laſt conveyed, by night, through the kind care of his original deliverer, to a farm houſe, a few miles from the city; at this place, with good nurſing, he at length recovered, and was perſonally known to Monſ. De Thou, to whom I am obliged for a good part of this ſhort, but intereſting narrative.

REFORM. "It is better," ſays a modern writer, "that reformation ſhould be difficult, or even unattainable, than that laws ſhould be uncertain, and the enjoyment of life and property precarious."

Being aſked, if reform was never to be riſked? he almoſt confeſſed as much, for a reaſon, perſonal, and not at all applicable to the ſubject, "becauſe the promoters of it, will, in every inſtance, be ſacrificed, as the bulk of mankind always think enough has not been done."

Another of his reaſons for delay is, "that abuſe ſhould become decrepid, hoary, and in its dotage, before you attack it; any inſtitution, law, or cuſtom, generally deſpiſed and ridiculed, however coloſſal, muſt, in a given time, tumble to the ground unſupported; its removal *then* will not endanger public tranquillity.

"I conſider every evil as trifling, when compared to rouzing the vengeance, and exciting the ener-

energies of that omnipotent ſovereign, the people; in a word, I prefer the leproſy, the itch, and a thouſand little naſty teazing diſeaſes, which fret a man diſmally, I confeſs, to the plague, to peſtilence, and famine. I would rather pay a government of my own countrymen, ten, or even twenty per cent. of all I poſſeſs, than be ſtripped by a Gallic pro-conſul."

The acts *de Heretico comburendo*, concerning witchcraft, and many others, were *forgotten* long before they were repealed; and in a thouſand inſtances of malverſation, oppreſſion and abſurdity, the general opinion may be eaſily collected, and the grievance removed, *without convoking a primary aſſembly*.

REFORMER OF MESSINA; a ſingular character, delineated by the induſtrious compilation, or *created* by the lively imagination of a miſcellaneous writer, who *flouriſhed* thirty years ſince; he introduces the ſtory, as an inſtance of the *heroic lunacy of public ſpirit*, produced by flagrant depravity, and univerſal corruption.

This ſevere corrector, is deſcribed as an induſtrious mechanic, whoſe daily occupation did not prevent his noticing the ſcenes which paſſed before him.

He ſaw, with indignation, a general abſence of public virtue, and private principle; honeſty oppreſſed, and vice rewarded; the ſword of juſtice evaded by corruption; a univerſal degeneracy of manners, and a want of power or inclination in government, to chaſtiſe offenders.

Under the impulſe of ſuch convictions, and ſtimulated by a zeal, which individuals cannot be too cautious how they indulge; he boldly reſolved to take on himſelf the arduous taſk of a reformer.

Having previouſly determined in his own mind, that the diſeaſe was ſpread too widely, and too deeply rooted to admit of palliative remedies, and conſcious that the *verbal* remonſtrances of a man in his obſcure rank, would not only be ridiculed and diſregarded, but draw down deſtruction on his head, he reſolved to work on the fears of the wicked, and thoſe who were inattentive to the voice of conſcience, and fearleſs of *future* puniſhment; to terrify by *inſtant viſitation*, and ſignal deſtruction, from a quarter unknown, unſeen, and which it would be out of their power to guard againſt or avoid.

Providing himſelf with a ſhort gun, which he loaded and concealed under his cloak, he ſallied forth in dark evenings, and,

as safe opportunities offered, dispatched incorrigible offenders, of various ranks, whose notorious enormities had long condemned them in the public opinion.

In different parts of Messina, and in the course of a few months, many individuals were found shot, but their property untouched; usurers who had ruined thousands by extortion; unjust, oppressive magistrates, who converted the laws of their country into instruments for gratifying avarice or revenge; bad ministers, who had involved their countrymen in unnecessary war; pretended patriots, who indiscriminately opposed and censured every measure of government, for the corrupt purpose of forwarding the interest of themselves and partizans, and ultimately succeeding to the places of those they abused; adulterers and debauchees; husbands who blushed not to live on the price of nuptial prostitution; and wives who considered beauty as a fair resource for repairing the fortunes they had dissipated at the gaming table.

The general astonishment was considerable, no consummate villain of consequence, dared to walk the streets; it was in vain that guards and spies were employed to discover the murderer; his systematic caution eluded all the arts of the police; perhaps the great mass of people were not wholly displeased at the judicial and exemplary dispatch he made.

After more than fifty of the worst men of the city had been put to death, without a single circumstance arising, which could enable any one to guess by whom they were assassinated; the viceroy, thinking it necessary to exert himself in every possible way to discover the author, published a proclamation, in which, after enlarging on the general terror, and the melancholy catastrophes which had taken place, he offered a reward of ten thousand crowns, to any man who should apprehend, or be instrumental in apprehending the offender or offenders; the same sum, and a free pardon were also offered to the person who actually committed the murders in question, if he would confess them, and the motives by which he was actuated.

To render his sincerity unquestionable, the viceroy went publicly, in procession, and with great pomp and splendor, to the cathedral; received the sacrament, and solemnly repeated his promise at the altar, that he would strictly, and without mental reservation, perform his vow in every particular.

The

The aſſaſſin having ſatisfied his zeal for juſtice, and being willing to ſecure ſafety, as well as that independence, which he thought he deſerved, immediately repaired to the palace; demanded an audience, and after ſtrong aſſurances from the prince, that he would religiouſly obſerve his oath, confeſſed himſelf the murderer of the perſons, who, at different times, had been found in the ſtreets.

The viceroy pauſed, and ſuppreſſing, as far as he was able, the ſtrong emotions of horror and ſurprize, which ſtruggled in his breaſt, proceeded to argue with the reformer, on the unjuſtifiable cruelty and irregularity of his proceeding, in thus putting to death ſo many perſons, without judicial proceſs.

The mechanic defended his conduct on the plea of juſtice, and the intereſts of morality and virtue; inſiſted, that the characters of thoſe he had deſtroyed, were too notorious to require any legal trial, and concluded, with ſeverely reprimanding the chief magiſtrate, for ſuffering ſo many bad men to live.

The royal repreſentative, whatever might be his inclination, religiouſly kept his word, paid the ſtipulated ſum, and, as it was judged, that Meſſina might not, in every reſpect, be a proper reſidence for the mechanic, after what had happened, he embarked, with his family and effects in a merchant ſhip, bound to Genoa, and paſſed the remainder of his life, in the territory of that republic.

However dangerous and unwarrantable it may be to encourage ſuch a ſpecies of active zeal, his fellow citizens confeſſed, that for many years they felt the advantage of his ſevere, but impartial juſtice.

It is well for the governors of the world, and for the peace of mankind, that this Minos of Meſſina is not more frequently imitated; for, if every man were to conſider himſelf as authorized to wield the ſword of juſtice, it would be a productive ſource of bloodſhed, anarchy and diſtreſs.

Few of us are qualified for the office *he* undertook; he poſſeſſed, it is true, ſeveral eſſential and indiſpenſible requiſites for a reformer; integrity, diſintereſtedneſs, and perſonal intrepidity; but he was deficient in omniſcience, to render his deciſions unerring; he was not able to dive, like him, to whom all hearts are open, into the deep ſeated motives of human action.

It is not probable, that he had entirely baniſhed from his heart, thoſe

thoſe malignant and baſe paſſions, which are ſometimes concealed under the maſk of patriotiſm and public ſpirit; paſſions, which with all our efforts, we find it extremely difficult to ſhake off, whilſt we continue in theſe tenements of clay.

In an hour of ſplenetic deſpondency, or unjuſtifiable irritation, I have ſometimes wiſhed that a cœleſtial, unerring, but inviſible ſpirit, at different ages, and in different parts of the world, had been commiſſioned by the Almighty, to interfere *more immediately* in puniſhing, or rather, checking and preventing atrocious offenders, and yet not to *apparently* interrupt the free agency of man.

Without being aware that my reverie was incompatible with the ſyſtem of a *general* Providence, and without conſidering its impiety, I have ſometimes thus given way to the impulſe of predominating imagination.

What reaſonable man could have repined, had Eve ſunk to the ground, never to riſe again, as ſhe was conveying the fatal apple to her lips? Who would not have exulted, in reading that Cain's arm had dropped palſied to his ſide, while he was raiſing it, in order to murder his brother? What miſchief would have been prevented, had blindneſs ſeized on David, while he was caſting adulterous looks at the wife of Uriah? How many dangers, and how many difficulties would the Egyptians have eſcaped, had Pharaoh been removed from the book of life?—The flagrant enormities of a long liſt of Roman Emperors, under whoſe vices, the world, deluged with blood, groaned for ſo many ages, might have been put an end to; by a ſlight twiſt, or the gentle preſſure of a nervous fibre.

The hand which ſigned the revocation of the edict of Nantz, and gave the fiat to the bloody St. Bartholomew Tragedy, by one of theſe inviſible agents, might have been rendered harmleſs and inert.

Thirteen colonies would ſtill have remained in the poſſeſſion of Great Britain, had the man, who ſhut the door of the council chamber in Dr. Franklin's face, been previouſly thrown to the ground by an apoplectic fit. Louis XVI. would ſtill have ſat on the throne of France, had his counſellor periſhed before he adviſed his ſovereign, contrary to his own inclinations, to become *the great and good ally* of the Americans, and to ſend his troops beyond the Atlantic, to learn leſſons of rebellion.

REFRAC-

REFRACTORY PRIEST, and a Conſtitutional one, a dialogue between.

Rrefractory Prieſt.—What have you done; do you not dread Divine indignation?

Conſtitutional Prieſt.—For what?

Ref. Pr.—You have married, and can you aſk ſuch a queſtion?

Con. Pr.—Patriotiſm and morality induced me to fulfil the firſt command of God, and the great law of nature; I could not reconcile myſelf to a practice, generally adopted by thoſe who have no wives of their own, to make uſe of thoſe of my neighbours.

Ref. Pr.—You are a ſchiſmatic.

Con. Pr.—That is impoſſible, for I ſide with the majority.

Ref. Pr.—You are unworthy of being a prieſt; if each of us were to do as you do, who would pray for the faithful, who would confeſs, who would ſay maſs?

Con. Pr.—There is not a word of maſs in any part of the Bible or Teſtament; as to praying and confeſſing, mankind muſt perform thoſe duties, as they did in the primitive ages, for themſelves.

Ref. Pr.—Who would marry?

Con. Pr.—The magiſtrate.

Ref. Pr.—Who would baptize?

Con. Pr.—The firſt Chriſtian that came in the way, as the church empowers every Chriſtian to do.

Ref. Pr.—According to *your* account, people might do without prieſts; you would reduce religion to mere morality.

Con. Pr.—To love and to ſerve our country; to fear God, and to keep his commandments; to do to others as we would they ſhould do unto us, is the whole of the law and the goſpel.

Ref. Pr.—You are an innovator.

Con. Pr.—By no means, my opinion was the ſame, when we had cardinals and grand almoners.

Ref. Pr.—God will puniſh you.

Con. Pr.—He has the power, but I think too highly of Him to fear that He will.

Ref. Pr.—Impious wretch! what no more prieſts?

Con. Pr.—I do not ſay that we will have no more prieſts, I only ſay that we can do without them.

Ref. Pr.—This is preciſely what ought not to be ſaid; you are an atheiſt, and will repent of what you have done.

REGI-

REGIMENT OF JEWS.

It was thought adviſable at a certain time, to raiſe a regiment of Jews in Liſbon; many oppoſed the meaſure, but the majority of the council were of opinion, that thoſe who enjoyed protection, ſhould aſſiſt in defending the country.

After many difficulties, and various obſtacles, the regiment was raiſed and diſciplined; but on the day appointed for their marching on actual ſervice, an expreſs arrived from the commander in chief, requiring of the miniſter (I believe Pombal, whoſe adminiſtration, with a thouſand faults, had many good points) a regiment of dragoons, and a detachment of artillery, *to keep the peace*, as he found it impoſſible to prevent the Jews and the people from fighting.

The Iſraelites were diſarmed and diſbanded, one of them being reproached, made the following reply as he threw down his muſket.

"Can you be ſurprized at what has happened? After having plundered, impriſoned, and burnt ſo many thouſand Jews, was it not folly and madneſs to expect effectual aſſiſtance, or cordial co-operation?"

RELICKS OF ANTIQUITY.

It has been frequently obſerved, that objects of this deſcription, are, and have been, more ſafely and certainly preſerved, by the worthleſſneſs of the materials of which they are compoſed, than by the moſt ſcrupulous precaution, and anxious care.

Some of the moſt invaluable works of the ancient maſters, wrought, or caſt in the precious metals, and tempting the avarice of an unenlightened poſſeſſor, or the rapacity of a barbarian conqueror, have been melted down, and for ever loſt to the collector and antiquary.

Accident, in a few inſtances, has preſerved them, for the amuſement and inſtruction of poſterity; the following inſtance is too remarkable to be omitted in this place.

In the year ſixteen hundred and fifty-ſix, a fiſherman dragging his net on the banks of the Rhone, in the neighbourhood of Avignon, was conſiderably obſtructed in his work, by ſome heavy body, which he feared would injure the net.

Proceeding ſlowly and cautiouſly, he at length drew it on ſhore untorn, and on examining its contents, in the preſence of ſeveral perſons collected on the ſpot, he found that it was a round ſubſtance, in the ſhape of a large plate or diſh, thickly encruſted

cruſted with a coat of hardened mud; underneath he obſerved it was a dark colored metal, which induced him to conſider it as iron.

A ſilverſmith accidentally preſent, encouraged the ignorant finder in this miſtake, and after a few affected difficulties and demurs, purchaſed it of the poor man for a trifling ſum.

The crafty knave immediately carried it home, and after carefully cleaning and poliſhing his purchaſe, it proved, as he before ſuſpected, to be of pure ſilver, perfectly round, more than two feet in diameter, and weighing upwards of twenty pounds.

Fearing that ſo maſſy and valuable a piece of plate, offered for ſale at one time, and at one place, might produce injurious ſuſpicion, and troubleſome enquiry; he immediately, without waiting to examine its beauties, divided his new found treaſure into four equal parts, each of which he diſpoſed of, at different and diſtant places.

One of the pieces, which had been ſold at Lyons, falling into the hands of Mr. Mey, a wealthy merchant of that city, and a well-educated man, he directly ſaw its value, and after great pains and expence, procuring the other three fragments, had them nicely rejoined, and this rare *unique* was at laſt placed in the cabinet of the King of France; of its fate, during the tumults of the French Revolution, I am not informed.

The curioſity of my reader will be naturally intereſted to know what it was the fiſherman had taken in his net.

This relic of antiquity, precious in every point of view, and no leſs remarkable for its workmanſhip, than for the occaſion on which it was made, and the extraordinary place and manner in which it was found, HAD BEEN BURIED AT THE BOTTOM OF THE RHONE MORE THAN TWO THOUSAND YEARS.

It was in fact a votive ſhield, preſented to the heroic and excellent Scipio, as a monument of gratitude and affection, by the inhabitants of Carthago Nova, now the city of Carthagena, for his generoſity and ſelf-denial, in delivering one of his captives, a moſt beautiful virgin, to her original lover; a ſtory familiar to moſt claſſical, and to many general readers.

This tranſaction, ſo honorable to the Roman general, who was then in the prime vigour of manhood, is repreſented on the ſhield, and an engraving from it, may be ſeen in the curious and valuable work of Mr. Spon.

But Livy, with all his intereſting

eſting ſimplicity, ſhall tell the ſtory, if I can venture to rely on my memory; not having his work at hand: I well remember, my worthy old ſchoolmaſter uſed to ſay, he would ſeverely flog a boy, who, on any repetition day, and however diſtant the period, could forget this ſtory.

" Mandonii uxor ad pedes imperatoris procubuit, et ut curam fæminarum impenſius cuſtodibus commendaret, obteſtatur. " Nihil illis defuturum." Scipio dicebat. " Ipſa jam," inquit, " extra periculum injuriæ muliebris ſum; alia autem angit me cura, harum ætatem et formas intuentem."

Tum Scipio " Apud Populum Romanum nil uſquam ſanctum violatur; ſed ſi noſtra cura, dignitas et virtus veſtra, maximis in his malis, decoris matronalis non oblitæ, protegiſſent." Tueri verecunde ac modeſte juſſit.

Captiva virgo poſtea a militibus adducitur, adulta, et forma eximia. Scipio percunctatus patriam et parentes; deſponſatam eſſe adoleſcenti cuidam, Allucio, Celtiberorum principi.

Extemplo igitur parentibus ſponſoque vocatis, deperire eum ſponſæ amore audiebat; his verbis juvenem alloquitur; " Sponſa tua a militibus noſtris capta, ad me deducta eſt; audivi eam tibi cordi eſſe, et forma quidem facit fidem.

" Ipſe enim, ſi frui liceret ludo ætatis, et ſi Reſpublica animum non occuparet, recte et legitime amaſſem; ſed tuo amori faveo.

" Sponſa tua *verecunde, inviolate* ſervata eſt, et digna tibi dari; hanc mercedem unum pro eo munere paciſcor; Amicus eſto Populo Romano."

Adoleſcens gaudio perfuſus, dextram Scipionis tenebat, deos omnes invocans; cognati virginis magnum auri pondus attuliſſent ad redimendam. Scipio poni ante pedes juſſet, vocatoque Allucio, " Hæc tibi a me dotalia dona accipias." His verbis, aurum tolli et ſibi habere juſſit. His lætus donis domum rediit, laudes Scipionis celebrans; veniſſe juvenem diis ſimillimum, omnia aut armis aut beneficiis vincentem.

TRANSLATION.

" The wife of the conquered king, falling at the general's feet, earneſtly entreated that the female captives might be protected from injury and inſult.

Scipio aſſured her, that ſhe ſhould have no reaſon to complain: " For my own part," replied the queen, " my age and infirmities almoſt inſure me againſt

againſt diſhonor, but when I conſider the age and complexion of my fellow captives, (pointing to a crowd of females) I feel conſiderable uneaſineſs."

"Such crimes," replied Scipio, "are neither perpetrated nor permitted by the Roman people; but if it were not ſo, the anxiety you diſcover, under your preſent calamities, to preſerve their chaſtity, would be a ſufficient protection," he then gave the neceſſary orders.

The ſoldiers ſoon after brought him, what they conſidered as a rich prize, a virgin of diſtinction, young, and of ſuch extraordinary beauty, as to attract the notice and admiration of all who beheld her.

Scipio found that ſhe had been betrothed, in happier days, to Allucius, a young Spaniſh prince, who was himſelf a captive.

Without a moments delay, the conqueror ſent for her parents and lover, and addreſſed the latter in the following words:

"The maid to whom thou wer't ſhortly to have been married, has been taken priſoner: from the ſoldiers who brought her to me, I underſtand that thy affections are fixed upon her, and indeed her beauty confirms the report.

"She is worthy of thy love; nor would I heſitate, but for the ſtern laws of duty and honor, to offer her my hand and heart.

"I return her to thee, not only inviolate, but untouched, and almoſt unſeen; for I ſcarcely ventured to gaze on ſuch perfection; accept her as a gift worthy receiving. The only condition, the only return I aſk, is, that thou wilt be a friend to the Roman people.

(Can we wonder, that ſuch men conquered the world)

The young prince in a tranſport of delight, and ſcarcely able to believe what he ſaw and heard, preſſed the hand of Scipio to his heart, and called down ten thouſand bleſſings on his head: the parents of the happy bridegroom had brought a large ſum of money, as the price of her redemption, which Scipio ordered to be placed on the ground, and telling Allucius that he inſiſted on his accepting it as a nuptial gift, directed it to be carried to his tent.

The happy pair returned home, repeating the praiſes of Scipio to every one, calling him a godlike youth, as matchleſs in the ſucceſs of his arms, as he was unrivalled in the beneficent uſe he made of his victories."

What ſay you Citizen, Firſt Conſul, or if you pleaſe, NAPOLEON, EMPEROR *of the French Republic*,

lic,—nay, hang not back,—ſhall you be able to produce one ſuch act before the throne of God?

REPENTANT CONQUEROR, a leſſon for women, and a warning to men.

The common miſtake that obtaining the laſt favor, without marriage, is a ſafe and infallible mark of ſincere affection, has more than once been noticed and refuted in this collection; the following circumſtance, which *I wiſh was not true*, helps to confirm my former opinion.

A young man, of renown *in his way*, had paid long and marked attentions to a beautiful young woman; at the ſame time perpetually, and unequivocally declaring, in all companies and on all occaſions, that he never meant to marry.

If ſuch examples did not occur every day, it would ſcarcely be credible, that any parents in their ſenſes, ſhould, after *ſuch declarations*, permit a man to croſs their threſhold. He followed his illicit deſigns without moleſtation; they permitted her to receive with ſmiles of complacency and ſatisfaction, the viſits, the careſſes, and the preſents of a raſcal, whom they ought to have kicked down ſtairs, or to have thrown out of window.

Part of a converſation he one overheard, between her infatuated father and mother, added the ſtimulus of reſentment and wounded pride to that of deſire: "Who knows, if Mr. ***** ſhould grow fond of Jenny, but he may *in an unguarded moment*, make her an offer of marriage? This was the rock on which they ſplit; the unguarded moment alas was not *his*, and the family was taken in that ſnare which they had laid for another.

"The ſeducer acted conſiſtently, he did *not* marry her, yet with all his faults Mr. ***** was not an unprincipled debauchee; being congratulated on his ſucceſs, in this *affair*, a few months after, by a Bath correſpondent; the following is copied from the letter he wrote in anſwer.

"Indeed, my dear friend, I am far from being the happy man you imagine; I heartily wiſh that Jenny had been more reſolute, or that I had been leſs perſevering; in ſpite of reaſon, honor, gratitude, and affection, I cannot ſuppreſs my ſuſpicions of the reality of her virtue; I cannot help thinking that looks as paſſionate, and vows as ardent from any other man, *with ſimilar attractions*, might have won the prize, and *again may win it*.

"It ſeems ordained by Providence, as one of the many curſes and

and ſcourges of unlawful love, that it ſhall ceaſe to value the object of its purſuit, when once attained.

"You tell me that her friends expect me to heal, by marriage, the wound I have inflicted; after the declaration I have made a thouſand times in their preſence, have they the folly to expect it?

"In a word, and for ever, ſuch a ſtep is now impoſſible; every apprehenſion, and every ſuſpicion would in that caſe be increaſed ten fold; I am unhappy as her ſeducer, I ſhould be miſerable and diſtracted as her huſband, yet you ſay, I *muſt* marry or be ſeparated from her; that cannot, ſhall not be; never will I forſake my dear, my fond bewitching Jenny, who gave up all for me, no; may everlaſting ruin and infamy overtake me if I do.—— *Judge from theſe ſtruggles if my ſituation is deſirable.*"

RESURRECTION MEN.

An irreverend and indecorous appellation, given to an odious and unpopular occupation, to ruffians, who, waking only when others ſleep, and ſtalking through the midnight gloom, invade the laſt retreat of the wretched, and plunder the church-yard of its lifeleſs inhabitants, whilſt the drunken watchman, and the well-paid ſexton, ſlumber, or will not hear.

Such are the natural effuſions of outraged decency and wounded ſenſibility, which, if certain accounts are to be credited, have ſometimes been ſhocked by the clay-cold corpſe of a wife, a ſiſter, or a friend, torn from the grave to which it had been lately conſigned, and preſented, mutilated and diſfigured to the recognizing eye of ſympathy and affection.

O'er ſcenes like theſe I would willingly throw a veil, but human wants, and human policy, ſternly demand the following queſtion. In the various diſeaſes and accidents to which we are all expoſed, do we, or do we not, expect profeſſional men prepared by ſtudy, and expert from practice, to afford us apt aſſiſtance? To this queſtion, I believe, moſt readers will give an immediate anſwer. If then, we require as we have a right to do, if we require ſubſtantial help, does it not ſeem inconſiſtent to place difficulties in the way of thoſe who endeavour to qualify themſelves for the taſk?

While our fleets and armies are ſaid, in certain inſtances, to have ſuffered more from their ſurgeons

ſurgeons than from the enemy, humanity and expedience loudly proclaim, the neceſſity of facilitating and diffuſing, by all poſſible means, medical and chirurgic improvement, a purpoſe which may ſurely be accompliſhed, without indecent violation.

I am informed, from good authority, that an act of parliament, devoting *every* malefactor, publicly executed, to diſſection, would furniſh ſufficient opportunities for uſeful experiment, and anatomical inveſtigation, beſides adding an additional and uſeful terror to the puniſhment.

Should ſuch an act take place, I ſee no objection to increaſe the penalties of thoſe nocturnal diſturbers of the dead; but till that period is arrived, let not zeal hurry us into injuſtice, and induce us to expect from profeſſional men, a ſpecies of knowledge not very eaſily attained, while we puniſh the only method by which it can at preſent be procured. We might as rationally blame a barriſter for faultering on a point of law at Weſtminſter-Hall, though we had ourſelves prevented his reading the brief, and otherwiſe preparing himſelf to defend our cauſe.

With reſpect to the complaints of a want of knowledge in our navy and army ſurgeons, I ſubmit to thoſe, whoſe province it more particularly is, to determine and direct ſuch matters, how far it may be expedient in government, to pay ſome public lecturer, *already eſtabliſhed*, (for God deliver us from new places and penſions) who would inſtruct, gratis, thoſe who would regiſter their names and places of abode, and bind themſelves by bond to ſerve their country when called on; ſecuring them at the ſame time, by the tie of a ſlender annual allowance, as a retaining fee. This would probably ſecure many a gallant ſoldier and ſailor, generouſly bleeding in his country's cauſe, from the wounds of raſhneſs, and the maims of miſguided ignorance.

RETIREMENT. Paſt experience, and preſent example, evidently prove, that few men, however ardently they may long for it, that few men are qualified for that ſituation, of all others the moſt trying to human virtue and reſolution, *the having nothing to do*; yet, to this ſtate, the majority of mankind look up with envy and expectation.

I never yet knew a man, after a life ſpent in buſineſs, who, on retiring, did not feel wearieſomeneſs and regret, unleſs he retained a ſhare in the intereſt, a right of ſuperintending interference,

or

or had acquired a new taſte for ſome intereſting purſuit in literature, in art, or in ſcience.

In the inſtances which have fallen under my obſervation, agriculture, as affording conſtant occupation, and alternately exciting hope and fear, without which, *the mind muſt die*, however healthy the body; agriculture has moſt effectually anſwered the purpoſe.

Solitude is often neceſſary, and ſometimes agreeable; but I cannot help thinking that retirement is conſiderably improved by now and then having ſomebody to tell, how pleaſant and comfortable a thing it is.

REUCHLIN, JOHN, or as he was called by ſome Capnion, by others, la Fume, all of which words, in Greek, German, and French, mean ſmoke; a native of the ſuburbs of Spires.

This learned man firſt diſtinguiſhed himſelf by interceding with the Emperor Maximilian, who had been almoſt perſuaded by Pfeffercorn, an obſcure Jewiſh renegado, to burn all the books of the Rabbi.

In this well-timed and benevolent interpoſition, Reuchlin ſucceeded, he was alſo editor of a Hebrew Lexicon, author of a Treatiſe de verbo Mirifico, and is the Hero of the Epiſtolæ Obſcurorum Virorum of Ulric Hutton, to which he is ſuppoſed by ſome, to have contributed; this I conſider as a miſtake, as he poſſeſſed too much good ſenſe and regard to propriety, to join with others in praiſing himſelf: he died in fifteen hundred and twenty-one.

REYNOLDS, SIR JOSHUA, preſident of the Royal Academy; a painter, as eminent for the maſterly exerciſe of his pencil, as the candour and benevolence of his character.

Our worthy knight, who died ſince my firſt edition, produced a train of ſervile imitators, who, if they would have tried to attain his excellencies, would not have excited contempt: but in copying ſo induſtriouſly his *obvious errors*, they remind us of the abſurd flatterers of Alexander the Great, who, without one pretence to that monarch's heroiſm in battle, and moderation in victory, ſelected an obliquity of his ſhoulders, as the ſervile object of their imitation.

Theſe inſects of the bruſh, theſe murderers of oil and canvas, ſhould recollect, that nothing but the preſident's ſuperiority of genius could excuſe that *varno-mania*, which ſo unhappily poſſeſt him; they ſhould bear in mind, that, in *their* compoſitions, an unweildy maſs of paint

paint cannot diſguiſe impotence of invention, nor an ocean of glaring varniſh, make us forget a total want of effect.

Long and loud are the complaints, that the pictures of Sir Joſhua, like other earthly bleſſings, are *tranſitory*, and of ſhort duration. May I be permitted, to ſuggeſt an opinion on the ſubject. The painter was unwilling, that the unnatural made up *things*, of the day, that unſocial pride, ſenſeleſs vacuity and pert inſignificance, that ſharpers, horſe-jockies, gamblers, and buffoons, ſhould be handed down to poſterity by his pencil.

As an artiſt and a good-natured man, he could not turn any *cuſtomer* from his door. Blending therefore, on his pallet, a due proportion of politeneſs to others, with ſome regard for his own poſthumous fame; to *miſtaken creatures*, who forget that oblivion and non-exiſtence is *their* only heaven, he affords the ſhort-lived ſatisfaction of materials like themſelves, and their memories, temporary, glittering, and periſhable; to-day in the drawing-room, to-morrow in the garret, or the dungeon of the broker; but beauty breathing on the canvas, and worth, which we venerate or lament are, as they deſerve, conſigned to after times.

Have I ſeen, or do I dream that I have ſeen the hand of a Primate, who during the American war, uſed to beat, and loudly beat, the *eccleſiaſtical drum*; this hand (I ſpeak of his grace's portrait by Sir Joſhua) is totally vaniſhed from the canvas; whether the ſilent criticiſm of the artiſt, meant that the doctrines *then* enforced, ought *not* to be enforced by *ſuch* hands and in *ſuch* a place, I cannot determine.

I remember an old but graceleſs ſinner, formerly *a ſcholar of the preacher*, turning round in his uſual way, and ſwearing in his uſual way, "By — this is no ſermon, it is a political pamphlet."

The ſpeeches of Sir Joſhua Reynolds to the Royal Academicians, are ingenious, and like the notes he *lent* Mr. Maſon, for his Tranſlation of Dufreſnoy, practically uſeful.

The ſtruggles of our worthy preſident when among pretenders to taſte and virtú, between his judgment and his politeneſs, has been admirably hit off by Goldſmith, in his poem of Retaliation.

When they judg'd without taſte, he was ſtill hard of hearing,
But when they talk'd of their Raphael's, Corregio and ſtuff,
He pull'd down his trumpet, and took out his ſnuff.

Every friend of the fine arts laments

laments the loſs of a man, who, without ſplendid talents, would have conciliated the love and eſteem of mankind by intereſting candor, innocent hilarity, and attic hoſpitality; a man of whom Dr. Johnſon, who ſeldom miſſed a fault in any character, once obſerved, "He is invulnerable; if I were to quarrel with him, Reynolds is a man of all others I ſhould find it moſt difficult to abuſe."

Speaking of the ſale of his pictures, a wag obſerved, "that the avidity of the public to buy, could only be equalled by that of his heirs to ſell them."

It would be curious and inſtructive to know and to relate the hiſtory of an apartment, and its contents, allotted by Sir Joſhua, to pictures, which had never been paid or ſent for; I underſtand they were numerous.

Such a narrative would afford a leſſon for human vanity, which, in the thoughtleſs delirium of diſſipation, exhauſts itſelf in the expenſive whims of ſuperfluity and diſſipation, forgetting that the ſolitary comfortleſs hour of penury, faſt approaches.

Had I been admitted, into what I once called, this Paradiſe of Fools, my eye would inſtantly have been fixed on the portraits of a family, who once blazed in the meridian of faſhionable ſplendor—a family, the reſidence of which, it would be now difficult to determine; ſhifting probably on expedients, and exiſting in ſordid obſcurity, in the worſt room, of the worſt ſtreet, of ſome ſhabby town, in a cheap province on the Continent.

REVOLUTION IN FRANCE, an event attended with calamities, from which nature and revolting humanity turn their weeping eyes; yet, with all its incidental evils, and all its terrible effects, deductions may be drawn from it of the higheſt importance to the intereſt and happineſs of mankind.

Every well-meant effort to reform abuſe is laudable, but we ought to recollect, that the human mind, like the body, is incapable of undergoing ſudden and violent changes without injury; that the ſpirit, underſtanding, and moral feelings of a people muſt be raiſed, amended, and purified before political improvement, can be introduced with ſafety, or practiſed with ſucceſs?

To break long confirmed habits, and to attack prejudices, which, however philoſophically wrong, are often practically right; to mend the various and

 infi-

infinitely diverſified wheels of ſociety, requires ſuch a union of gentleneſs and wiſdom, ſtrength and dexterity, as falls to the lot of few.

The great and complicated mechaniſm of a modern mixed, commercial, wealthy government, arrived at the higheſt pitch of luxury and intellectual refinement, requires far abler hands to ſuperintend and conduct it, than the ſimple unattenuated deſpotiſm of the old monarchies.

It cannot be ſtopped without miſchief, but ſhould be carefully looked after; impediments muſt be cautiouſly removed, and all be done with temper and moderation.

In working THAT IMMENSE MACHINE, THE PEOPLE, we muſt beware, that we do not produce evils, greater than thoſe we remove; that we do not *cruſh* when we meant only to *correct*; or in vindicating the cauſe of oppreſſed liberty, we ſhall pave the way for ferocious democracy, and ultimately introduce, as is now the caſe in France, a more degrading ſlavery.

From the Gallic revolution, kings, princes, and people, may learn many uſeful leſſons;—that governments were firſt inſtituted for the welfare of the people, and not for the mere purpoſes of revenue;——that every country which does not proportion its expenditure to its income, is ſowing the ſeeds of revolution.

That portion of mankind, dignified by title and deſcent, or enriched by fortune, will alſo ſee the neceſſity of meriting reſpect and attachment, by a more diligent attention to the duties of their ſtation, by intellectual improvement, correct conduct, private rectitude, and public decorum; or, at ſome adverſe moment, driven from the ſilken pavilions of pleaſure, they may be compelled to exclaim with the miſerable exiles of Coblentz: *Our women and our ſuppers have undone us.*

Paſt experience, and preſent example, confirm a melancholy truth, that imperfection, like gravity, is a law of nature; that abuſe has wound itſelf into the heart of, and imperceptibly marred the nobleſt inſtitutions; that in ſhaking off Egyptian bondage, we only exchange the clay, the ſtraw, and the taſkmaſter of ſome unrelenting Pharaoh, for the perils of the deep, the idolatrous deluſions of popular infatuation, the famine and wilds of the deſert.

It is alſo to be doubted after ſuch long, ſuch bloody revolutionary marches, ſo much toil and ſo much trouble, whether the ſeekers after truth, have at laſt reached

reached that object of all our wiſhes, *a political ſyſtem abſolutely perfect*, that land of Canaan, flowing with milk and honey.

We ſhould, however, try to avoid the oppoſite extremes of unconditional ſubmiſſion and democratic anarchy; there is a ſtate of lawleſs liberty, and licentious depravity, a war with decency, clean linen and ſmall cloaths, to which I ſhould prefer the condition of a galley-ſlave, chained to his oar.

There is on the other hand, a degrading degree of tyranny and oppreſſion, paralyſing every active, virtuous principle, hateful to God and deſtructive to man; a wretched deprivation of all that gives zeſt to life, from which it would be the duty of every man to reſcue his country.

In reflecting on the French revolution, I will not, I have not denied the various, the deplorable calamities, with which it has been accompanied, the errors and crimes of its agents; yet I am ſtill of opinion, that in the firſt aſſemblies there were many able and many good men; but that the whole of their well-meant efforts were counteracted and overpowered, by falſe patriots, and ſtill more by the torrent of revolutionary enthuſiaſm, which ſwelling with uncontroulable impetuoſity, overwhelmed and bore down all that attempted to moderate it; friends and foes, liberty and life.

I have not cloathed an unprincipled female of athletic form and looſe manners, in the colors of the rainbow, in the ceſtus of virtue, love, and the graces: a good-natured Silenus, a glutton and a bon-vivant wholly occupied in the ſenſual gratifications of his bed, his pullet and his bottle; I have not wrapped ſuch an animal in the dignified garb of philoſophy and wiſdom.

I pay no regard to thoſe declaimers who deſcribe Engliſhmen as a diſſatisfied race, whom no king can govern and no God can pleaſe; a few honeſt efforts to economiſe and retrench, whether the reins are held by an Addington, a Pitt, a Fox, or a Grenville adminiſtration, would act as a ſovereign remedy for all our complaints; more particularly at a moment when we are engaged in a ſtruggle which requires every aid that union, men, money, and national ſpirit can afford.

In one of his revolutionary ſpeeches, Mirabeau called the Engliſh government an abſolute monarchy, burthened and expenſively incumbered, with a complex republican machinery.

I cannot agree in opinion with this ingenious but corrupt Frenchman; for I thank God

and our forefathers, that the king of England is, as he ſhould be, reſtrained by the omnipotence of law; that a conſiderable portion of our members of parliament are repreſentatives actually choſen by the people; that partial privileges and unjuſt exemptions, are, gradually wearing out, and counteracted by the good ſenſe of the times.

But what is more than all, the conſtitution of Great Britain, CONTAINS WITHIN ITSELF PROPER AND SAFE REMEDIES FOR ITS OWN IMPERFECTIONS.

In reply to the advocates for moderate reform, it has been ſaid, that a licentious and ſeditious ſpirit, fomented by French emiſſaries, had gone forth, and rendered that which at any other period would have been highly uſeful and deſirable, not only inexpedient but dangerous at the preſent moment, when it becomes the duty of all good men to ſtrengthen the hands of government, againſt principles which threaten to looſe the bands of ſociety, and break down the ſalutary barriers of law, religion, and property.

RICHARDSON, Mr. an ingenious printer, and a worthy charitable man, the author of Pamela, Grandiſon, and Clariſſa, whom I have been accuſed of treating harſhly, in Smollett's article, by the doating admirers of thoſe excellent novels.

I have not, I confeſs, changed my opinion; and it appears evident, that when writing in his cloſet, he did not forget the compoſitor over his head, but indulged prolixity beyond all bounds of patience and propriety.

As the outcry raiſed againſt me, has been brought forward by a female advocate for Richardſon, I cannot do better, than produce an inſtance of a fair critic, of conſiderable repute, who, agrees with me in opinion.

"Richardſon," ſays the writer I quote, a lively French woman, "Richardſon is prolix to a dreadful degree. Clariſſa, *the all-perfect* Clariſſa, has a brother and ſiſter, who reſemble her in nothing; their characters are a union of roughneſs and folly, ſpite, obſtinacy, and impertinence; her father unnaturally cruel; his wife perfect in the doctrines of obedience to her huſband, but deſpotic ro every one elſe, though both governed by their ſon. Two uncles, and an aunt, the counterpart of their mother; a pert waiting maid, and a villainous canting hypocrite, form the domeſtic groupe.

"Lovelace is a ſhocking libertine, with, at firſt, a few rays of goodneſs, but theſe totally diſcordant

cordant with the latter part of his conduct. His obliging Miſs Harlowe, to whom he is introduced, by an improbable miſtake, to refuſe the offer of his hand, is managed with much addreſs, as is alſo the art with which the rake turns the abuſe and ill uſage of the family, to advantage, in forwarding his intercourſe with Clariſſa. Of all theſe events, Miſs Howe, the ſprightly friend and correſpondent, is informed.

"This lady, with the diſpoſition of a vixen, and a termagant, exhibits virtue in its moſt uninviting form.

"Yet her humorous ſallies on the folly of the Harlowes, are happy, and her ſpirit of reſiſtance is well contraſted, with the meek pliability of her friend.

"After a long ſeries of letters, which tire our patience, Lovelace makes uſe of the violence of the Harlowes, and the wretched Soames, to entice Clariſſa into the ſnare of an elopement.

"Here the author apparently forgets himſelf; he makes Mrs. Harlowe, whom he has deſcribed as a good mother, as well as a good woman, guilty of the barbarity of preſſing a much loved daughter to a marriage with a man ſhe loathes and deteſts. Can any praiſe be due to ſuch a parent? Is *ſhe* to be guilty of an odious crime, to pleaſe an auſtere and tyrannical huſband? Ought not Mr. Richardſon to have made Mrs. Harlowe ſtand forth, as every ſenſible woman, as every good mother would, and ought to have done, on ſuch an occaſion, to prevent violation and coercion?

"Such, I aver, would have been the language of nature and reaſon, from which no good writer ſhould depart. Perhaps the author wiſhed to ſhew the danger of a temper too yielding and ſubmiſſive; I believe he might have ſpared himſelf the trouble, *theſe are not commonly the faults of women; (remember it is a lady who ſpeaks.)* Here and there ſome may be found ſubject to them, but I apprehend it is an imperfection, which will not ſpread very far.

"After Clariſſa had quitted her father's houſe, it was the firſt deſign of Lovelace to put her virtue to the teſt; but in the overwhelming and well deſcribed tranſports, produced by gazing on ſo much beauty and merit, and reflecting, that ſhe had put herſelf into his power, the right ſtring of his heart, in other inſtances, an abominable one, is powerfully touched; and he offers immediate marriage, which ſhe rejects with diſdain.

"For this Miſs Howe, like a ſenſible woman, ſeverely cenſures her

her and adds, emphatically, that she really has no choice left, but to marry Lovelace; that she will be unfortunate indeed, if she is not able to reform his manners, but that she has put herself under the irrevocable necessity of becoming his wife, *for that it is better to be unfortunate, than dishonored.*

"Here," continues the French lady, a good casuist as well as critic, "here is the great fault of Richardson's romance. A girl who quits her father's house with a lover, should certainly take the first opportunity of making him her husband; we are accountable to God for our virtue, and to man for our reputation.

"If the manners of Lovelace were depraved, there was the more immediate necessity for such a proceeding, as a censorious world would never allow, that *such* a man, had respected the honor of any woman in his power. The hope to reconcile herself to her parents, was ridiculous; after the step she had taken, they could only regard her, as a daughter whose honor was lost.

"Should I ever so far forget myself, as to run away with a footman, I would rather be accused of meanness in marrying, than of vice in continuing with him, out of a state of wedlock; he should place me with creditable people, who could answer for my conduct, or make me instantly his wife. I find nothing which is not preferable to the loss of reputation, except the crime which occasions it. Now there is no crime in a base alliance, and still less in such a one as Clarissa might have made. The only answer she gives to these, and many other similar arguments of Miss Howe, is, that he is not pressing enough."

But a woman who has eloped, must not be too squeamishly nice as to etiquette, more particularly in rendering justice to herself, on a point so necessary and essential. I have heard of a lady, who, on a matrimonial expedition vowed vengeance against her lover, for venturing on an innocent kiss as they passed over Berwick-bridge; and, irritated by his indecorous conduct, in this particular alone, actually returned unmarried to England.

Here the disappointed platonic, for I think he *must* have been a cold lover, who could have waited for a kiss *so long*; he turned the tables against her; circulated a report, that he found her so forward and cloying on the road, that he was surfeited, and repented of his bargain; and the unfortunate woman, in spite of a good skin, and twenty thou-

sand

ſand pounds, lived repentant, and died an old maid.

"There is an author," ſays a late writer, ſpeaking of Richardſon, "of whom I find it difficult to ſay, whether he pleaſes or offends me moſt, and often in the moſt touching and entertaining paſſages of his narrative.

"His great fault is a want of taſte; this occaſions him often to diſguſt his reader by dwelling on trivial ſilly circumſtances, and often carries him into puerile delicacy and refinement; his men of the world are ſtrange debauchees, his women ridiculous outrés."

Yet with all his faults, Richardſon is original in his way, intereſting, pure, pathetic, and often ſublime; the art he was moſt deficient in, was that laſt, that neceſſary art, *the art to blot*.

RIGBY, RICHARD, a Suffolk fox-hunter, a bon-vivant of ſocial habits, and convivial talents, and laſtly, pay-maſter general; an appointment, the emoluments of which, during the American war, amounted to fifty thouſand pounds a year.

This was at an interval, when Engliſh princes, nobles, commanders, and ſenators, were wandering incognito, in mendicant obſcurity, over the Continent; and the honor, revenue, and commerce of Great Britain were bleeding at every pore; while ſurrounding nations beheld our ſituation with ſtern hoſtility, or ſelfiſh indifference.

The early life and habits of Mr. Rigby, were not favorable to economy; faſhionable manners, mortgages, money-lenders, Sudbury dinners, and White's chocolate houſe, had made deep inroads on his paternal eſtate, originally reſpectable, and derived from a mercantile foundation in the city.

This was before he had perfectly attained the age or the art of properly enjoying it; and he might have lived to practice the teazing expedients of an empty purſe, had not the turf, which helped to diminiſh, afforded him an opportunity of redeeming his fortune.

The grandfather of the preſent Duke of Bedford, had given great offence to the gentlemen in the neighbourhood of Litchfield, by an improper interference at their races, and as it was by no means ſafe or eaſy, effectually to puniſh a man, fortified by rank, privilege and wealth, they at laſt determined to beſtow on this illuſtrious offender, manual correction.

The duke, in ſome matter relating to the ſtarting of the horſes, and their weights, in which

which he had no kind of right to interpoſe, ſoon afforded the confederates an opportunity of executing their purpoſe; he was in a moment ſeparated from his attendants, ſurrounded by the party, huſtled, and unmercifully horſe-whipped by an exaſperated country attorney, with keen reſentments, and a muſcular arm.

The lawyer perſevered in this ſevere diſcipline, without being interrupted by his grace's outcries and repeated declarations, "that he was the Duke of Bedford," an aſſertion, which Mr. Humphries, the aſſailant, poſitively denied, adding, "that a peer of the realm would never have conducted himſelf in ſo unhandſome a manner:" the matter ſoon circulated over the courſe, and reaching Rigby's ear, he burſt through the crowd, reſcued the diſtreſſed peer, compleatly threſhed his antagoniſt, and protected the duke off the ground.

A ſervice ſo eſſential, at a critical juncture, and at the imminent peril of his own perſon, naturally called forth in the Ruſſel family, every exertion of gratitude and friendſhip. Rigby became ſo diſtinguiſhed a favorite at Bedford-houſe, that he acquired the name of Bloomſbury Dick, and was ſoon after choſen member for Taviſtock; the powerful patronage of the duke did not forſake him, till he was appointed to the moſt lucrative office in the gift of the crown. During the viceroyſhip of his grace in Ireland, he ſhared the duke's unpopularity as well as his favors, and is ſaid on one occaſion, to have narrowly eſcaped with his life, from public indignation.

From the commencement of his fortunate career, no revolution of parties ever threw him back, and his paſſage through life, till his laſt illneſs, is ſaid to have been interrupted by few of thoſe diſtreſſes and inquietudes, which in a greater or leſs proportion, fall to the lot of moſt men; this circumſtance was ſtrongly corroborated by a countenance deſcriptive of feſtive conviviality, and a heart at eaſe, which he uſed to declare, he could only attribute to never having been married.

Yet, an indifference to women, I mean not to lay to his charge, he indulged this paſſion in a latitude culpable, and ſomewhat extraordinary in a corpulent epicure, a profeſſed amateur of the luxuries of the table, in whom the pungent irritations of love, are ſuppoſed to be ſheathed, and rendered inert by maſſes of fat.

The writer of this article has often been in company with two of Mr. Rigby's acknowledged natural

natural children, and has remarked, that three of the handſomeſt women he knew, were the wives of men, provided for by the liberality, or gratitude of the paymaſter of the forces.

It is hardly neceſſary to obſerve, that he continued a firm and conſiſtent ſupporter of government during the American war. Though by no means an orator, or frequent parliamentary ſpeaker, he was generally heard with attention, when he thought his communications either uſeful or neceſſary to the buſineſs; and by keeping to the queſtion, which long ſpeech-makers are ſo apt to forget, as well as by a correct acquaintance with the Lex et Conſuetudo Parliamenti, great deference was paid to his opinion on points of order.

When a debate became perſonal and acrimonious, it was his peculiar province, to cool party violence, and he poſſeſſed the art of re-calling baniſhed good humour, by ſome ironical ſally or humorous turn. With theſe innocent weapons, I have ſeen him moderate or ſubdue the impetuous, overwhelming torrent of Mr. Fox's invective; the noiſy, unconvincing vehemence of Lord Mulgrave; the declamatory virulence, ſtrong paſſions, and unfounded aſſertions of Mr. Burke; the keen perſonal acrimony of the Luttrells; and the well defended, verſatility of Mr. Dundas.

In the zenith, and high tide of preferment, Mr. Rigby was not always able to repreſs the inſolence of proſperity, too often the perverſe and ungenerous companion of wealth: his pecuniary accumulations, whatever diſgrace they conferred on government for permitting it, could not poſſibly be mentioned to *his* reproach, as they were at that time, and had long been conſidered, the fair and cuſtomary perquiſites of his office; he was often generous, and always hoſpitable.

In a converſation on the ſubject of a motion made by a noble lord, for accommodating the commons in the houſe of peers, the ſubject of this article laid himſelf open to a ſevere retort. "It has for a long time," he obſerved, "it has for a long time been matter of ſurprize, that their lordſhips pay ſo little reſpect to the houſe of commons; there is not ſo much as a ſeat to ſeparate us from *other ſtrangers*; *I myſelf*, when a noble earl (Lord Chatham) made his laſt ſpeech, was behind the bar, crowded and preſſed on by pickpockets."

He forgot there was in that crowd, men elevated by talents, rank, and hereditary fortune, far above

above a little country 'ſquire, the elevated minion of lucky accident, who owed every thing he hoped for or enjoyed, to ſtrength of body, and by no means to tranſcendent ability, or attainment.

"I did not know," replied a gentleman, offended at his remark, "that I was hemmed in by pickpockets, below the bar of the houſe of lords, till the honorable gentleman aſcertained the fact; but I now perfectly recollect, that I was very much crowded and joſtled by the Paymaſter General of the Forces." The latter felt the juſtice, as well as ſeverity of the cenſure, and gave a proof of his good ſenſe, by immediately aſking pardon, ſhook hands with the wit, and confeſſed the unguarded impropriety of what he had ſaid.

The man, who from a ſcanty income, and the coarſe meal procured by daily labor, ſhall contemplate with a ſigh, the brilliant revolutions of fortune and princely income of Mr. Rigby, may perhaps ceaſe to repine at the diſtribution of the good things of this life, which a ſtate of future retribution, alone can fairly balance. Yet the paymaſter often confeſſed, that the early part was by far the pleaſanteſt of his life, when, from the fatigues of the chaſe, and the pleaſures of a jovial crew at table, he retired with glee to his bed, and after a well-ſlept night, could not always exactly ſay where he ſhould dine the next day.

"I was then far happier," he obſerved to a friend at Bath, "than feaſting at Whitehall, or carouſing at Miſtley: I had not, it is true, a thouſand acquaintance, who praiſed my dinners, drank my wine, and abuſed me behind my back; but I poſſeſſed a few really diſintereſted friends, whom I fear wealth and elevation have deprived me of, and what, alas, have they given me in exchange: a mind ſoured by ſuppreſſed ſuſpicion and ill-diſguiſed miſanthropy, the hateful effect of too intimate a knowledge of mankind; appetites jaded by ſatiety, and a debilitated body ſinking into the grave, from a complication of diſeaſes, produced by luxurious living."

The heir, who may pant after ſuch accumulations, and who may anticipate in fancy, the rapturous methods of enjoying, or of diſſipating ſuch a fortune, may alſo learn to chaſtiſe the indecent ardor of impatient hope, when he is told, that the inheritor of the Miſtley eſtates and property, had ſcarcely ſettled the exhauſting and complicated accounts of his uncle, before he was reduced, by a ſhocking accident, to a ſituation which

which rendered death rather to be hoped for than feared, and reduced a young man of vigourous habits, ſtrong health, and fine ſpirits, to langour and imbecility for years, and probably to the uncomfortable ſtate of a valetudinarian, for the remainder of his life.

ROADS, good ones, a luxury unknown to our anceſtors.

To feel properly the pleaſure and comfort of a modern turnpike, we ought to have travelled with our grandfathers, when a journey to London, was the laborious effort of three weeks or a month, and the traveller took a formal leave of his country friends, ſettled his books, and made his will.

To the projectors and executors of the preſent ſafe and ſpeedy communications, between diſtant parts of the kingdom, we are certainly indebted; but I fear that in this, as in other inſtances, an improvement, through obſtinacy or prepoſterous caprice, has been converted into a grievance.

In great thoroughfares, high poſt-roads, and in neighbourhoods rendered wealthy by commercial ſucceſs, or the diffuſion of hereditary wealth, good roads are a fair and juſtifiable ſpecies of luxury; but in ſequeſtered deſolate ſituations, reſorted to neither for pleaſure nor buſineſs, where a poſt-chaiſe is not ſeen once a month, and a gentleman's carriage ſcarcely ever paſſes, it is not only abſurd, but ſelfiſh and oppreſſive, for any individual overburthened with leiſure, bile, or delicate feelings, to quarrel with roads and croſs roads, where his predeceſſors and relations, have themſelves driven their teams, and to harraſs his country neighbours with ſurveyors and indictments, at a heavy expence of time, labor, and money.

To wade in mud to the horſe's middle, and to riſk our necks in ruts which bury the wheels, is neither wiſhed for nor meant; but circumſtance and ſituation ought to be attended to, and as the occupiers of eſtates for the moſt part pay every tax, and every out going, if gentlemen of large fortune *will* have their lanes and by-ways converted into garden gravel walks, it ſhould not be at the expence of other people.

I need not remind my readers, that in France, the execrable corvées, or as we ſhould call them, highway ſtatutes, were a fruitful ſource of diſcontent, and with other grievances, weaned the affections of a numerous claſs from their ſuperiors.

I know at the preſent moment, two

two individuals, in distant and different parts of the kingdom, in whose characters, as magistrates and country gentlemen, I should be puzzled to find a fault, but who, indulging the fashionable, the useful spirit of road-mending, have pursued it with such indiscreet zeal and vigor, that though once extremely popular, they are now generally detested.

One of them is afraid to leave his mansion unattended, and the other is fled to the dissipation of a watering place, from the curses and execrations of his neighbours.

These gentlemen, were the only persons in the parish who kept a post-chaise, and finding that rough travelling was not pleasant; at the trifling expence of three or four hundred pounds, *out of other people's pockets*, they have procured spacious and excellent roads, from which one of them fled before they were compleated, and the other neither visits nor enjoys them.

ROBERSPIERRE, a republican despot, whom no emotions of pity or remorse, could interrupt in the execution of his plans, and who governed France with more absolute and inexorable severity, than the most bloodthirsty and inhuman of her monarchs.

He seems to have meditated the establishment of an aristocratic oligarchy, on the foundations of a nominal republic, but was arrested in his career, by that ferocious spirit and eagle-eyed suspicion, which he, his associates, and predecessors, had so industriously and successfully rouzed against their opponents; each party pursuing and pursued to death, as one wave overwhelmeth another.

The constitutionalists, many with the best intentions, first sounded the charge against the old monarchy with all its abuses; these were demolished by the Brissotines, who in their turn were massacred by the Terrorists; these at length fled before the triumphant Moderès, who, *in the spirit of moderation*, sent off shiploads of their antagonists to perish in a noxious climate, and the issue of all, is a stern, unqualified despotism.

It is not easy, nor would it be right, to mention Roberspierre without detestation; yet, it is the opinion of many, that the French republic would never have been established, but for the efforts of this sanguinary enthusiast.

On the other hand, it may be observed,

obſerved, that the Terroriſts were eminently inſtrumental in forcing the French people to a patient acquieſcence in their preſent degrading and ignominious ſervitude. Affliction has its degrees of compariſon, the itch is preferable to the plague, they would rather ſubmit to the *tender mercies* of the moderate Bonaparte, than riſk a return of the guillotine.

"That ſoldiers ſhould dread their officers more than the enemy," was the maxim of one of the moſt able and victorious generals recorded in hiſtory; and *the holy guillotine*, voted permanent, and inceſſantly at work in the interior, adding the impulſe of terror to that of national enthuſiaſm, drove thouſands upon thouſands to the frontiers, where they acted with incredible and irreſiſtible momentum.

It is a curious fact, that a few years before the revolution, Roberſpierre publiſhed a book in which he warmly inveighed againſt the ſanguinary ſeverity of the penal code of his own country, as well as moſt others in Europe; in the firſt aſſembly of the conſtitutionaliſts, he declared in favor of aboliſhing the puniſhment of death.

In anſwer to an opponent, who reproached him only the day before his death, for his bloody proſcriptions and daily executions he replied, "It is better for a few thouſands to die, than that twenty millions of men ſhould be ſlaves."

ROBINSON, ANASTASIA, an opera ſinger in the reign of Queen Anne, and afterwards wife of Lord Peterborough, who is ſaid to have rode more miles, and to have killed more poſt horſes, than any traveller in Europe.

The military veteran, firſt attracted by the melody of her tones, and the charms of her perſon, conceived, as is the caſe with too many of his profeſſion, that ſhe could not reſiſt flattery, preſents, and attentions, when accompanied with a recommendation, to females generally irreſiſtible, the reputation of a conqueror, which he had attained by his rapid, but unavailing ſucceſs in Spain.

His illicit purpoſes were however ſuſpected, and happily counteracted by the prudent forethought of the lady, and the affectionate vigilance of her parents. But in this clandeſtine attempt, ſo much goodneſs of heart, and unaffected modeſty were diſcovered, that the peer could not help perſuading himſelf, that Miſs Robinſon was qualified to make him happy as a wife.

He

He well knew that such a step (particularly at his age, for he was thirty years older than Anastasia) would not fail raising a laugh at his expence; and though he had faced death and danger in their most terrific forms, without fear, he shuddered at the idea of being ridiculous.

How many of us, in situations far more trying and momentous, have yielded to the same infatuating dread; and for want of a grain of firmness, which would enable us to defy the insidious taunts of knaves, and the unmeaning laugh of fools, how many of us have shipwrecked our fortunes, and destroyed our peace.

But the magic impressions of beauty, youth, and innocence, were not to be effaced from the old man's heart, by prudence or by pride; after a long struggle, he resolved to make some sacrifices to both, bythe romantic, but awkward expedient of a private marriage, to which the lady and her friends consented with reluctance.

Wedded, but still retaining her maiden name, she lived many years with Lord Peterborough, but naturally felt a degree of degradation, though not of infamy, in thus submitting to the solicitudes of matrimony, always aggravated, and sometimes embittered by an *old* husband; without, at the same time enjoying the pre-eminence, and other little allowable distinctions of a countess.

Perceiving, and feeling for her situation, the earl, with a gallantry which has been considered as characteristic of his profession, determined that nothing should be wanting to compleat the happiness of the woman he loved.

An early opportunity was taken, during the season at Bath, for the servant, previously instructed, to announce that Lady Peterborough's carriage was waiting, when, without further ceremony, she received the congratulations of the company.

ROCHEFOUCAULT, FRANCIS, Duke of, a vigorous opponent of Cardinal Richlieu, and author of the celebrated Maxims and Reflections.

With a cynical, perhaps a soured disposition, he has given us a picture of mankind, neither favourable nor flattering to human vanity, which, retiring with disgust and indignation, from descriptions of its own meanness and obliquities, reads with ecstacy and approbation, the soothing and romantic reveries of more dexterous casuists, who gratifying our pride, too often at the expence of truth, draw men as they ought

ought to be, rather than as they really are.

A long, a ſtudious, a daily peruſal of the duke's maxims, certainly is not calculated to elevate our notions of man; perhaps a blind implicit adoption of his principle, is not likely to render us happier in ourſelves, or more ſatisfied with others; eſpecially, if we read ſuperficially, and carry his doctrines far enough only to embitter, but ſtop ſhort when a further progreſs, and a more profound inveſtigation, might harmonize an apparently hateful ſyſtem, and render it a firm, immoveable pillar of morality and revelation.

On this ground, I cannot but think, the torrent of prejudice and invective, which has been ſo copiouſly poured forth againſt this writer, as exaggerated, and tending rather to raiſe alarm, than to amend or improve.

The antagoniſts of the duke, appear to have been irritated by ſelfiſh reſentment againſt his officious intermeddling, and ſifting the deep-ſeated remote motives of human conduct; their anger appears to have been excited by his buſily prying behind thoſe mazy ſcenes, and intricate receſſes of the human drama, which they conceived, none but themſelves, were authorized to viſit, and give accounts of.

Self-love, ſays Rochefoucault, is the great main-ſpring, the powerful and univerſal ſtimulus to human action of every kind, and in every caſe; if there be an individual who denies this poſition, who can ſupport his reaſoning with one tolerable argument, and will confeſs, that his own life and conduct are directed in every inſtance, contrary to the poſition of our ingenious Frenchman; I ſhould wiſh to take a view of ſuch an heterogeneous non-deſcript animal, whoſe ſtoical benevolence is produced by apathy, who purſues means without motives, and is in conſtant action, without keeping ſight of, or hoping to attain any ultimate end.

Another argument inclines me to Rochefoucault's opinion, however it may ſeem to tell againſt him, it is, THAT MAN, WHO TO THE UTMOST OF HIS POWER, AUGMENTS THE GREAT MASS OF PUBLIC OR INDIVIDUAL HAPPINESS, WILL, UNDER EVERY INSTITUTION, AND IN SPITE OF ALL OPPOSITION, BE THE HAPPIEST OF ALL MEN HIMSELF.

This deciſive ſentiment, this touchſtone of morals, religion, and humanity, at London, Geneva, Hindoſtan, Paris, or Rome, this

this *ſine qua non* of all that can be ſaid on the ſubject; in my opinion clears the ground of all bewildering perplexities.

By the application of this great principle, which is, or ought to be, the foundation of all the nurſe, or all the prieſt can teach; the benevolence and charity of a good man, is in fact rational and laudable ſelfiſhneſs; a life of piety and virtue, the ſhorteſt and moſt direct road to genuine ſelf-intereſt; and the ſubject of this article, contrary to what he has been generally conſidered, a friend of mankind, a ſage philanthropiſt, and a practical Chriſtian.

The duke, who had diſplayed conſiderable perſonal courage at the battle of St. Antoine, who in underſtanding and rank, was ſuperior to moſt men, could never ſummon reſolution to ſpeak five minutes in public, without confuſion of countenance, as well as of argument.

Much has been ſaid of his lines on the Dutcheſs of Longueville, in which I am at a loſs to find greatneſs of ſentiment, or beauty in expreſſion: that he would ſet God and man at defiance, to pleaſe a woman of light character, who rendered her beauty ſubſervient to party purpoſes, affords no proof of the purity of his patriotiſm, or the delicacy of his goddeſs.

His Memoirs of Anne of Auſtria, though *not equal to Tacitus*, poſſeſs conſiderable merit.

Dr. Swift may be numbered with the few, who have been bold enough, avowedly to defend Rochefoucault:

As Rochefoucault his maxims drew
From nature, I believe them true;
They argue no corrupted mind
In him,—the fault is in mankind.

But, if the ground on which I have preſumed to defend the duke, be tenable, I cannot agree with the dean, who eagerly catching at every thing in ſupport of his peculiar ſyſtem of miſanthropy, which hated the ſpecies, but loved individuals, goes farther than the maxims, which merely deſcribe, while he condemns as a fault, what I cannot but conſider as a rational and fair motive to human exertion.

A friend of the editor, imbibed early in life, a violent diſlike to Rochefoucault, which extended to all who read or admired his writings; this prejudice he indulged ſo far, that when introduced

duced to any perſon, he made it an invariable rule, to introduce the name of our writer, and if the new acquaintance profeſſed to approve him, the cautious citizen either abruptly quitted the company, or gradually broke off all intercourſe with ſo dangerous a character.

As it is more than probable that this collection may fall under the eye of a man, whoſe judgment I once valued, and whom I ſtill love and eſteem, I wiſh him to conſider the abſurdity of his conduct.

By a deprivation mutually injurious, the diſintereſted few, who deteſt diſguiſe, and conſider hypocriſy as the moſt degrading of crimes, loſe his ſociety; whilſt a plauſible, but artful crew, aware of his foible, circulate the neceſſary previous hint, round their own circles; and wrapping their ſelfiſh purpoſes in the ſpecious gloſs of demure manners, and ſentimental philanthropy, gradually entangle this man of prudence, ſound ſenſe, and as he himſelf thinks, of timid precaution, in the toils of wild enthuſiaſts, prating ſophiſts, and deſigning knaves.

RIDICULOUS WAR, a term applied by a popular political writer to our preſent conteſt with France.

I appeal to the candor of this gentleman, which I hope will never be extinguiſhed by political animoſity, I appeal to the patriotiſm and good ſenſe of my readers, whether theſe words are applicable to our preſent ſtruggle with an implacable foe, who ſcruples not to threaten our exiſtence and independence; who denies that we are able to meet him ſingle handed; who, with thoſe ſkilful artificers, Meſſrs. Otto and Talleyrand, deluded us into a hollow peace, for the mere purpoſe of diſarming us, and then attacking us unprepared.

Is it, or can it be *ridiculous* to repel an enemy, who, at the moment of ſigning the treaty was ſhutting us out from every foreign market; baſely irritating every ally againſt us; and crowding the polluted pages of the *Moniteur*, with language unbecoming a ſtateſman, a politician, or a gentleman; an enemy, who never hears the name of England mentioned, without emotions of deadly hate, diſtorted features, and a quivering lip; ſuch as he exhibited, *O ſhame to manhood, in his own palace*, when he attacked Lord Whitworth, with the inſolence of a Dromore bully; while the repreſentatives of the ſovereigns of Europe, whoſe ſwords ought to have ſtarted

from their ſcabbards, hung their heads and bluſhed.

Againſt a foe of this deſcription, I am for eternal war, we have the means from mechanical power and geographical poſition of levying contributions on *him*, for carrying it on; there is no ſafe method of proceeding with the Gallic hyæna, but by extracting his teeth, and amputating his limbs.

ROCHESTER, WILMOT, Earl of, a man of genius, a wit, and a debauchee.

But unfortunately chuſing ſubjects, which few ought to peruſe, and on which the public could not decently give their opinion, he blaſted his real merits; thus a fertile imagination, ſtrong judgment, and ſplendid powers, were exhauſted, in enlivening a circle of buffoons, coxcombs, and drunkards, and celebrating, as a goddeſs, ſome drab or proſtitute of the night.

His exceſſes in women and wine hurried him to an untimely end, after the doubtful and precarious reſource of a death-bed repentance, when he acknowledged, that in eagerly purſuing the phantom of pleaſure, he had, for many years, loſt the real ſubſtance.

Much of his ſatirical writing, though produced in a ſtate of intoxication, was juſt and well-timed, whether levelled at the abandoned profligacy, the unconſtitutional enormities, or the wretched ſtate policy of his maſter, Charles the ſecond.

The real character of this king, he well deſcribes in a few lines, as one,

Whoſe word no man relies on,
Who ſeldom ſaid a fooliſh thing,
And never did a wiſe one

The following animated invective againſt the miniſters of that period, has alſo been thought well applied:

Defend us, mighty Providence;
What would theſe madmen have,
Firſt, they would bribe us without pence,
Deceive us without common ſenſe;
And without pow'r, enſlave?

If a man of Rocheſter's ſtrength of intellect, had, to witty reproof, added the energy of good example, how uſeful a friend might he have proved: but after his death, the king purſued the ſame courſes which had deſtroyed his favourite and companion.

Charles the firſt, with many amiable qualities, fell a ſacrifice to the exaſperated temper of the times; but his ſon, without one of his virtues, and a much greater ſtate delinquent, found the art, by winning familiarity, to lull the

the murmurs of a people, ſtill ſmarting from domeſtic diſcord.

Had the madneſs of the Steuarts (for I can give it no other name) poſſeſſed a little method with it, we might at this time have been an enſlaved people; and we are, in a great meaſure, indebted to the unaecommodating bigotry of James the ſecond, for the bleſſings of the glorious revolution.

The libidinous writings of Lord Rocheſter were a ſouree of mueh pain and eompunction to him, in his laſt hours; he reflected on the injuries he had done mankind, perhaps to a thouſand generations, by compoſitions, which, however ſeriouſly he might repent of, he could not poſſibly recall; he had waſted his ſtrength in ſtrenuous idleneſs, and I cannot help applying to him ſome of his own lines:

Tell me, thou baſe diſgracer of thy name,
Falſe to thy honour, fatal to thy fame;
By what miſtaken magie didſt thou prove,
So true to lewdneſs, yet ſo falſe to love;
With what officious haſte didſt thou obey,
When vice, diſeaſe, and ſcandal, led the way?
Thus, ſome rude roaring bully in the ſtreets,
Will hector, euff, and joſtle all he meets;
But, if his king or country aſk his aid,
The raſcal ſkulks away, and is afraid.

ROE, SAMUEL, a Bedfordſhire elergyman, and vicar of Stotfield, in that county, a zealous antagoniſt, and an inveterate enemy to every one who differed from the doctrines and ceremonies of the chureh of England.

Mr. Roe appears to have been that ineonſiſtent, but not uneommon eharacter, an enthuſiaſt againſt enthuſiaſm, and without any extraordinary capacity or attainments, might have lived without notice, and have died without remembrance; had he not ſignaliſed himſelf by a propoſal for preventing the farther growth of Methodiſm, a propoſal as full of genius as it was of humanity.

But this amiable and benevolent man ſhall be heard in his own words: "I humbly propoſe to the legiſlative powers, when it ſhall ſeem meet, to make an example of Tabernacle Preachers, by enacting a law to CUT OUT THEIR TONGUES, as well

as the tongues of all field teachers, and others, who preach in houſes, barns, or elſewhere, without apoſtolical ordination, or legal authority."

"No Chriſtian," ſays an ingenious writer, who poſſeſſes the happy art of conveying much uſeful truth, as well as wholeſome correction, in the guiſe of humorous ironical ſarcaſm, "no Chriſtian can object to ſo mild, ſo meek, and ſo effectual a method of *ſilencing* Sciſmatics. Yet, ſuch is the imperfection of all human devices, we foreſee an obſtacle that may ultimately tend to render this promiſing ſcheme abortive, through the difficulty of carrying it into effect.

"The nation is ſo over-run with Diſſenters of one denomination or other, and their preachers are ſo numerous, that we ſhould deſpair of procuring hands enough to put the law in execution. It may even be queſtioned, whether one man could be met with in the three kingdoms, or even among the ſcalpers of America, who could be prevailed on to be TONGUE-CUTTER, *except the reverend Vicar of Stotfield*; and what could even *he* do alone, however zealous and active in the cauſe?

"Beſides is *he* immortal? Would not the duration of his valuable life become very precarious, from the nature of his office, and the revengeful diſpoſition of mankind? Would it not be vain to look for a ſucceſſor to ſuch an appointment, whenever the place ſhould be vacant, for where could we hope to find another Samuel Roe?"

Having been enabled, ſince my laſt impreſſion, to make enquiry and gain information concerning Mr. Roe, the habits of his life, and general deportment, I have reaſon to think, in this inſtance, as in many others, that the zeal of the enthuſiaſt in theory, was greater than his practical malignity; that the perſecutor, who, in the phrenzy of religious rage, perſuaded himſelf that ſeverity towards infidels and heretics was a wholeſome and acceptable ſervice, will often at ſome relenting moment of his life, conſole and pity the poor Samaritan, whom he hath been reviling.

He will confeſs with a ſigh, that reaſon and argument are the only proper weapons for ſuppreſſing mental error; the proteſtant, who pretends to reſtrict and fetter the ſacred rights of conſcience and private judgment, inſolently aſſumes the prerogative of God, and imitates the papal ſuperſtition, in the bloodieſt and moſt abſurd of its uſurpations.

ROSE,

ROSE, ſtanza on one, *ſuppoſed* to have been preſented to his miſtreſs by a partizan, during the conteſts of Lancaſter and York.

If this fair roſe offend thy ſight,
It in thy boſom wear,
'Twill bluſh to find itſelf leſs white,
And turn Lancaſtrian there.

Internal evidence is ſtrongly againſt the antiquity of this trifle; the author of it had evidently ſeen the lines of Waller, on a lady walking in the ſnow.

The envious flakes which drop-p'd in haſte
Upon her breaſt ſo fair,
Grieving to find themſelves ſur-paſt,
Diſſolv'd into a tear.

ROSS, ALEXANDER, a learned and copious writer of the ſeventeenth century, whoſe name will probably be preſerved longer in the following lines of Butler's Hudibras, than by his own works.

There was an ancient ſage philoſopher,
Who had read Alexander Roſs over."

If the following liſt of his works be correct, as I have reaſon to think it is, a peruſal of them was no very eaſy taſk.

1 De rebus Judaicis.
2 An Expoſition of the firſt fourteen Chapters of the Book of Geneſis.
3 Raſura Tonſoris.
4 Mel Heliconium.
5 Myſagogus Poeticus.
6 Virgilius Evangelizans.
7 Chriſtiados Poematis libri xiii.
8 Chimæra Pythagorica.
9 The new Planet, no Planet.
10 Meditations on Predeſtination.
11 Medicus Medicatus.
12 The Philoſophical Touch-ſtone.
13 The Picture of the Conſcience.
14 Colloquia Plantina.
15 A Tranſlation of the Chriſtian Divinity of Wollebius.
16 Gnomologicum Poeticum.
17 Enchiridion Oratorum.
18 Iſagoge Grammaticum.
19 Arcana Microcoſmi.
20 A Caveat for reading the Alcoran.
21 A Refutation of Dr. Brown's Vulgar Errors.
22 A Refutation of Lord Bacon, Dr. Harvey, and others.
23 An Epitome of Sir Walter Raleigh's Hiſtory.
24 Obſervations on Sir Walter Raleigh.

25 The

25 The ſecond Part of the Hiſtory of the World, being a continuation of Sir Walter Raleigh.
26 Lēviathan drawn out with a Hook.
27 A View of all Religions in the World.
28 Exerciſes on the remaining Books of Geneſis.
29 Meliſſomachia.
30 Religionis Apotheoſis.
31 Paraphraſis Virgiliana.
32 Virgilius Triumphans.
33 Pſychomachia Virgiliana.
34 Epigrammata Romana.

The twenty-ſeventh article, diſplays conſiderable learning and information, and clearly afforded *great, but unacknowledged help*, to a writer who *flouriſhed* a few years ſince on the ſame ſubject. It is written according to the tireſome cuſtom of that age, in queſtions and anſwers.

As connected with the ſubject, the bookſeller had publiſhed in the ſame volume, "The Revelation of certain notorious Advancers of Hereſy, and an Account of their Lives and Ends, with ſeventeen Heads." I obſerve among them, Servetus, alſo ſeveral of the Anabaptiſt leaders, who took poſſeſſion of the city of Munſter, and exerciſed, during their uſurpation, ſo ſingular a union of enthuſiaſm, deſpotiſm, and ſenſuality.

I know not if the artiſt, from whoſe drawings the figures were engraved, poſſeſſed favorable opportunities, or whether he was ſucceſsful in *taking a likeneſs*, but I think I never beheld more ſavage and terrific countenances.

The ſubject of our preſent article, Alexander Roſs, was originally a Scotch divine; but tempted by patronage, quitted Scotland, was appointed chaplain to King Charles the firſt, and maſter of the free-ſchool at Southampton, which enjoys at the preſent time, the benefit of one of his teſtamentary bequeſts.

By his literary labors and his ſchool, he became wealthy, and as old age advanced, retiring from public life, paſſed the remainder of his days in the family of the Henley's, of Hampſhire, I believe the anceſtors of the chancellor of that name; to whom, dying in ſixteen hundred and fifty-four, he bequeathed a large library, and a conſiderable ſum of money.

The fortunate legatee found a good part of the caſh concealed among his books, which the cautious divine, probably thought the ſafeſt place of depoſit, in thoſe turbulent times; in this reſpect,

reſpect, his conduct has been imitated by a munificent contributor to the Britiſh Muſeum, lately deceaſed.

ROUSSEAU, a man of genius with all its headſtrong abſurdities; a mixture of milk and vinegar, of honey and of gall; *every thing by turns and nothing long.*

At one moment dull, trifling, ſuperficial and impertinent; then profound, intereſting and agreeable; ſometimes good, generous and ſublime, at others, contemptible, vain, ſupercilious and affected; qualities ſo contraſted, and inconſiſtencies ſo unaccountable, have procured him the name of THE INSPIRED MADMAN OF GENEVA.

One of the great failures of Rouſſeau, in a man who *called* himſelf a philoſopher, a very inconſiſtent one, was in the article of toleration; ſelf-tormented by his own reſtleſs unaccommodating ſpirit, and perſecuted by the exaſperated bigots of his day, he was better able than moſt men to judge experimentally, of that inquiſitorial popiſh ſpirit, which we naturally expect in a pupil of Ignatius or Dominick, but are ſurpriſed to find in an *enlightened* proteſtant.

It is perhaps one of the many evils of paſſions inflamed by polemic zeal, that while we are ſhaking off the diſgraceful manacles of ſuperſtition, we do not ſufficiently guard ourſelves, againſt the comfortleſs, and unrelenting bigotry of ſcepticiſm.

The latitudinarian who thinks ſeverity uſeful in reclaiming an erring brother, is inſpired by the ſame ſpirit which animated our bloody Mary, and her tyrannic father, Henry the eighth; in a word, an intolerant freethinker, a republican deſpot, a Chriſtian without charity or humility, are ſhocking and contradictory paradoxes, and diſgraceful to *every* cauſe they attempt to ſupport.

Againſt the enemies of philoſophy, Rouſſeau decidedly recommends corporal puniſhment, and the rigorous interference of the magiſtrate. "Fanaticiſm is not a corrigible error, but a blind and ſenſeleſs fury, which cannot be kept within bounds by reaſon; the only way to hinder the ſpreading of it, is to reſtrain its diſciples.

"It is in vain to remonſtrate with madmen; there is but one way to ſtop the progreſs of fanaticiſm, and that is, to combat it with its own weapons; it is of little avail to reaſon with thoſe whom it is impoſſible to convince; YOU MUST LAY ASIDE PHILO-

PHILOSOPHY, SHUT YOUR BOOKS AND PUNISH THE KNAVES."

This is the leading principle, and foundation of the French revolution, this is the ſword of enchantment, the magic taliſman, which rouzing the energies of democracy, and aided by univerſal ſuffrage, and liberty and equality, demoliſhed ariſtocracy, and wreſting the ſceptre from a mild monarch, placed it in the hands of a moſt unrelenting deſpot.

Thus in every age is man to be duped, and oppreſſed by others, or to be infatuated, tormented, and deſtroyed by himſelf.

The following words originally written for a prieſt, would in the preſent century be equally ſuitable for a revolutionary ſceptic:

Oh were I ſeated high as my ambition,
I'd place this naked foot on neck of monarchs,
And make them bow to creeds myſelf wou'd laugh at.

The ſucceeding lines, although written forty years ago, might alſo be applied to *an imperial republic*, apparently founded to vindicate oppreſſed liberty, ſhould it ever aſſume the worſt features of tyranny, fetter the preſs, and violate the freedom and ſecurity of perſons, property and opinion:

E'en ſtern philoſophy, if once triumphant,
Shall frame ſome jargon and exact obedience,
To metaphyſic nonſenſe worſe than ours;
'Tis NOT AT ROME BUT IN THE HUMAN HEART
WE PLANT OUR STANDARDS.

"Aſſemble around me brother mortals," ſays Jean Jaques, "lament my miſery and bluſh at my imperfections, but at the ſame time, and with the ſame ſincerity lay open your hearts, and ſay, if you dare, I was better than Rouſſeau."

Yet with all his faults, few have the power like him, to render egotiſm and vanity tolerable; he appears to have been a creature of paſſion, frailty and caprice, rather than deliberately vicious: amiable and benevolent, but wholly devoid of firmneſs and ſtrength of mind to regulate the impulſes of a lively imagination.

"He neglected, as is too often the caſe with literary men, many opportunities of procuring independence; half the pains and application he took to indulge his fits of ſplenetic whim, which at laſt cauſed him to be, in a manner, hunted out of ſociety, if directed to proper objects, would have rendered him wealthy, uſeful, popular and reſpectable.

Rouſſeau

Rouſſeau has been deſcribed as "a man *more ſinned againſt than ſinning*," yet I doubt if this ſpecies of defence will bear the teſt of examination; he who means to live *in* the world and *by* the world, muſt to a certain degree, accommodate himſelf to the ſituation in which he is placed; he muſt give as well as take; and to refuſe paying the tax of ſubmiſſion to public opinion, in matters not criminal, I have ſometimes been tempted to think a capital crime, as well as a very groſs error.

I *now* begin to think, that ſingularity is *vicious* as well as *abſurd*; becauſe, as I have elſewhere obſerved, it ſhuts out from ſocial intercourſe men well qualified for improving it.

RUSSEL, TOM, fellow of New College, Oxford, and author of a collection of ſonnets, publiſhed ſince his death.

Several of his juvenile compoſitions have been omitted by the editor of theſe *elegant trifles*, which would have done poor Ruſſel no diſcredit.

This friend ſo ſincere, this companion ſo gay, who brought cares on himſelf to drive ours away, gave early proofs of intellectual excellence, and poetic tendency; a diſpoſition which could not eſcape the keen eye of Dr. Warton, who was accuſed of converting Wincheſter ſchool into a hot-houſe of rhymers. His exerciſes procured him much applauſe, and when he went to New College, he was conſidered as a youth of conſiderable hope.

The advantage of forming uſeful and ſplendid connections, is one of the arguments advanced in favour of a public education; but the views are ſo obvious, and the ridiculous failures of intereſted ſelfiſhneſs, ſo frequent, that a man who is obſerved inſidiouſly to ſelect for his acquaintance, the rich and great alone, is inſtantly deſcribed as *a dead ſhot at a yellow hammer*; from the circumſtance of young noblemen having a golden tuft on their caps, with ſome other ornaments and immunities, at once injurious to, and incompatible with, good diſcipline.

Can we be ſurprized if a young ambitious mind, like that of Ruſſel, was deluded from the rugged paths of ſtudy, by the faſcination of elegant ſociety, and the golden dream of a wealthy patron? If in ſome inſtances, he courted too aſſiduouſly the company of *particular circles*, it ought to be obſerved, that one ſo able to communicate, as well as receive, was always welcome,

and

and that few men came into company better qualified to pleaſe, or to inſtruct—but

Great men uſe a wit, as a rake
does a whore,
When their end is obtain'd, they
ſee him no more.

—— and Ruſſel, with all his talents, endearing qualities, and correctneſs of taſte, was *joſtled* out of his friend's memory, by horſe-jockies, valets, and gamblers, before my Lord reached Dover, on his way to the continent.

But the memories of Oxford tradeſmen, the cellar-man, and the attendants of the junior common room, were more retentive, and my reader will hear with concern, that after much anxiety, and much trouble, this amiable man died of a broken heart.

The writer of this article cannot but drop a tear to the memory of one, with whom he has paſſed many a uſeful, and many an agreeable hour, (hours, alas! to return no more) in the mutual, but unſucceſsful effort, of alleviating anguiſh, which can ceaſe only with life, in palliating evils, and ſoftening proſpects, over which the ſtrong hand of death alone is able to throw a veil.

The following lines, were written at Briſtol hot-wells, by a young man, equal in promiſe and equal in failure to Ruſſel (Kit Sherive of Wadham) they both threw pearls before ——.

Ye rocks and woods, o'er Avon's
winding ſtream
Sublimely tow'ring, — —
— — Penſive to you I turn,
— —
The laſt retreat, of thoſe — —
Who warm the fancy and amend
the heart.
— — — Here wander'd he
Who ſung of Ælla, he whoſe fate
Nature laments, and piety herſelf,
'Tho' ſhe abhor the deed.
— — — Here Maſon wept,
Of the dear partner of his life
bereft;
And to her mem'ry pour'd —
The ſtrains he *felt*. —— ——
Here Ruſſel ſigh'd no more;
Here too like his, here may *my*
ſorrows ceaſe.
But firſt, —— ——
FIRST LET ME SHED REPENTANT TEARS,
FOR TIME MISSPENT, — —
FOR HOURS AND DAYS AND YEARS,
TO INDOLENCE DEVOTED, OR TO TRIFLES.
Loſt and eſtrang'd to wiſdom —
And to all, my good old grandſire taught;

My

My firſt, beſt friend, gentle as good,
And good as he was wiſe.
Oh had I liſten'd unto what he taught,
That happineſs was goodneſs, and that both
Cou'd only be attain'd by conſtant toil;
I had not then, alas! — —
Mix'd with the vulgar proud, a ſordid crew,
Blind as the delving mole; —
Earth-bound myſelf, a ſtumbling block to others.

I cannot mention the univerſity, without ſuggeſting a wiſh, that parents would not be ſo eager to educate their ſons in thoſe ſeminaries, without a perfect knowledge of the neceſſary expence, and the dangerous ſituation of a young man on his firſt entering a college.

And it were well, if heads of houſes, unleſs they wiſh to ſee their walls deſerted, it were well, if they would not leave the new comers, who have been long, and ardently panting for liberty, a prey to rapacious tradeſmen, or to what is ſtill worſe, the licentious exceſſes of their own paſſions; ſurely it becomes them to enforce compliance, or reform abuſe, and to guard the riſing generation, for whoſe fate they are anſwerable, againſt the bewitching ſnares of vice and diſſipation, which every where ſurround and invite them. We may then venture to ſend our ſons, without a certainty of their morals, health, and fortune, being irretrievably deſtroyed.

In a declamatory, but not ill-written pamphlet, which a diſappointed candidate for a fellowſhip once ſhewed me in manuſcript, called, "Oxford diſſected, or that univerſity diſplayed in its proper colors," I remember his ſaying, that to a certain college, every member was a benefactor, for that if he brought with him money, good ſenſe, learning, morals, and a conſtitution; he was ſure to bring nothing away with him.

As I could not with propriety ſubſcribe to the aſſertion, I adviſed from friendſhip for the man, or from reverence to Alma Mater, a ſuppreſſion of the work, which a few months after, with its author, was ſwallowed up by a ſtorm, in croſſing the Atlantic.

"I am aware," ſays a declaimer at my elbow, who defends well regulated ſtews; "I am aware of the prudent regulations, and cautious police eſtabliſhed by proctors and vice-chancellors; but while they will not ſuffer iniquity, or carnal indulgence, to appear in any decent ſhape: they forget that Oxford is ſurrounded by the loweſt and vileſt ſties of

of illicit paſſion, where filthy vulgarity robs ſenſuality of refinement, its only, its bad excuſe, and where a loathſome diſeaſe, poiſons the ſprings of life."

My ſatirical friend, with whom (however I may value his abilities) I do not always agree in opinion, concluded his harangue, by obſerving, that he divided the young men of the preſent day, into two claſſes; firſt, your pleaſant, accompliſhed, ſenſible, undone bon-vivants, without morals, health or fortune; admired, pitied, and neglected by every body:—the ſecond, your ſtrange, eccentric, out-of-the-way mortals, who are dull and unfaſhionable enough to preſerve their eſtates, characters, and conſtitutions unimpaired, but think themſelves at liberty to indulge in odd whims, unaccountable fancies, and ſtrange ſingularities; "to conclude, I prefer the latter with all his imperfections on his head."

To this ſentence, from which many of my readers will diſſent, he might have added, that the rare, the deſirable character in the preſent age, is the man of plain good ſenſe, and education, of uncorrupted manners, whoſe ſenſibility is not too delicate, or feelings too refined for the common, the uſeful, and the neceſſary duties of a ſon, a huſband, a father, or a friend.

A perſon of this deſcription will not from affectation, or cowardice quit the poſt allotted to him by Providence, nor wander from the beaten turnpike road of life, through dread of the buſtle of competition, or the ſnares of ill deſign; dangers from which no man has a right to claim exemption, as moſt of us poſſeſs ability and reſolution to oppoſe theſe chimeras, if we chuſe to call them forth.

From the ſcarcity of ſuch characters in the common tranſactions of mankind, the firſt and moſt ſacred duties of ſociety, too often fall into the hands of coxcombs, raſcals, and fools.

"Take a knife with a common edge, and it will do your buſineſs better," ſaid Swift to his friend Lewis the under ſecretary, who was attempting to divide paper in a very awkward manner, with a fine delicate edged expenſive penknife.

RUTHVEN, JOHN, Earl Gowry, a nobleman of Scotland, and before James the ſecond aſcended the throne of England, contriver of an intended aſſaſſination of that ſingular character; a tranſaction to which many writers, from a diſlike of the pedantry,

try, principles, and naſty propenſities of James, have given a diſgraceful turn, or wholly denied.

Yet after as fair and impartial an inveſtigation as a deteſter of the Steuarts, but a lover of truth, is capable of, I am compelled to declare, that the weight of hiſtorical evidence is in favor of Gowry's conſpiracy; an opinion in which I am ſupported by a late reſpectable biographer, whoſe elaborate and acute inveſtigations of diſputed points in hiſtory, are much more creditable and convincing, than his political pamphlets.

The exiſtence of the plot is alſo ſuppoſed to be invalidated by a ſpecies of bon-mot put into King James's mouth, but which in fact he never ſpoke; it was a ſarcaſm uttered by a diſcarded courtier, animals ſo often metamorphoſed into violent patriots. "They are fair lands, and Gowry would make a bonny traitor," are the words to which I refer, occaſioned by the king's looking attentively over Ruthven's grounds, in one of his rides; but they were whiſpered by an explace man, and not pronounced by the king.

The ſubject of this article was alſo brother to one of the plump wives of Rubens, whoſe protuberant beauties have been handed down to poſterity by the uxorious pencil of her huſband; but *as uſual*, I am wandering from my ſtory.

King James, on a certain occaſion, as he hunted, was requeſted by Alexander, a brother of Lord Gowry, to accompany him to the family ſeat at St. John's Town, near Perth, where he ſaid he had ſtopped a ſtranger of ſuſpicious appearance, with a quantity of foreign gold under his cloak.

The ſtory was diſregarded by the king, on account of the ſtupid manner of the relater, and from a conviction, that he had no right to intermeddle with the property of a ſubject; no treaſure unleſs found in the earth, appertaining to the monarch.

But as he followed the chace, the gold was ſtill in his thoughts, and having reaſon to ſuſpect that large ſums of money had lately been ſent from France, to foment commotion, he reſolved to ſee the man, and endeavour to find out the purpoſe of a ſtranger, ſo unaccountably laden with wealth.

After killing a buck, which led them a long chaſe, the king informed Alexander he would accompany him, and directly rode forwards without mounting a freſh horſe, telling the Duke of Lenox, and the Earl of Marr, that

that he was going to Perth, to which place, the noblemen, and others, followed him, as well as the fatigued condition of themſelves and cattle would permit.

James reached Lord Gowry's ſome time before them, Ruthven all the way ſtrongly remonſtrating againſt acquainting others with the ſecret; his earneſtneſs in this particular, with a certain diſturbed wild caſt in his eyes, inclined the king to ſuſpect either a treaſonable intention, or that the young man was diſordered in his ſenſes.

With ſuch fears, and ſuch reaſons for fear, he entered the caſtle with Gowry, who had gone out with fourſcore attendants to meet him; his majeſty having only three of his own ſervants with him, who had outſtripped the reſt.

After ſome delay, dinner was ſerved, the royal ſuite, as they dropped in, ſtanding round, according to cuſtom; the earl, penſive and dejected, at the end of the table, repeatedly whiſpered meſſages to his men, and ſent them out of the room; and was remarked by all, to do the honors of his houſe, in an embarraſſed, ungraceful manner.

A dinner was provided for the courtiers, in another room, into which Gowry conducted them, and the king was left alone with Alexander, who during the whole time had ſtood behind his chair. As ſoon as his brother went out, he whiſpered to his majeſty, that now was the time, but that none of the gentlemen muſt on any account attend.

James then ſuffered himſelf to be conducted up a narrow winding ſtair-caſe, through ſeveral chambers, the doors of which his guide locked after him; then croſſing a gallery, and mounting a ſecond ſtair-caſe, they found themſelves in a ſmall ſtudy, the door of which was inſtantly locked.

A fellow of an ill countenance, armed with a dagger, then ruſhed forth from behind the hangings, and Alexander clapping his hat on his head, and his ſword to the king's breaſt, told him he was his priſoner, and if he attempted to cry out, or make his eſcape, he would plunge the weapon into his heart.

James, who had no other defence than his hunting horn, gave himſelf up for a loſt man; he however expoſtulated with Ruthven and his aſſociate, on the horror of ſhedding their ſovereign's blood, from whom the former in particular, beſides the reverſal of an attainder, and the family eſtates, had received many favors.

He told them, that murder never

never went long unpuniſhed, that if his children and loyal ſubjects failed, the Almighty would raiſe up ſtocks and ſtones to avenge his blood. Alexander, ſtamping his foot, cried out, "Does not the death of my father riſe up in judgment againſt you?" "I was then a minor," replied the king, "but I well remember he had ſtrict juſtice rendered unto him, and fell by the laws of his country."

"*His majeſty's marvellous eloquence, with which it has pleaſed heaven ſo plenteouſly to endow him,*" had, by this time, unmanned the fellow in the ſtudy, who ſtood trembling, and diſconcerted, while the ſweat hung in large drops on his face. Alexander at length, caſting his hand out in a deſperate manner, cried, "There is no help for it, you muſt die," and directly made a puſh at the king, which, ſuddenly turning his body, he put aſide with his hunting horn, and inſtantly ſeizing the hand which held the ſword, he graſped it firmly, and darting his other hand at the aſſaſſin's throat, he brought him to the ground.

While the king was in this perilous ſituation, Gowry, was entertaining the courtiers below, when a ſervant, previouſly inſtructed, entered the hall, and told them, his majeſty had left the caſtle by a poſtern gate, was mounted on horſeback, and on his way homeward; they directly ruſhed out together, but Lenox chancing to aſk the porter at the gate, how long his majeſty had departed, he affirmed, that he was not yet gone.

The earl looked angry, called his man a liar, and ſaid he would ſoon know the truth; he then went back to the hall, and ſhortly returning, aſſured the noblemen, his majeſty had been ſo long rode out, that unleſs they were expeditious, they would find it very difficult to overtake him: they then called for their horſes.

James, in the mean time, having his antagoniſt at an advantage, dragged him to the window, which he ordered the man, who ſtood ſilent and paſſive, to open; not being able, while he ſecured Ruthven, to force more than the right ſide of his head, and right elbow through the caſement, he cried, in a loud voice, "They are murdering me! they are murdering me!"

Lenox, Marr, and others, were paſſing under the window at the moment; and when they heard and ſaw the alarming ſituation of the king, drew their ſwords, told Gowry he was a falſe traitor, and would have cut him in pieces, but for the interference

ference of his ſervants. Both parties ruſhed into the caſtle in confuſion; ſome attempted to reach the room from whence the voice proceeded, by the way his majeſty went; others followed Gowry, who had the advantage of a private ſtaircaſe, and knew all the bye-ways of the houſe.

The king's attendants, Ramſay, Erſkine, and Herries, were however happy enough to reach the ſpot firſt, and ſoon diſpatched Alexander Ruthven, whoſe laſt words were, "My brother is to blame."

In the confuſion, the man with the dagger fled, and Gowry, with ſeven ſervants armed, the next moment entered the room; a conteſt, which laſted twenty minutes, enſued, but it pleaſed God, notwithſtanding ſuch diſparity, to give victory to the ſmaller number.

The earl, receiving Ramſay's ſword through his heart, expired without a groan; and his ſervants, covered with wounds, and exhibiting courage and attachment worthy a better cauſe, were driven to a gallery, where, being faint with the loſs of blood, they were thrown over the balluſtrade of a lofty ſtaircaſe.

Soon after the victory was decided, Lenox, Marr, and others, joined them, having occupied the whole time, in battering down, or burſting open the various doors the aſſaſſin had ſecured: as ſoon as they found his majeſty unhurt, the whole party inſtantly fell on their knees, to thank God for his happy deliverance.

The town people, alarmed by the death of Gowry, their provoſt, at firſt tumultuouſly ſurrounded the houſe, but on being told of the foulneſs of his treaſon, and after his majeſty had *pleaſantly harangued them from the window*, they departed in peace.

Ramſay, Erſkine, and Herries, were ennobled, and enriched with preſents: bonfires, and other public demonſtrations of joy were general; a proceſſion was made to the Market Croſs, at Edinburgh, where a public thankſgiving was offered, and a ſermon preached on the occaſion.

RUTTY, JOHN, a phyſician, a quaker, a well-informed but too credulous writer on medical ſubjects, who left a poſthumous account of his own life, which he calls a Spiritual Journal.

This production, from ſingularity, or coarſeneſs of expreſſion, and from the minute ſtrictneſs of its

its diurnal ſcrutiny, afforded to the delicate and gay, an opportunity of treating with ridicule, one, who was a ſincere Chriſtian, and a conſcientious diſcharger of his ſocial duties.

In this ſevere retroſpect of his life and converſation, he enters occaſionally into trifling, and ſometimes into ludicrous details, of conteſts between the fleſh and the ſpirit; condemns the innocent gratifications, and ſome of the harmleſs pleaſures of life; ſcarcely ſuffers a hearty dinner, or a convivial meeting to paſs, without beſtowing on himſelf the epithet of *ſwiniſh*; whilſt an undue warmth of temper, occaſioned by conſtitutional ſenſibility, and irritated into warm expreſſion, by pert, obſtinate, or ignorant people about him, he ſeverely reprobates as *ſnappiſh* and unchriſtian.

In order to remove any improper impreſſion, ſuch a perpetual ſtrain of ſelf-accuſation, might produce on the mind of his reader; the editor, with a becoming ſolicitude for the reputation of his author, thought it neceſſary to prefix a certificate of the moral rectitude, active exertion, and decent deportment of Rutty; atteſted by many reputable members of his ſociety.

Yet, after all the ſtrokes of raillery and humour, it is only by ſuch regularly repeated reviews; by ſuch accurate and impartial examinations, that correct conduct is to be obtained, or Chriſtian humility can be produced.

I cannot however pardon this ſenſible enthuſiaſt, for his repeated attacks on human ſcience and art, a dexterity in which he muſt have been at ſome pains to acquire, but which he takes ſo many opportunities to depreciate. He appears to have forgotten, that a phyſician, at leaſt the knowledge of a phyſician, IS FROM GOD; and arrogantly wrapped up in his reveries on the utility of misfortune and diſeaſe, as keeping us ſober and moderate, and on the principle of Cowley, that

"Man's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light through chinks which time has made."

he irrationally, and I think impiouſly forgets, the numerous inſtances in which we are indebted to the ingenuity of human effort, for comfort to ourſelves, and ability to render kind offices to others.

He appears not to have recollected, that one great and important employment of the Saviour of the world, was communicating health and ſpirits to the infirm

firm and dejected, and commanding the crippled and diſeaſed to take up their beds and walk. The conſiſtency of Rutty's ſyſtem, like that of other ſyſtems, which are repugnant to human feelings, was happily and frequently broken in upon by the benevolence of his heart, and the pride of profeſſional eminence. Peculiarly ſituated as a ſectary and a phyſician, his life appears to have been a perpetual, and ſometimes a painful ſtruggle, between fanaticiſm, and good ſenſe.

If the compenſations of prejudice ſhould prove *not* to be ample, though Mr. Burke endeavoured with ſuch eloquence and toil to prove they *are*, how extremely dear do we pay for a coſtly and cumberſome harneſs, which fetters the faireſt of our intellectual exertions? What pains do we beſtow on the texture and expanſion of an artificial veil, which ſhuts out light, and diffuſes a dark cloud of doubt and anxiety, over the day-ſpring and meridian of life, of knowledge, and of joy?

SABBATH DAY, the religious obſervance of, a practice in which modern Chriſtians are conſiderably relaxed, in ſpite of new penalties, and additional legiſlative reſtraints, which would have been ſubmitted to with leſs reluctance, had not many of thoſe who ought to be an example to their inferiors, regularly ſelected the Sabbath, as the grand day of exhibition; as an appointed time for collecting together the gay, the giddy, the guilty, and the unthinking; the old and the young, in a promiſcuous crowd, for the purpoſes of fraudulent paſtime, bacchanalian riot, and unchriſtian profanation.

As health is one of our firſt bleſſings, it is ſurely unwiſe, as well as unmerciful, to check men from breathing the freſh breeze on a Sunday, or from innocent recreation, who have been confined at the ſhuttle, and other ſedentary occupations, in cloſe rooms for ſix preceding days.

After a due performance of religious duties, there ſeems nothing contradictory to reaſon or revelation, in the ſalutary indulgence of a country walk, or the frugal pleaſure of ſocial intercourſe.

In this, as in other inſtances, human wants, and human feelings, ſtep in to correct the errors of unaccommodating zeal, and the deciſions of legiſlators, who are ſaid, in this inſtance, to have been ſtimulated to theſe unreaſonable and inexpedient proceedings, by outrageous ſectaries, rigid,

rigid, unfeeling, diſciplinarians, and a well-meaning but miſtaken ſociety.

With all their zeal, the reſtriction is not found to anſwer the purpoſe propoſed by its ſanguine advocates; it only drives the multitude from harmleſs amuſement, the natural and ſimple pleaſures of cheerful converſe, and pure air, to the beaſtly ſottiſhneſs of an ale-houſe, or the more rank concealment of a ſtew.

Theſe teazing meaſures, enforced at a time when other cauſes of diſſatisfaction are ſuppoſed to exiſt, have been compared to the conduct of a nurſe, who, having occaſioned a child to cry by rough uſage, a pin miſplaced, or a cruſhing ſhoe, afterwards inflicts a ſevere whipping on the unhappy infant, with the following rational apoſtrophe: "You ſhall have ſomething to cry for *now*, you little brat."

With reſpect to ſabbatical obſervance, good ſenſe, and peculiarity of circumſtance and ſituation, muſt determine the ſafe line of practical utility.

It is difficult, if not impoſſible, to depart ſafely from a poſitive religious inſtitution, with whoſe obſervance the great intereſts of Chriſtianity and public welfare, are intimately blended.

We ought however to be cautious, how we diminiſh the pleaſures of the poor, or attempt to increaſe their burthens; we muſt endeavour, as far as lies in our power, to make their comforts keep pace with their duties; but above all, let us not make laws, and enforce ſyſtems on others, which we are perpetually deviating from, or violating ourſelves.

SACKVILLE, Viſcount, originally Lord George Sackville, an appellation, which he exchanged for the name and eſtate of his paternal aunt, Lady Betty Germaine, a baronet's widow of Drayton, in Northamptonſhire, an acquaintance, and, as appears from ſeveral of her letters, publiſhed in his works, a ſenſible correſpondent of Swift.

Lord George was created a peer in the preſent reign, an elevation, productive of no ſmall ſurprize at the time, and the ſubject of much ſevere altercation between certain diſtinguiſhed characters.

This favorite of the ſovereign, but never of the people, was accuſed by his enemies, of ſacrificing on the plains of Minden, ſeveral thouſand men, to a miſtaken principle of national etiquette, or the mis-conception of orders, clearly and explicitly

given, owing to the agitation of fear.

Moſt readers are acquainted with his trial, his defence, and the ſentence of diſmiſſion pronounced againſt him; on this occaſion, Lord George imputed his diſgrace to party malice, and inſiſted, that the orders were not intelligibly delivered to him; but as ſoon as he knew what he had to do, and a regiment which impeded his marching had moved, that he attacked in front with all poſſible ſpeed.

The court-martial by which his lordſhip was tried, was of another opinion, and he was declared incapable of ſerving his majeſty in any military capacity.

His conduct very much exaſperated the good old king, who, with his own hand, ſtruck his name from the liſt of privy counſellors; and was heard to declare with emotion, and his uſual warmth of temper, (a generous, but quickly ſubſiding warmth) that if he had not been a king, and the offender his ſubject, he would have perſonally corrected him.

Colonel Sloper remarked on the field of battle, his lordſhip's embarraſſed and confuſed appearance; yet I can ſcarcely impute his conduct to cowardice, which, though in a ſoldier an unpardonable failing, is not a crime, (for we have not all, the nerves and intrepidity of a hero) beſides, in a duel with the late Governor Johnſon, he appears to have acted with ſufficient calmneſs and compoſure.

One path to fame being thus for ever cloſed againſt him, with a reſolution, perhaps a magnanimity, which few men in ſimilar circumſtances would have poſſeſſed, he plunged into politics; and notwithſtanding royal ſmiles, and the friendly, elaborate, but unſucceſsful panegyric of Mr. Cumberland, experienced as a ſtateſman, defeat and diſappointment.

He was ſecretary of ſtate for the colonies, during the American war, and on one occaſion prognoſticated ſucceſs, with an emphaſis, not common in his method of ſpeaking.

His adverſaries, of whom I think he had a greater portion than falls to the lot of moſt men, cried out with exultation, that Minden and Saratoga, would be everlaſting monuments of his courage as a general, and his abilities as a ſtateſman.

During the unfortunate interval, of which I ſpeak, certain national debates, were conducted with a violence, heat, and perſeverance, which a conviction of their high importance, and a

ſenſe

ſenſe of national calamity, could alone inſpire: the ſame period was alſo remarkable for a war, which, from choice or neceſſity, was conducted by men, who, as ſenators, had earneſtly argued, and regularly voted againſt it.

I could not help remarking the conduct of a certain general, who with ſome glaring inconſiſtencies, was not without many valuable qualities; I could not but remark his haranguing the houſe of commons, at the moment he was a priſoner of the enemies of his country, againſt whom, he ſhould not have accepted a command, with the principles he profeſſed.

This parliamentary phœnomenon did not bring to my mind Regulus, when he quitted the ſenate of Rome, on his return to Carthage; the *torvus humi poſuiſſe vultum*, would have been wholly inapplicable.

In the courſe of certain diſcuſſions in the houſe of commons, on appointing commiſſioners of ſupervifion, to India, the attack of this noble lord, (then a commoner) on an oriental delinquent, was eloquent, keen, and effectual. The voice of truth boldly pointing out undeniable fact, covered with ſhame a front not eaſily diſconcerted.

"The honorable gentleman," ſaid Lord George, "has been told by a witneſs, whom he called to anſwer his own purpoſes, he has been honeſtly told by his own evidence, that two thirds of his wealth were extorted by an arbitrary and oppreſſive tax on the miſerable and exhauſted natives of India. I appeal to all who hear me, if the actual perpetrators of cruelty and injuſtice, are proper or likely perſons to correct thoſe miſchiefs, which their own iniquities have produced; will thoſe perſons refund their wealth, who, taking advantage of influence and power, have extracted by the rude gripe of oppreſſion, the luxuries and ſuperfluities of their table, from the ſcanty pittance of the poor Hindoo?"

The eyes of the whole houſe were rivetted on the convicted offender; a ſhort ſtruggle took place in his breaſt, between anger and remorſe, but the weight of guilt preponderating, he ſunk in confuſion on his ſeat.

SAINT; I have been *checked* for applying this word to the Evangeliſts, and many other venerable characters preſerved in the Roman calendar; but I perſiſt in prefixing it, for the following reaſons, which, though ſatisfactory to myſelf, may not prove convincing to others.

Epithets are meant to be deſcriptive of the qualities, corporeal

or

intellectual, of those to whom they are applied, and I therefore think it right, and to the full, as reasonable, to say *Saint* Luke, *Saint* John, or *Saint* Austin, as to say, the *learned* Warburton, the *harmonious* Pope, the *honest* Arbuthnot, the *rosy-fingered* Aurora, or the *swift-footed* Ulysses.

When a certain gentleman, whom I have walked many a mile to hear, used to talk of John, Paul, Matthew, or Luke, with as little ceremony as he would call his footman, I confess it disturbed me; it was carrying his democracy with him into the pulpit; but it exemplified a theory often enforced in this collection, *those whom we treat with levity, we shall soon cease to respect.*

Since my first impression, this teacher, so eminently endowed, and to whose discourses I have listened with delight, professes to have erased the whole system from his creed; he has ceased to doubt as well as believe, and to the regret of a numerous acquaintance, has resigned the office of a minister of the gospel.

Vivat et valeat may the objects and pursuits of his future life, allow, in *every* instance, of mathematical demonstration; may he find and firmly embrace that, which will bring him peace at the last.

ST. ANDRE, NATHANIEL, a native of Switzerland, from which country he emigrated early in life, and secured the friendship of a wealthy patron.

This gentleman (a Mr. Salvador) furnished him with the means of procuring a medical education. He afterwards became a public lecturer on anatomy, a surgeon of eminence in London, and a favorite of King George the first; the confidential friend of Lord Peterborough, and was employed by Bolingbroke and Pope.

But the fairness of such professional prospects, were suddenly clouded, and he stamped an indelible impression of ridicule or guilt on his character, by listening to, and encouraging the impudent imposture of Mary Tofts, a woman of Godalming, who declared, and endeavoured to make the public believe, she had been actually delivered of rabbits; a delusion in which Whiston, probably seduced by the credit of St. André, was also involved.

This eccentric divine, on *other occasions*, sufficiently scrupulous, wrote a pamphlet, to prove that this

this monstrous conception, literally fulfilled what had been foretold by the Prophet Esdras.

To laugh were want of sentiment
or grace,
But to be grave exceeds all power
of face.

At the moment I write, if it were not for hurting the feelings of one to whom literature is considerably indebted, I could point out an individual, far superior to the clergyman or the anatomist, in critical acume, intellectual vigour, and ornamental acquirement, generally respected and approved, till hood-winked and led astray by absurdities, equally repugnant to probability, chronologic coincidence, and common sense.

In the Surry imposition, it is not easy to account for the conduct of St. Andrè, a man confessedly of strong sense and quick discernment, thus strangely descending from honest fame, and honorable emolument, into the bye-roads of folly or of fraud.

Of three opinions which prevailed at the time;—that he was disposed to try an experiment on national credulity; that he was corrupted by money; or that his incitements were sensual: I strongly incline to the latter.

His amorous propensities commencing at sixteen, and strongly preponderating at seventy, led him, in the course of a long life, (protracted I believe to ninety-six) into many ridiculous situations and uncreditable embarrassments; considerably lowered him in the opinion of the few friends his obliquities had left him, and exposed him, in the decline of life, to the ignominious thraldom of vicious vulgarity.

His tendency to obsceneness was uncontroulable; he did not confine the sallies of a lewd imagination, to his closet, his greenhouse, and his bed chamber; it was on every occasion, bursting forth in double entendre, in gesture and allusion, inconsistent with decency and good manners, and criminally ridiculous in an old man.

"I shall for the future make it a rule, when I visit Southampton, or the neighbourhood," said a well-bred and elegant woman, to whom the writer of this article is indebted for the pleasantest hours of his life, "I shall make it a rule to ask if St. Andrè, the rude old man, is in the house; and, be assured, I will never give you a second opportunity to drive me out of the room." Before he felt himself independent, the surgeon was probably more reserved, and more prudent.

Pro-

Profeſſional dexterity, or his ſkill as a performer on the viol de gamba, introduced him to Lady Betty Molyneux; he attended her huſband in his laſt illneſs, and a marriage indecorouſly haſty between the widow and the ſurgeon, with other circumſtances, never ſatisfactorily explained, involved them both in the odium of being inſtrumental in haſtening the death of Mr. Molyneux, from whom the Swiſs (a baſe villain, if the charge was true) had received many favors.

Fertur, maritum, miſerrime, O pudor et corrupta fides! manibus uxoris et amici periiſſe, enemate calidiſſime injecto.

Their guilt or their innocence, which at a certain period ſtrongly agitated the public mind, muſt *now* be determined by a more awful and unerring tribunal; combined with other unpropitious circumſtances, this ſhocking imputation drove St. Andrè into obſcurity; Lady Betty was diſmiſſed from court, by Queen Caroline, and an action brought for defamation, in which a verdict and damages were given in favor of the new-married couple, was not ſufficient to reſtore their reputation.

Chance, inclination, perverſeneſs, neceſſity or guilt, conſpired to keep St. Andrè in hot water for a good part of his life. In the year ſeventeen hundred and twenty-five, before he had been debaſed by credulity, or ſhunned, as being ſuſpected of flagrant crime, and in the routine of a lucrative practice, he was rouzed from his bed at midnight, by a ſtranger thundering at the door, who urgently deſired him to viſit, without delay, a perſon, whom the appellant deſcribed as a duelliſt, deſperately wounded.

In the heat of zeal, or the perturbation of broken ſleep, St. Andrè neglected that neceſſary precaution for every medical practitioner, on ſuch occaſions, the taking, on all midnight calls, from perſons he does not know, his own ſervant with him.

After following his unknown guide in the nocturnal gloom, through many an unfrequented court, remote ſtreet, obſcure alley, and obſcene receſs; after being conducted and re-conducted, through paſſages, galleries, and ſtaircaſes, heated, hurried, and confuſed, he at laſt found himſelf in a retired chamber.

The door being inſtantly bolted, the affrighted ſurgeon was threatened with immediate death, if he did not directly ſwallow the contents of a bowl, (of courſe poiſonous) preſented to him by two ruffians, with inſtruments of death in their hands.

Having

Having paufed for a fhort time on the horrible alternative, he drank the terrible dofe; and with conſiderable precautions to prevent diſcovery, was blindfolded and re-placed at his own door.

The condition of a man who had been compelled to take what he conſidered as poiſon, need not be deſcribed; without ſuppoſing that the drench contained one deleterious particle, the mere idea was ſufficient to communicate arſenic, hellebore, and ſublimate, to his diſturbed imagination.

Of this extraordinary tranſaction, an account ſufficiently expreſſive of the terror of St. Andrè, was publiſhed in the London Gazette, and a reward of two hundred pounds, offered by government, to any perſon who would communicate information, that might lead to diſcovery and conviction; but no diſcovery was made.

I have ſometimes been tempted to conſider this ſingular narrative as the fabrication of a reſtleſs mind, fertile in invention; the fable of a man, determined at every riſque, to preſent himſelf as frequently as poſſible to the public eye, and become the ſubject of general notice, and common converſation.

Such characters occur in every age; the paſſion for this illegitimate ſpecies of fame ſeems ardent and irreſiſtible; it induced ********** to loſe his life for a *****, and ſtimulated ******** to violate the moſt ſacred ties and then deſtroy himſelf.

I once heard a man, (who in the hope of a legacy, which never was bequeathed) endured much of the ſarcaſtic brunt and ſatirical ſallies of St. Andrè, I heard him declare, that he had good reaſon for believing, that the circumſtances related by his friend, were correct. He added, as indeed the event proved, that there was clearly no poiſon in the mixture, though made ſufficiently nauſeous; that the whole was a cruel, but harmleſs effort of ingenious revenge, and meant to torment the ſurgeon, who in the indiſcriminate irritation of libidinous propenſity, had ſupplanted a friend, in the affections of a favorite miſtreſs.

It is not my buſineſs to determine, if the offence and puniſhment were exactly proportioned; I can however eaſily believe that the agonies of a man, under ſuch a perſuaſion, muſt have been pretty nearly equal to the pains produced by actual poiſon, as the drugs were probably of an active, ſearching nature.

Having ſurvived their effects, as well as the exhauſting conſequences

quences of the antidotes he ſwallowed and the anxiety he ſuffered; he began to find the metropolis, on many accounts unpleaſant, and retired from public obloquy or private contempt, to a provincial town, where he occupied his leiſure hours, and diſſipated his ſuperfluous caſh, in building and planting; but diſcovered more of whim and caprice, than goodneſs of taſte, or correctneſs of deſign.

The occaſional viſitor of Southampton, as he enters that place, ſo very pleaſant when the muddy ſhores are covered by the tide, if he gives the poſt boys and horſes a moment's breath, will ſee Belle Vue, preſenting its front, as he deſcends from Wincheſter, through the avenue betweeen the town and a houſe, once the reſidence of Pope's Lord Peterboro', and occaſionally of the poet himſelf.

In erecting this toy of St. Andrè's dotage, in its external decorations, and internal alterations, its pleaſure-grounds and conſervatories; this peculiar character, alternately a prey to inordinate paſſion and diſgrace, but with ſpirits unbroken, (for the principles *he* avowed, rejected, ridiculed or *dreaded*, one of the grand ſources of rational and ſalutary compunction) this very culpable character paſſed the laſt thirty years of his life; while the majority of thoſe who ſmiled at his eccentricities, could not help cenſuring his conduct, and pitying his fate.

SALLUST, a Roman hiſtorian; a man of genius, wealth, and looſe manners, of whoſe writings, a ſmall portion only is extant.

With a conſiderable depth of philoſophic reflection and moral energy, occaſionally clouded by pedantic affectation, ſingularity of ſtyle, and eccentric verbal arrangement; he has been accuſed of declaiming againſt thoſe vicious luxuries which he enjoyed himſelf.

In this collection, I have often lamented, how ſeldom great talents were united with purity of morals; yet I have ventured to ſuggeſt an opinion, that how much ſo ever we might abhor the flagitious conduct, we ought not, on that account only, to deprive ourſelves of the advantageous helps of great ability. If no exertions are to be allowed in ethics, criticiſm, and ſatire, till we have authors without fault, and writers without blemiſh; the world, the preſs, and the pulpit, would have been deprived of many a ſplendid, many an elegant, and many a uſeful production.

Such an index expurgatorius, would

would have denied admittance to Lucan and Sappho, to Horace, Juvenal, Ovid, and Tibullus; to Dryden and Steele; to Churchill and Sterne; to Wilkes and Junius; to Sheridan and Mr. Fox.

But whilſt juſtice is due, under certain reſtrictions, to the energies of genius, the firſt great bulwarks of civilized ſociety are not to be battered down, the intereſts of virtue and religion are not to be ſacrificed on the profane altars of unhallowed libertiniſm, proſtituted powers, and guilty ingenuity.

Future ages will contemplate, with love and veneration, the mild manners, the correct domeſtic conduct of Cicero, Addiſon, Arbuthnot, Tillotſon, Locke, and Cowper, while the depraved principles, and ruinous career of many a favorite of the nine, and many others, high in literature and modern renown, but contaminated by vice, will be handed down to poſterity with infamy and diſgrace.

He, who to the ſkilful admonitions of vigorous intellect, ſhall add the more powerful influence of good example, erects his edifice on a rock, againſt which the ſtorm ſhall rage, the rain deſcend, and the winds ſtruggle in vain.

Salluſt was a native of Amiternum, or as it is now called, St. Vitorino, a diſtrict once inhabited by the Sabines; the year of his birth was marked by two events, the ſacking of Athens by Sylla, and the birth of Catullus.

Being choſen tribune of the people, Salluſt became the political adverſary of Cicero, and his client Milo, and was reproached by the latter, for being detected in an intrigue with the daughter of Sylla.

This *embarras*, and other eccentricities of the hiſtorian, are laſhed by Horace, in his excellent ſeventh ſatire.

The Salluſt to whom the ode beginning with *Nullus argento color eſt avaris*, is addreſſed, was nephew to the ſubject of our preſent article.

Having been expelled from the ſenate for flagitious conduct, he was reſtored by Julius Cæſar, and appointed Prefect of Numidia; returning rich from that country, he built a magnificent palace, and laid out extenſive gardens on the Quirinal-Hill. This part of modern Rome, ſtill retains his name, and the ſpot where Salluſt and his fair friends once bathed, is now covered by the church of St. Suſannah.

The conſpiracy of Catiline, and

and the Jugurthine War, are the only acknowledged productions of Salluſt, now remaining entire; two orations addreſſed to Cæſar, and a third againſt Cicero, though written in good Latin, are generally attributed to Porcius Latro.

The ſtyle of Salluſt as an hiſtorian, has been often diſcuſſed; by ſome he is extravagantly extolled; others, as violently cenſure him, for obſolete idiom, and phraſeology affectedly obſcure.

Aſinius Pollio accuſes him of a licentious exaggeration of fact, for the gratification of his own humour, intereſt, or reſentment: this charge, if well founded, is the moſt ſerious that can be brought againſt an hiſtorian.

Yet, a writer who is praiſed by Tacitus, pronounced eminent by Martial, and mentioned with reſpect by St. Auſtin, muſt not be haſtily condemned; with all his faults, his *dulcia vitia*, I confeſs that I read Salluſt with conſiderable pleaſure.

To a country lady, who having heard much of Salluſt, was deſirous of being acquainted with his writings, I once read by a winter evening's fire, part of his intereſting account of Catiline's conſpiracy, in ſuch Engliſh as an unpremeditated peruſal would afford; but at that part of the narrative which ſpeaks of a lady who *danced better than a modeſt woman ought to dance*, my reading was ſuddenly interrupted.

"Excuſe me," cried my female friend, an accompliſhed woman, and celebrated as a graceful dancer, a circumſtance which, till the inſtant, I did not recollect, "excuſe me," ſhe cried, with that animated ſoftneſs, inſpired by wounded ſenſibility, which tigers only, or men like tigers, are able to reſiſt, "is not the expreſſion of your author rather exceptionable? Can there poſſibly be any indecorum in aiming at perfection in an art which gives a zeſt to poliſhed life, improves ſocial intercourſe, and in the Moſaic Ritual, conſtituted a part of the national worſhip?"

Embarraſſed between politeneſs and ſincerity, "Not poſſitive moral turpitude," I replied, "but I am not without fear of its ultimately leading to ſome of the bye-roads.

"I am aware of the futility of arguing from the abuſe againſt the moderate uſe of pleaſure, that the ſame knife with which we cut a chicken, may be applied to our throats; yet, it cannot be denied, that luxurious feaſts, midnight dances, and licentious ſpectacles, are too apt to inflame the ſenſes, through the imagination.

The

The lady ſmiled, and *without raiſing her voice*, deſired me to proceed.

The man, ſeduced by beauty and perſonal accompliſhments, to chuſe his wife from circles devoted to conſtant diverſion, an unceaſing round of amuſements, to muſic, cards, and dancing, muſt not be diſappointed, if his partner for life ſhould prove averſe to the hours and duties of a well regulated family.

A little previous conſideration of this circumſtance, and a conviction, that the pleaſanteſt and moſt faſcinating companions, are not always formed for wives and mothers, would prevent many a ridiculous domeſtic diſcloſure in the King's Bench, and at Doctor's Commons; huſbands would not ſo often be tempted to the tête-à-têtes, and *petits ſoupers* of Marybone and Soho, and many a heart-ache would be ſaved in Cornwall, and beyond the Tweed.

SALMASIUS, or Saumaiſe, (for ſo he was called by his countrymen) the literary advocate of Charles the firſt, King of England, and anſwered by Milton, with all the unpardonable virulence of coarſe invective.

The following are the words of Mr. Saumaiſe, who ſpeaks as if he really believed what he related.

"A poor countryman wholly unacquainted with the learned languages, called on my grandfather, and appearing in great anxiety, requeſted of him to explain the meaning of the following words which he had heard repeatedly and loudly pronounced in his bedchamber, in the dead of night, "Apithi ouk oſphraineeten ſeen apſukian."

After a little conſideration, the old gentleman told him the words were Greek; "Απιθι ου σφραιηητην σην αψυχιαν, and that the ſignification of them was, "Depart, doſt thou not perceive, death is at hand."

"The poor man," ſays my authority, "quitted the cottage he lived in, and it was blown down a few days after."

The whole is either a fabrication of the family, or the man had been taught to pronounce the words by ſome wicked rogue, who wiſhed to ſee how far the credulity of Mr. Saumaiſe would carry him, and to enjoy a laugh at the expence of the old gentleman.

In this and other *wonderful* ſtories, it ſeems ſurprizing that the ſupernatural agent, was not able to ſpeak in a language intelligible to the man he addreſſed;

dreſſed; without additional myſtery, the wonder would not have been complete.

SANTEUIL, JOHN BAPTISTE, a modern Latin poet, chiefly on religious ſubjects; born at Paris, in the ſeventeenth century; and painted in the lively, but indiſtinct characters of Bruyere, who, by over-charging his colouring, and multiplying the folds of his drapery, renders his pieces ſo confuſed, that the great outline and projecting features of his portraits are ſometimes wholly loſt; his characters are not *marked*.

La Bruyere deſcribes him under the name of Theodas, "at one moment, complaiſant, eaſy, and docile; ſimple, credulous, playful, a child in grey hairs; the next inſtant, violent, choleric, paſſionate, and capricious; ſhrieking, jumping, and rolling on the ground, rattling like a fool, and thinking like a wiſe man; yet, with all his buffoonery, contortion, and grimace, a pleaſant and a good man."

Santeuil was a canon of St. Victor, but never proceeded beyond deacons' orders: this however did not prevent his doing the duty of a pariſh church, on a day that the prieſt could not be found; he had ſcarcely mounted the pulpit, before he forgot himſelf, and was confuſed; after a pauſe, he retired, ſaying, "I had a great many things to ſay to you, but it is needleſs to preach any more, you would not be the better for it."

Being once miſtaken by a pious devotee for a confeſſor, ſhe had diſcloſed a long catalogue of frailties, before the miſtake was diſcovered; "I will inſtantly go and complain of you to the prior," ſaid the enraged lady; "In the mean time," replied the poet, "I ſhall make the beſt of my way to your huſband," an anſwer, which was the ſignal for mutual peace.

A certain preacher held forth at St. Mary's, without giving his audience any ſatisfaction. Santeuil who was preſent, ſaid, "He did better laſt year:" "You muſt be miſtaken," ſaid a bye-ſtander, "for he had not preached laſt year:" "That is the very reaſon," he replied.

A gentleman complained that he had been cheated by a monk: "I am ſorry," ſaid Santeuil, "that a man of your years does not know the monks; there are four things in this world you ſhould always guard againſt; the face of a woman, the hind part of a mule, the ſide of a cart, but againſt a monk, on all ſides."

Boſſuet reproaching him for the irregularity of his conduct, ſaid, "Your

"Your life is not very edifying; if I was your ſuperior, I would ſend you into ſome little cure, where you might count your beads, and ſay your breviary:" "Were I king of France," replied Santeuil, "I would baniſh you to the iſle of Patmos, and your employment ſhould be to write a new Apocalypſe."

Santeuil died in ſixteen hundred and ninety-two, of a violent cholic: the page of a great man came into his room a few minutes before his death, and ſaid, that he was ſent by his highneſs to enquire how he was; Santeuil, turning up his eyes to heaven, in the agonies of death, repeated twice, "Tu ſolus altiſſimus," and inſtantly expired.

SARDANAPALUS, or as he was called by his own ſubjects, Aſſar-Adon-Baal, an Aſſyrian king, who at the commencement of his reign, exhibited many proofs of energy and virtue, improving and adorning the country over which he reigned, by uſeful inſtitutions, magnificent buildings, and what is far more important in a prince, by the efficacy of good example.

But he could not or would not reſiſt, thoſe temptations to which from eighteen to five and twenty, every man of tolerable nerves, and a full pulſe is more or leſs expoſed; a turbulent period of paſſion, folly, and crime, if not exerciſed by ſalutary occupation, influenced by religious motive, or guarded by precautionary regimen; nor, is it found, as we advance in years, that we increaſe in wiſdom, as it frequently becomes more difficult to break the habit, than it was at firſt to reſiſt the paſſion.

But the one was indulged, and the other confirmed in all its odious exceſſes by the King of Nineveh; thoſe tendencies which were grafted on our nature, by a kind creator, for the moſt benevolent and wiſe purpoſes, he converted, by vicious miſapplication, into crimes; and conſidering ſenſual gratification, luxurious living, perſonal ornament, and trifling amuſement, as the moſt important of ſciences, he ſtudied and refined on them, in a thouſand ways, making voluptuouſneſs the great object, and ſenſuality the only buſineſs of his life.

In his, as in moſt caſes of inordinate indulgence, application to buſineſs, and a diſcharge of the duties of ſocial life, became fatiguing and irkſome; the adminiſtration of the affairs of his kingdom, the command of his armies, the management of the public revenue, and the ſuperintendance of his finances, were left wholly and without

out controul to miniſters and favorites.

That he might enjoy, undiſturbed, the groveling pleaſures of that life he loved; he ſecluded himſelf in a remote apartment of the palace, with his women, his eunuchs, and a numerous train of the ſubordinate minions of vice and effeminacy.

Such conduct naturally alienated the affections of his ſubjects, and afforded apt occaſion to diſcontent and ill-deſign; for how was it poſſible to love or reſpect a monarch, who was himſelf the baſeſt and moſt ignoble animal, in all his dominions.

Plunged in guilt and exceſs, loſt to the world, to honor, and himſelf, he cauſed it to be proclaimed, by ſound of trumpet, that no one ſhould preſume, on pain of death, to viſit that part of the palace in which he reſided, but his choſen band; an exception was made in favor of any one, who could invent a new diſh, or point out ſome untrodden path to profligate enjoyment; to ſuch perſons ample rewards were offered.

Happily for example, for precept, and for edification, the Aſſyrian was not to live and die, in the ſties of ſenſuality, without correction; he was awakened from his diſgraceful dream, by one of his favorite daughters, who at the peril of her life, ruſhed into his preſence.

Pale, trembling, and in tears, ſhe informed her father, that two of his generals, had rebelled againſt him, and at the moment ſhe ſpoke, were marching towards the capital, at the head of a large army, whom the traitors had ſeduced from their duty.

Rouzed by urgent danger, and awakened by filial affection, *the diſtaff-holder, for a ſhort time, was transformed into a hero*; the company, and it is ſaid the dreſs and ornaments of a woman were laid aſide; depoſiting his treaſures, and what he valued ſtill more, his fair favorites, in a place of ſafety, he collected the few troops who had not been diſguſted by his conduct, and marched to meet the rebels.

The ſpirit and vigor he exhibited, recalled the diſaffected, the wavering and unſteady, to a ſenſe of duty; aſſuming confidence and fortitude from *him*, they joined the royal ſtandard; the world being always moſt ready to aſſiſt us, when we are moſt able and active in helping ourſelves.

With augmented numbers, improved diſcipline, and the juſtice of ancient preſcription and recognized authority on his ſide, the king approached his adverſaries

ries, and after several days had passed, in mutual struggles for the advantages of position, two bloody battles took place, in which the insurgents were defeated.

Sardanapalus, imagining that the activity of his conduct, and the brilliancy of his success, were sufficient to efface the impressions of a vicious life, and firmly to establish his authority, gave way to the impulse of triumphant joy, and the preponderancy of inveterate habit; for three days and three nights he devoted himself with the companions of his victory to riot and excess.

During this dangerous interval of intemperance and insecurity, Arbaces, one of the unfaithful generals, who had saved himself by flight, hearing that a considerable body, uncorrupted by sedition was hastening by forced marches, from a distant province, he procured an interview with the principal officers, to whom he shewed a forged list of the names of the majority of them, who he asserted were to be put to death, the moment they arrived at the royal camp.

By these and other means he seduced them from their allegiance, and attacked the king, at the dead hour of night, secure, unprepared, and his troops, for the most part, intoxicated.

Under such circumstances, to attack, was to destroy; an enormous slaughter ensued, and the wretched Sardanapalus, with great difficulty and danger, and with the loss of the whole of his baggage and camp equipage; to shelter himself from the fury of his enemies, fled to the metropolis.

This great city, celebrated and wept over by the prophet Jonah, was from its admirable position, almost inaccessible; the deep and rapid stream of the Tigris, encompassed it, almost on every side, and the portion not protected by this natural barrier, was defended by a chain of lofty towers, which defied the rude artillery of those days; whilst plentiful supplies of missile weapons, provisions, and the words of an antient oracle which had declared, that Nineveh should never yield to a conqueror, till the river became its enemy, inspired the besieged with confidence and hope.

Unfortunately for the royal party, this prediction was literally verified; heavy, long-continued rains, and a strong wind blowing from a quarter, which interfering with the course of the Tigris, prevented the waters from descending in a regular stream, produced a general inundation; the assailants retired to the

mountains, and the environs of Nineveh became an immenſe Lake; the beſieged exulted in, and for a ſhort time enjoyed the ſecurity afforded by a circumſtance, which ultimately proved their ruin.

In a few weeks the rain ceaſed, the wind ſhifted to a different quarter, and the waters retiring with rapidity, waſhed away the ſoil, and undermined the foundation of a decayed and neglected part of the wall, which for a conſiderable ſpace fell down, and left the city, in that part, without defence.

A vigilant foe exulting with victory, but exaſperated by delay, did not ſuffer the accident to eſcape their notice; deſcending from the hills, and croſſing the river, the waters of which had now ſubſided, at a ford a few miles above the city, *on rafts*, they entered the breach, and overpowering all oppoſition, Arbaces was proclaimed king.

On the ſubſequent events, hiſtorians differ; if we are to follow the generally received opinion, Sardanapalus retired with his women into one of his palaces, and reſolving not to fall into the hands of rebels, filled the building with combuſtible materials, ſet fire to them with his own hands, and with every thing he held dear, was burnt to aſhes.

But a reſpectable writer, ſupported by a ſingular antient inſcription, aſſerts, that the Aſſyrian did *not* periſh in Nineveh; that, eſcaping at a gate oppoſite to the breach in the wall, over which the enemy entered, the fugitive monarch, immediately haſtened, with the few attendants, imprudence and misfortune had left him, to Anchiale, a city of Cilicia, originally founded by himſelf, where he paſſed the remainder of his days.

If this account is to be credited, although moſt of his exceſſes and many of his pleaſures, muſt have been placed out of his reach, adverſity did not purify his morals, or teach him that wiſdom, which is ſeldom acquired but at the price of affliction.

The inſcription to which I refer is in words to the following effect; "I HAVE EAT, I HAVE DRANK, I HAVE BUILT CITIES, AND DISSIPATED TREASURES, AND CAN NOW BE SAID TO POSSESS ONLY THAT WHICH I HAVE ENJOYED."

SARATOGA, SURRENDER AT. It is a well authenticated fact, that if General Burgoyne had perſiſted *one day* longer in offenſive meaſures, or had carried his threat of giving no quarter, only to the threſhold of execu-

execution, he might have made his own terms; as it was with the greateſt difficulty General Gates could keep his men together, from the general ſpirit of diſſatisfaction which pervaded his army, and the hourly deſertions which took place.

Theſe circumſtances which the Britiſh general was not acquainted with, and which are not mentioned to throw any obloquy on his character, would have enſured him a ſupply of proviſions, and a ſafe march to the place from whence he came.

In that caſe a tranſaction, humiliating to every Engliſhman, would not have taken place, nor would Congreſs have incurred the odium of a ſolemn treaty, which they notoriouſly and diſhonorably violated.

Yet the praiſe of confining ſuch dangerous intelligence within his own lines, and conducting to victory, forces ſo circumſtanced, cannot be denied to the American general.

SAVAGE, RICHARD, Son of the unnatural Counteſs of Macclesfield, the fruit and the victim of her illicit intrigue, with the Earl of Rivers.

The crimes, the follies and the misfortunes of this unhappy man have been delineated by the ſtrong hand, and palliated by the venial partiality of Dr. Johnſon, the ſympathizer with his woes, the ſharer of his depreſſion, and his companion in many a melancholy midnight excurſion.

While folly and vice were repoſing on beds of down, or diſſipating wealth in ſuperfluity; theſe individuals, one of whom had not his father been wicked and his mother cruel, would have been nurſed in the lap of fortune; and the other, a literary character, who reflected honor on his country; were often wandering through the nocturnal gloom of the metropolis, bedleſs and ſupperleſs, with heaven their canopy, and the wide world to range in.

This article is not introduced, in the preſumptuous hope, of improving on the author of the Rambler; it is for the purpoſe of recalling the attention of *certain of my readers*, who think the incompatibility of their circumſtances for marriage, a full and ſufficient excuſe for unhallowed pleaſure; it is to call their attention, to *one* of the numerous evils of indiſcriminate, amorous indulgence. The circumſtance I would wiſh to preſs on their conſideration, is the fate of their offspring.

Thoſe, as I have obſerved in another part of this collection, who poſſeſs the fortune, as well as the

love of variety of a Beckford, though their moral turpitude is the ſame, may guard againſt *ſome* of the conſequences, which greatly aggravate the crime, by beſtowing on their natural children, a decent maintenance, chriſtian education, and competent inſtruction in the means of future ſupport.

But the million who yield to every impulſe, and indulge every deſire; to whom a cap and a petticoat are always ſufficient incitements; and who, if they can pay their ſurgeon, and compound with the church-warden, think, that no further duty remains; I would wiſh to aſk them, what will be their feelings in the decline of life, when they are, or ought to be preparing to give an account of their thoughts, words, and works?

How acute will *then* be their regrets, to fear, if not certainly to know that they have given exiſtence to many wretched infants, and inſtead of beſtowing on them the tender attentions and affectionate ſolicitude of a parent, have reſigned them into the hands of hard-hearted mercinaries, the filthy negligence of a poor-houſe, and the obduracy of official ſelfiſhneſs.

Savage, whoſe life was a continual ſtruggle with misfortune, and clouded with real or imputed crime, who was a burthen to ſociety, and narrowly eſcaped the penalties of offended juſtice; the unhappy Savage, had he been religiouſly and properly educated, might, and probably would have been, a uſeful and accompliſhed member of the community, the delight of his family and friends.

SAVAGES. What author or what traveller is it, who exclaims, on ſeeing certain inhabitants of an unknown coaſt, on which he landed; "We have nothing to fear from theſe people, they have not till now, ſeen a European."

I have heard this invective againſt civilized ſociety much commended, yet I doubt if the theory is tenable; like other theories, it muſt be taken with conſiderable allowance.

If it were poſſible that navigators could have their choice, whether, in caſe of being wrecked, they would prefer a civilized or a ſavage coaſt, I believe few would prefer the latter.

That too many Europeans, an unhappy portion of ſociety, unprepared by education, uninfluenced by religion, and ſtimulated by poverty, are continually practiſing a mercileſs ſyſtem of plunder and violence, I confeſs with regret; but it is not cuſtomary

tomary to pronounce on the excellence of a vintage, by a ſample, drawn from the fœculencies and dregs of the wine vat.

The ſavage, after depriving the boat of its nails, and the carpenter of his tools, as hunger, or a love of variety may tempt, will devour the unfortunate ſeamen.

Againſt ſuch attacks, ſays the author I quote, a traveller, aware of his danger, may guard; but in his intercourſe with poliſhed ſociety, evils preſent themſelves, which prudence cannot provide againſt, nor circumſpection avoid.

He will probably be received and treated with kindneſs, his wants will be liberally ſupplied; but theſe attentions will afford a very ſlender compenſation, for a wife ſeduced, a daughter debauched, and a ſon corrupted; for a heart pierced by the envenomed arrows of hypocriſy, fraud and ingratitude, concealed under the ſpecious exterior of hoſpitality and friendſhip.

SAVANAROLA, a popular friar of Florence, in the latter part of the fifteenth century, and what may appear ſingular in a dominican at that period, a violent and enthuſiaſtic democrate, who for a long time, and with ſucceſs, preached reſiſtance againſt papal and ariſtocratic uſurpation in his native city.

The populace, liſtening to his diſcourſes with ardent attachment, and taught by him, the difference between liberty and licentiouſneſs, recovered many of their long loſt privileges and rights.

Poſſeſſing a greater ſhare of acuteneſs and general information, than was common in the religious orders of that age, he foretold from his knowledge of the ſtate of Europe, an invaſion of Italy, which afterwards took place; for this, and other prophetic declarations, which were for the moſt part verified, he was pronounced by his followers, a ſaint, and worſhipped as a holy man, favored with cœleſtial communications.

To refuſe honor and adoration, how much ſoever we may deſpiſe thoſe who beſtow them, is a temptation which human vanity, or human policy has ſeldom been able to reſiſt. From Alexander to Auguſtus, and a train of ſucceſſors, who converted this ſpecies of refined flattery, into a powerful engine of dominion, a thouſand examples might be given; in a moment of weakneſs or ill deſign, Savanarola acquieſced in the infatuation, and agreed to impute that to divine impulſe which was in fact human ſagacity and common ſenſe.

The

The pope, who had been offended beyond forgiveneſs, by oppoſition to his encroachments, ſaw and eagerly ſeized the opportunity for ruining a hateful demagogue; the pope accuſed him of a blaſphemous aſſumption of apoſtolic powers, and cited him before an eccleſiaſtical tribunal.

The people murmured at the proſecution of their favorite, but were threatened with the thunders of the Vatican, if they did not join in puniſhing a man, who had impiouſly (I ſuppoſe he meant without *papal* connivance) who had impiouſly pretended to ſupernatural communication.

Terrified by anathemas, and threats of eternal puniſhment from this vicegerent of Heaven, the timid and credulous crowd gradually abandoned the man they had ſo lately adored; he was ſeized, delivered over to their common adverſary, and after the forms and mockeries of a trial, put to the torture, hanged and burnt.

This ſhort article is introduced, for the conſideration of thoſe perſons, who, in the warmth of honeſt zeal, generouſly come forward in aid of patriotic, and ſometimes violent meaſures, under which they generally are the firſt to ſuffer.

"In caſe of a popular revolution," ſaid Mr. Fox, on a certain occaſion, "I have good reaſon to think I ſhould be the firſt ſacrifice." With ſuch convictions, why in God's name does he, &c.

Another uſeful deduction may alſo be drawn from a conſideration of the preſent ſubject; in receiving aſſiſtance from public men, we muſt not liſten too readily to the intereſted ſuggeſtions of their adverſaries, againſt them; an individual in private life may be wretchedly faulty, yet as a patriot, and an active citizen, he may render his country good ſervice, and recommend juſt and neceſſary meaſures.

Many inſtances in the political and literary world might be pointed out as ſtrong caſes in point; two in particular have been frequently introduced in different parts of this collection; with all their flagrant enormities, it perhaps would be difficult, in the whole Engliſh hiſtory, to produce individuals to whom the country is more obliged.

Had the Florentines been mindful of this uſeful truth, they would not have given up a man who had rendered them ſuch important ſervices, to the tigers and vultures of the Vatican; who, in the ſame proportion, that they have departed from the genuine purity of Chriſtianity, have improved

proved in worldly cunning, and deep cafuiſtry.

Taking advantage of the irritated prejudices, and blind bigotry of ſuperſtition, they artfully deſtroyed one of their moſt powerful antagoniſts, by the hands of that very people, for whom he had procured the few privileges they enjoyed, and which they were ſoon deprived of, after the removal and deſtruction of their able partizan. "It ſeems in all countries," ſays a late writer, "a common artifice with oppreſſors, to employ on every occaſion, the malignant paſſions of the people againſt themſelves."

SCHISMATICS, Methodiſts, and ſectaries, a mode of oppoſing them with ſucceſs.

The method here recommended has been thought ſuperior to one mentioned in Mr. Roe's article, and has been found effectual by every clergyman of the church of England, who has adoped it; I eagerly avow my acquaintance with ſeveral individuals, who have tried the experiment with ſucceſs.

"You wiſh to ſuppreſs ſectaries," ſaid a late preacher, "the only method a Chriſtian can employ, yet I believe a ſafe and certain one is——OUTLIVE——OUTLABOR—OUTPREACH THEM!!

SCAURUS, MARCUS EMILIUS, an eminent Roman, who deriving his ſecond name from the mental accompliſhments of one anceſtor, and his third appellation from the perſonal deformity of another, deduced the origin of his family in common with that of the Cæſars, from Numa, and the firſt founders of Rome.

But a race which had repeatedly given to their country, Conſuls, Dictators, Tribunes, Cenſors, and Pontiffs, which had conteſted with Hannibal, his bloody victory at Cannæ, and finally ſubverted in the perſon of Scipio, the foundations of Carthage; was reduced to poverty and inſignificance in their deſcendant, the father of the ſubject of this article, who, in the humble buſineſs of a dealer in wood and charcoal, had acquired by minute diligence, and the patient accumulation of petty profits, a ſum, which in the preſent rate of Engliſh currency, cannot be valued at more than three hundred pounds; a fortune, which wholly unequal to the cravings of luxury, and the waſte of profuſion, raiſed its frugal and honeſt poſſeſſor above want and dependence.

"This ſum, and ten ſlaves, was the whole of my inheritance,

ance," says Marcus Emilius Scaurus, in the memoirs of his own life, which, though they merited the praise of Tacitus and Cicero, excepting a few fragments, are no longer extant, "and I chose," he continues, "the profession of a public pleader, in order to make myself generally known."

Three declining generations had so compleatly buried his family in obscurity, that it was thought extinct; and on entering into life, he was considered as a stranger of mean extraction.

He is praised by Cicero for courage and perseverance, notwithstanding his defects in elegant language, and a want of assurance in his mode of delivery, which are generally considered as necessary requisites in a public speaker; yet I am not certain, that such disadvantages are not overbalanced by that interest and affection, which we feel for embarrassed diffidence, while the efforts of impudence are often rendered ineffectual, by insulting audacity, or proud unconcern.

Success, and a better acquaintance with mankind, enabled him to remove these obstacles, diffidence *very soon* ceased, and the army being the great road to preferment, Scaurus united, according to the custom of his country, the profession of a soldier, with the practice of a pleader.

After two campaigns in Spain and Sardinia, he obtained the Ædileship, which had been generally sought for the purpose of procuring popular applause, by magnificence and show; these were incompatible with the slenderness of his fortune, and he was content, without expensive spectacles, to fulfil with diligence the duties of his office, which superintended the police of the city.

His faults had hitherto escaped the public eye, and it was not till he offered himself a candidate for the consulship, that he displayed the predominating features of his character, which had been concealed by the policy of a young man, anxious to secure the suffrages of his fellow-citizens.

A contested election has been said to afford a man opportunities of hearing every thing that can be advanced against him: on one of these occasions, a person who offered himself to represent an English borough, put the following question to his wife, after a twenty years marriage: "What scandalous story do you think my adversaries have been circulating this morning on the

the huſtings?—they inſulted me in various ways, and with other taunts, exclaimed, 'His wife wears a glaſs eye:' fixing his own at the ſame time ſteadfaſtly on the countenance of his better half.

"It is too true," replied the lady, dropping her head in confuſion, "it is too true, but I was always afraid to mention the circumſtance, leſt it might diminiſh your affection; how our good friends, the mob, ſhould know it, I can't imagine, for no one but myſelf and the oculiſt, who has been dead many years, were acquainted with the ſecret."

Having obtained the conſulſhip, in which he was conſiderably aſſiſted by the eſtate of a wealthy citizen, bequeathed to him by a will which involved him in a law ſuit; our ambitious Roman threw off the maſk, and though his worſt enemies could not deny the ardor of his zeal in the ſervice of his country, it was conſidered only as a ſecondary motive to his own aggrandizement; his deportment was haughty, his temper unforgiving, and a love of money was found to be the ruling paſſion of his ſoul.

Paſſing on a certain occaſion by the tribunal of a Prætor, who engaged in the adminiſtration of juſtice, neglected to riſe when our conſul paſſed, he ordered the Lictors to drag him inſtantly from his ſeat, and tear off his robes: he ſtrictly inforced the laws againſt luxury, and aboliſhed a regulation enacted by Gracchus forty years before, which deprived of a vote all who could not produce a male child, or were not poſſeſſed of property to the amount of fifty pounds.

From domeſtic reform, he led the Romans to victory over the Ligurians, who inhabited that angle, between Italy and France, which deſcending from the Appenines, to the Tuſcan Sea, is the ſeat of the modern republic of Genoa.

To obviate the unhealthy effects of inundation and ſtagnant water, he cauſed a canal to be cut from Parma to Placentia, which converted an uncultivated and unwholeſome marſh, into a fertile diſtrict; and ſuch was the ſeverity of his military diſcipline, that a farmer, on whoſe ground the troops were encamped for ſeveral days, was ſurprized on viſiting an orchard which ſtood in the midſt of the camp, to find his fruit untouched.

Croſſing the Pö, he made himſelf maſter of the hilly country round Trent, took Forum, Julii, and Aquileia; and traverſing the

ſhores

ſhores of the Adriatic, penetrated into the countries to which the modern names of Iſtria and Carniola have been given; never before viſited by the Roman arms.

But his career of victory was embittered by family misfortune. Having ſeverely reprimanded his ſon before the troops, for a want of courage or conduct; terrified by guilt, or mortified by the anguiſh of oppreſſed innocence, and harſh correction, the young man put an end to his life.

Triumphal honors were decreed to Scaurus; he was named by the cenſors, Prince of the Senate, an honor, which though not actually inveſting him with any new authority, was attended with conſiderable influence; one of the privileges was, a right to ſpeak firſt on any public queſtion.

The Patricians were at this time engaged in a buſineſs not very honorable to Roman virtue. The intrepid but perfidious Jugurtha, not ſatisfied with a third part of Numidia, bequeathed to him by his uncle Micipſa, king of that country, and a faithful ally of the Roman people, was endeavouring to deprive the children of his benefactor, by fraud or by violence, of their inheritance.

In this attempt he was too ſucceſsful; after deſtroying Hiempſal, one of the ſons of Micipſa, the crafty African ſent immenſe treaſures to Rome, for the purpoſe of bribing the ſenate, who wavered, and amuſing the people who were warmly intereſted for the injured grandſons of Maſiniſſa. Having purchaſed peace at Rome, he attacked Adherbal, the ſurviving ſon, defeated him, and purſuing the fugitive prince to Cirtha, laid cloſe ſiege to that city, which was his capital, and ſtood on the ground now occupied by Conſtantina, in the piratical kingdom of Algiers.

Scaurus being ſuſpected of corruption, acted with conſiderable caution; it was not eaſy to gratify his avarice, and retain the good-will of the people, who, in political conteſts, make up in bulk and number for the minute portion of power each individual enjoys; on this occaſion he found it difficult to chuſe, between his intereſt and reputation.

Speaking violently againſt Jugurtha in the ſenate, he was appointed to command the African army, croſſed the Mediterranean, and ſummoned the Numidian to appear before him.

But his vigor was relaxed by humiliating meſſages, or the more powerful influence of gold; after public conceſſion and private intrigue, in which the intereſts

eſts of a traitor, and the preſerving Scaurus from blame, were nicely balanced; the Roman general returned, without rendering any effectual aſſiſtance to Adherbal; every reſource being exhauſted, that unhappy prince was obliged by famine to capitulate to his inhuman and ungrateful conqueror, who put him to a cruel death.

A proceeding more diſgraceful cannot be imagined, or more mortifying to a people not wholly loſt to the feelings of nature and juſtice; the murderer of his benefactor's family, and the artful defier of Roman authority, would have gone unpuniſhed, but for the Tribune Memmius, an inveterate enemy of the Patricians, who compelled the ſenate to ſend a ſecond army into Africa, under Calpurnius and Scaurus, who were both deceived by the humble declarations, or purchaſed by the gifts of the tyrant.

It is not conſiſtent with the nature of my work, to enlarge on the corruptions of the ſenate, or the artifices by which Jugurtha was enabled repeatedly to elude public indignation; his memorable ſarcaſm on Roman venality, when he left the city, to which he had repaired, and endeavoured to excite public compaſſion, by abject deportment, and a degraded appearance, are known to moſt readers.

The moſt remarkable circumſtance in theſe tranſactions, is, that Scaurus, the whole of whoſe conduct appears to have been venal, ſhould have been able to preſerve the confidence of the people; they were probably dazzled by his wealth, his military ſucceſs, the glories of his anceſtors, and his plauſible manners, or intimidated by his predominating ſpirit.

"Your friends and defenders," exclaimed Memmius in a ſpeech to the people, "your friends and defenders die unpitied and unrevenged; Gracchus and Fulvius were led to execution, and the priſons crowded with their followers; but on thoſe who make a traffic of public authority, who ſell the power of the people, and the honor of our armies, the firſt offices of the common wealth are beſtowed.

"They enjoy triumphal honors, and diſgrace that ſimplicity of manners, *once* the honorable characteriſtic of a Roman. With haughty demeanour, and meaſured ſteps, they inſult us as they paſs the ſtreets, by an elaborate diſplay of magnificence and wealth, procured by corruption: To have put to death a tribune of the people, or to have propoſed

poſed an oppreſſive decree, to ſuch men is matter of exultation."

Opimius, the friend of Cicero; Cato, a nephew of Scipio; Calpurnius, Galba, and Albinus, all of conſular dignity and illuſtrious family, were at laſt, by the patriotic or the maſignant induſtry of the Tribunes, puniſhed by fine, baniſhment, or impriſonment.

Not ſatisfied with his own ſafety, Scaurus occaſionally pleaded in their defence, and, on one of theſe occaſions, is ſaid to have been embarraſſed by a coarſe alluſion of Memmius, who, obſerving a funeral, interrupted his harangue, by ſaying, "Don't you ſee what is paſſing in the ſtreet? you are only loſeing time here, when perhaps ſome advantage might be made of the will of the deceaſed."

The ſubject of our preſent article exhibited a remarkable inſtance of dexterous reſolution, and firmneſs of mind, in the decline of life, when he was accuſed of a treaſonable and corrupt correſpondence with Mithridates, King of Pontus.

For the ſame crime, two of his friends, contaminated by the venality of the times, were driven into baniſhment, and Scaurus was adviſed to prevent diſgrace, by a prudent and voluntary retirement.

Worn down by years and infirmity, at the age of eighty, he inſiſted on being conveyed in a litter before an aſſembly of the people, who were ſtrongly affected by the venerable appearance of this hoary deſcendant of the Scipios; they had been previouſly ſoftened by a well-timed application of that precious metal, whoſe magic touch, ſo few of us are able to reſiſt.

Raiſing himſelf a little from a reclining poſture, he thus addreſſed the liſtening multitude:

"Romans, one Varius, a Spaniard, of obſcure birth, a man of yeſterday, accuſes Marcus Emilius Scaurus, who led your fathers to victory and renown, of having received a bribe from the King of Pontus. Marcus Emilius, Prince of the Senate, denies the charge; which of us do you judge moſt worthy of credit, I will abide by your deciſion?" Ten thouſand voices immediately proclaimed him innocent of the charge. His accuſer was driven ignominiouſly from the ſpot; and the ſucceſsful orator, ſinking under a real or pretended agitation of ſpirits, was followed to his houſe with long-continued burſts of applauſe.

In various trying paſſages of the life of Scaurus, the Roman people (if I may be allowed an alluſion) were a many-ſtringed inſtru-

inſtrument, in the hand of a ſkilful maſter; by the harmony of tones, or the dexterity of a fine finger, he rendered them ſubſervient to political purpoſes.

Like the royal muſician of Israel, he evaded the rage of powerful enemies, to whom many of his cotemporaries, equally rich and equally venal, fell a ſacrifice; he eſcaped the fury of democratic tribunes, and exaſperated rivals, by a dexterous management of thoſe ſtrings, which, when properly touched, the human heart, and the human hand, are ſo formed, as to vibrate in uniſon with them.

In this rapid ſketch of an eminent Roman, I flattered myſelf I had equally avoided the malignancy of one of his perſonal enemies, an eloquent hiſtorian, and the laviſh encomiums of another, his profeſſed panegyriſt; but, with all my care, this article has not eſcaped cenſure.

I confeſs I have ventured to differ in opinion with a reſpectable modern, who conſiders Scaurus being choſen Prince of the Senate, as *a proof* of his preeminence in virtue; the ſtate of the empire, and the manners of the Patricians at that period, ſhould be conſidered.

The ſucceſs of Jugurtha, a murderer and an ungrateful uſurper, prove the degenerate ſtate of public and private principle at that time; after allowing to Scaurus every merit of a highly-endowed magiſtrate, and an active general, I find it impoſſible to acquit him of conniving at, and being corrupted by the crafty Numidian. I allow him the praiſe of great preſence of mind, in his anſwer to the charge of Varius, but, with all my *ſuppoſed tendencies*, I cannot conſider the tumultuous reſolutions of a fickle multitude, fed from his table, as any proof of his innocence or guilt.

With all his faults, aggravated by malignancy and envy, and his virtues, highly coloured and overcharged by friendſhip, Scaurus appears to have been that compound natural character every day met with in life; a mixture of weakneſs and magnanimity; able and willing to perform his duty, but rendering great abilities ſubſervient to private intereſt, and, as is common in old age, he became too fond of pounds, ſhillings, and pence.

Scaurus lapſed into the common, but vexatious error of old age, he married in the decline of life, a woman who was conſiderably younger than himſelf, and ſurvived him.

Her name was Emilia, the daughter

daughter of Metellus, the pontiff, and niece to the conqueror of Numidia. She had a ſon and a daughter by Scaurus, and afterwards became the wife of Sylla, before he poſſeſſed the dictatorial power, but is ſaid not to have conſidered fidelity as an indiſpenſable nuptial obligation.

It has been obſerved by a learned lady, I believe Madam Dacier, that any woman, of a tolerable perſon, and common underſtanding, can very eaſily retain the affections of her huſband, if ſhe will only condeſcend a little to humor his infirmities, and obſerve a decent degree of prudence and external propriety in her gallantries, particularly if he is a few years older than herſelf.

She further adds, that a wife of the above deſcription, may not only paſs through life unſuſpected, but may, without difficulty, *make her huſband believe* he poſſeſſes her affections inviolate.

Without pretending to determine a ſubject which muſt wholly depend on the ſhare of intellect, confidence, and *cullibility* of one of the parties, it appears that Sylla, though a cruel dictator was a *good* huſband, he either did not know, or would not ſee the frailties of Emilia, till he beſieged Athens.

On this occaſion, the ſatirical Greeks, whoſe wit was probably ſharpened by malignity, on this occaſion they reviled the Roman general from their walls, with many coarſe jokes on the infidelity of his wife; called him an impotent old cuckold, and told him, inſtead of moleſting and laying waſte the territories of his neighbours, he would act much wiſer, to ſtay at home and look after his wife.

This provoking inſult is ſaid not to have at all diminiſhed the kindneſs of Sylla, as a huſband, but naturally exaſperated the reſentments of the conqueror, who ſoon after took Athens by ſtorm, and covering the diſgrace of his brows with laurel, revenged the indecorous inſolence of the Athenians, by fire and ſword.

The ſon of Scaurus, by Emilia, inherited his vaſt wealth, but not his accumulating ſpirit; and in the hope of effacing the character of pecuniary rapacity, attached to the memory of his father, he ſpent large ſums in public feſtivals and magnificent ſpectacles, during his ædileſhip, of which a deſcription is given by Pliny. Poſſeſſing neither the abilities, nor the conſequence of his father, he exhibited the ſame arrogance and ungovernable ſpirit, and was afterwards Prætor of Sardinia.

A daughter of Scaurus was mar-

married to Pompey, but died in child birth, and the laſt deſcendant of this illuſtrious family, I believe in the third generation from the ſubject of our preſent article, incurred the ſuſpicions of the gloomy Tiberius. That unrelenting tyrant, deteſting ſuperior merit, or irritated by an indiſcreet ſatirical production, reſolved finally to extinguiſh the race, under the fabricated accuſation of an intrigue; but the purpoſe of Tiberius was prevented by voluntary death.

SCOTT, JOHN, a member of the Houſe of Commons, a major in the Eaſt-India ſervice, and at a certain time, an indefatigable partizan of Mr. Haſtings; the author of many well-turned newſpaper paragraphs, and ſeveral ſpirited pamphlets.

My reaſon for giving him an article in this collection, is for the purpoſe of remarking his conſtant and elaborate efforts to prove, that his friend, the late governor general, is a man of ſmall fortune, and that the coaſts of Malabar and Coromandel, have for many years ceaſed to be ſources of Aſiatic wealth.

"There is not," ſays the major, with much good ſenſe, but with evident obliquity of deſign, "there is not a more miſtaken idea, than that which has been ſo induſtriouſly circulated and believed, that enormous fortunes are rapidly and eaſily made, by the company's ſervants in Bengal.

"I have in my hand an accurate and authentic liſt of five hundred and eight perſons on the civil eſtabliſhment, who have been appointed in the laſt twenty-two years; of theſe, one hundred and fifty are gone to a land from which they never can return; thirty-ſeven are at this time in their native country, in general with moderate fortunes; and of the three hundred and twenty-one now (1784) in Bengal, the chances are againſt the majority of them returning to England, with more than a competency.

"Of the military gentlemen, who have acquired immenſe wealth, the number is inconſiderable.—Twelve hundred officers have been appointed in Bengal, during the period above mentioned, but I am convinced that not more than fifty of thoſe have returned with a comfortable ſubſiſtence. For myſelf, I truſt that ſeven thouſand pounds, will not be conſidered as a very unreaſonable reward, for ſixteen of the beſt years of my life, devoted to the ſervice and climate of Aſia. I know only of five, who have

have brought home more than twenty thouſand pounds; many have arrived in England with leſs fortunes than mine; but too many worthy individuals, diſabled by wounds and ill health, are receiving a bare ſubſiſtence from Lord Clive's military fund."

The official integrity of Mr. Haſtings, as a public man, it is not my wiſh to impeach; but the mediocrity of his finances, notwithſtanding the manœuvres of his agents, for good and ſubſtantial reaſons, I beg leave, unceremoniouſly to deny.

I acknowledge, I readily acknowledge, the civil and military talents of the governor general, his ſtrong and various claims on the company for meritorious ſervice, and his ſplendid patronage of arts and learning; but were it permitted in certain caſes, (which I thank God it is not) to put interrogatories in the late Lord Mansfield's favorite way, and take depoſitions on oath; I could clearly and ſatisfactorily prove, from official documents, oral evidence, and confidential correſpondence, that Mr. Haſtings, before he ſet foot on the ſhip, which conveyed him to Europe, was poſſeſſed by himſelf, or in the name of others, of money and effects, amounting to more than four hundred thouſand pounds.

After Major Scott's repeated avowal of his ſacred regard to truth, it would be unfair to doubt his aſſertions reſpecting his own pecuniary acquirements in India; for the honor of a ſoldier is delicate, and like the reputation of the dictator's wife, ſhould be as untainted by imputed, as it is free from real guilt. But if the ſtatement he gives of his own finances, is correct, I venture to pronounce him a very improvident man.

With his gentlemen on the civil, and even ſome on the military eſtabliſhments of India, who have returned with moderate or inconſiderable fortunes, I have occaſionally been acquainted. They have for the moſt part been ſocial, hoſpitable, and ready to keep up the intercourſe and civilities of modern life.

But I have too often felt my wealthy neighbours break in on the comforts of my paternal ſpot; the humble luxuries, and ſometimes the common articles of my frugal table, have been monopolized, or raiſed to an enormous price; and my ſlumbers have been interrupted by midnight Bacchanals.

An adjoining vale watered by a ſedgy ſtream, and bordered on one

one ſide by a wild coppice, the favorite ſpot of my early life, for exerciſe and contemplation, have been cleared, grubbed up, diſtorted or improved by the tyrannic hand of taſte, ſtrengthened by wealth, but not always directed by judgment.

Two neighbouring boroughs, which for more than a century had ſilently and implicitly obeyed treaſury mandates, or yielded to the natural influence of the principal families and property of the county, have been tempted from their allegiance, by the profits of a conteſted election; which, circulating and diffuſing Aſiatic gold, has converted what was once termed by a popular poet, the realm of peace, into a ſcene of political animoſity, and mercenary cabal.

But for the nocturnal aſſiduity of a poacher, whom I am compelled by my neighbours to encourage, I ſhould never taſte a hare or a trout. The primitive manners, and exemplary economy of my ſolitary old domeſtic, are ſcandalized by the riotous vices, and laviſh profuſion of the liveried menials around us; while our ruddy milk-maids and luſty country girls, are ſeduced from freſh air, rude health, innocent mirth, and rural tranquillity, by valets, grooms or their maſters, to the winter abodes of infamy, ſmoke, ſin, and ſea coal.

I conſider the impeachment of Mr. Haſtings, independent of its event, or his conduct, as a tranſaction, highly conducive to the welfare and good government of our Aſiatic poſſeſſions.

In a country, from which every man wiſhes to depart as ſoon as he can with his whole fortune, and to which, the moment he reaches Europe, he is perfectly indifferent; in a country, ſecured from the eye of its maſters, by a diſtance of ten thouſand miles, it is highly neceſſary to impreſs a general opinion of the inexorable omnipotence of the Engliſh laws; and its ſalutary effects, I underſtand have been already acknowledged and felt, by the concurring teſtimony of natives as well as Europeans.

SCOTT OF AMWELL, a modern writer, a ſmooth harmonious verſifier, who, if not a firſt rate poet, was, what is a much more reſpectable, and a far more uſeful character, a good man.

A mixed company of both ſexes, was lately deafened by *an enthuſiaſtic perfectioniſt*, who diſturbed the party, and interrupted the converſation, by repeating, at intervals, the well-

known verſes of Mr. Scott, on hearing a drum.

In theſe lines the author, who was of the fraternity of quakers, takes an opportunity of declaiming againſt war and bloodſhed, in a ſtrain of philanthropy, which it is impoſſible for any man, profeſſing Chriſtianity, or poſſeſſed of common ſenſe, to diſſent from; —but, as I have often had occaſion to obſerve in theſe volumes, the ſentiments in queſtion are, not only wholly inexpedient, and inapplicable to *man as he is*, and to exiſting circumſtances, but in the preſent ſtate of Europe, highly improper and unpatriotic.

The ſonorous reciter, *(recitator acerbus)* whoſe lungs were much ſounder than his judgement, perſiſting in his noiſy quotation, a gentleman preſent ſilenced the noiſy coxcomb, for a man *may* be a coxcomb in a broad-brimmed beaver, by the following parody of the lines he was bellowing forth.

I *love* that drums re-echoing ſound,
Parading round, and round, and round,
To me it tells of martial deeds,
Of tented fields, and neighing ſteeds,
Of Britiſh ſtandards wide unfurl'd,
Defying ſtill a threat'ning world;
Of hearts elate, and hands prepar'd
The bleſſings we enjoy to guard.
I *love* to hear that cheering drum,
Which ſtrikes the pallid Frenchman dumb,
It calls to mind the glorious blaze
Of Edward's, and of Henry's days;
Of Egypt conquer'd, Acre's height,
And Bonaparte's diſgraceful flight.
Still may we hear its vivifying ſound,
Till the fell Corſican ſhall bite the ground.

SAVILLE, SIR GEORGE, Knight of the Shire, during a long period, for the county of York, a diſintereſted real patriot, a man of honor, and a gentleman; who fulfilling the important duties of a member of parliament, with integrity, vigor, and public ſpirit, has left behind him a character, which it is impoſſible to contemplate without love, veneration, and regret.

Although his form was ſlender and his conſtitution delicate, he was indefatigable in the performance of duty; *eſſe quam videri*,

deri, to *be* uſeful rather than *appear* to be ſo, was the leading maxim of his life.

Temperate, cheerful, unaſſuming, he was beloved by all who knew him, and though title and elevated ſituations were repeatedly within his reach, he never *ſtooped* to accept them.

Defending with his pen, as well as his voice, the great principles of the Engliſh conſtitution, he naturally oppoſed thoſe illegal proceedings enforced by the miniſter of that day, general warrants, and ſeizure of papers.

The American war, in its commencement, progreſs, and termination, he vigorouſly oppoſed; not only as unjuſt in principle, but from its political inexpediency, and the utter impoſſibility of ſucceſs.

The title, ridiculouſly aſſumed by the Gallico-Pruſſian Anacharſis Cloots, might have been applied to this excellent man, with the ſtricteſt truth; he was in theory and practice, THE ORATOR OF HUMAN NATURE; there was no uſeful project, or humane undertaking, he did not patronize: nor any oppreſſive one, he did not endeavour to counteract.

Such a man, who knew no medium between duty and inclination, promiſe and performance, was naturally defamed by political hirelings; his frank avowal, without reſerve, of univerſal toleration, expoſed him to the deſtructive outrages of certain *proteſtant bigots*; yet, at the moment his houſe was blazing, in conſequence of their blind bigotry and infuriate zeal, he ſpoke of them with pity and forbearance.

SCREW PLOT, a name given to a plan, which was ſaid to be formed by certain malecontents in the reign of Queen Anne.

It was propoſed to ſteal the ſcrews out of the timbers in the cathedral of St. Paul, by which means, the roof, on a ſignal given, and the removal of a central pin, was to have fallen on her majeſty's head, as ſhe entered in proceſſion that church on the day of thankſgiving, in the year ſeventeen hundred and ten.

Readers, not familiarly verſed in the fineſſe of ſtateſmen, and the real or pretended alarms of courts, will probably peruſe this ſhort article with ſurprize and doubt; yet, in the London Gazette of November the ninth, in the ſame year, the following advertiſement appeared.

"Whereas, ſome evil-deſigning perſons, have unſcrewed and taken away ſeveral iron bolts out

of the great timbers of the weſtern part of the roof of the cathedral of St. Paul; her majeſty for the better diſcovery of the offenders, is pleaſed to promiſe her moſt gracious pardon for the ſaid crime, to any perſon concerned therein, who ſhall diſcover his accomplices in the ſaid fact, ſo as they or any of them may be convicted thereof.

H. St. JOHN.

"And as a further encouragement to any perſon concerned in the ſaid fact, who ſhall make ſuch diſcovery of his accomplices, ſo that they or any of them, may be convicted of the ſame, he ſhall receive a reward of fifty pounds, to be paid by Sir Richard Hoare, at the Golden Bottle, Fleet-ſtreet, within ten days after conviction."

SEA COAST.

The partiality for watering places, ſo generally prevalent, is founded on reaſon and nature; provided, crowded rooms, narrow ſtreets, late hours, diſſipation and exceſs could be avoided.

Cooled by the ſea breeze, and braced by plunging into its azure boſom, often has the editor of this collection been refreſhed, and reſtored to new life, after having been pent for ſeven long months in the atmoſphere of a feveriſh metropolis; but reſtored ſtill more by the kind hoſpitality of the neighbouring inhabitants.

The agreeable contraſt experienced on ſuch occaſions, is well deſcribed by a marine poet, who has devoted the few leiſure moments he could ſnatch from the *war of elements*, to the pleaſures of literature. After an animated apoſtrophe to perſons of a taſte different from his own, he thus proceeds:

——————Let ſuch employ
Their anxious hours, and court expenſive joy:
Me, nature's face, and rural proſpects pleaſe,
A life of buſineſs, intermix'd with eaſe.
But chief, the margin of the wat'ry plain;

—— —— —— ——

Not e'en the garden, and the bow'ry ſhade,
The lengthen'd viſta, or the deep caſcade,
Amuſe like theſe ————
Here *innocent of heat*, the morning beam,
Plays on the flood, with ever varying gleam.
On this ſide, ramparts guard my native ſhore.

—— —— —— ——

On

On that, woods, fields, and meads in various green,
And flocks, and cots, and tow'rs compleat the ſcene;
Here ruin'd cloyſters, form a gloomy ſhade,
And the deer harbour where the prieſt once pray'd.
Along the ſhore, our wooden bulwarks ride,
The ſcourge of Gaul, and ev'ry Briton's pride;
And while my eye, ſurveys the checquer'd view,

——— ——— ——— ———

Their deep ton'd thunder rattles round the coaſt,
And the fair proſpect, for a while is loſt
In clouds of ſmoke ———
All hail, ye guardians of the Britiſh throne,
Who make the wealth of all the world our own.
For us, the Ganges takes his winding way,
Thro' ſwarthy nations, from the riſing day;
For us, the Nile, and the Euphrates lave
Their muddy ſhores; for us, the Nigers wave;
All waft their produce here; the Volga flows
'Midſt icy mountains, and eternal ſnows;
All, all obedient to our Engliſh Thames,
Pay their glad tribute, to our ſov'reign claims.

SELF-DENIAL and Chriſtian Fortitude, a ſtriking inſtance of, exemplified in the conduct of Mr. Addiſon.

This pleaſing writer and excellent man, having received certain hints, which it was impoſſible to miſunderſtand, from a married lady, the wife of his moſt intimate friend, he ſent her the following letter, thus nobly triumphing over the faſcinations of beauty, and the ſtimulus of paſſion.

I ſhould have thought higher of the gentleman, had he wholly ſuppreſſed the correſpondence; perhaps it was one of thoſe numerous inſtances, in which *poor human virtue* required the ſupport of external applauſe, in addition to the ſolace of ſelf-approbation; ſo eminent a character might think, and with reaſon, that *his example* would give efficacy to the leſſons he had ſo lon been teaching; and, there is good reaſon for ſuppoſing, that the letter in queſtion, was not publiſhed till after the death of all the parties concerned.

But, whatever the impulſe under which he acted, no conſideration

ation ought to prevent our acknowledging and admiring ſo extraordinary an inſtance of virtue.

Madam,

It would be ridiculous in me, after the late intimation you were pleaſed to favor me with, to affect any longer an ignorance of your ſentiments, however oppoſite an approbation of them muſt be to the dictates of reaſon and juſtice. This expreſſion, madam, I am ſenſible may appear inconſiſtent in the mouth of a *polite* man, but I hope it is no diſgrace to a *ſincere* one.

In matters of importance, delicacy ought to give way to truth, and ceremony muſt be ſacrificed to candor: an honeſt freedom is the privilege of ingenuity; and the mind, which is above the practice of deceit, can never ſtoop to the guilt of flattery on ſuch a point.

Give me leave, madam, to remark, that the connection ſubſiſting between your huſband and myſelf, is of a nature too ſtrong for me to think of injuring him in a point where the happineſs of his life is ſo materially concerned. You cannot be inſenſible of *his* goodneſs, or *my* obligations; ſuffer me to obſerve, that were I capable of ſuch an action, how much ſo ever my behaviour might be rewarded by your paſſion, I muſt be deſpiſed by your reaſon; and though I might be eſteemed as a lover, I ſhould be hated as a man.

Highly ſenſible, madam, of the power of your beauty, I am determined to avoid an interview where my peace and honor may be for ever loſt. You have paſſions you ſay, madam; but give me leave to anſwer, that you have underſtanding alſo; you have a heart ſuſceptible of the tendereſt impreſſions, but a ſoul, if you would chuſe to awake it, above an unwarrantable indulgence of them; and let me entreat you, for your own ſake, to reſiſt any giddy impulſe, or ill-placed inclination, which ſhall induce you to entertain a thought prejudicial to your honor, and repugnant to your virtue.

I, madam, am far from being inſenſible, I too have paſſions; and could my ſituation, a few years ago, have allowed me a poſſibility of ſucceeding, I ſhould have legally ſolicited that happineſs which you are now too ready to beſtow.

I had the honor, madam, of ſupping at Mr. D——'s, where I firſt ſaw you, and ſhall make no ſcruple in declaring, that I never

never saw a person so irresistibly beautiful, or a manner so excessively engaging, but the superiority of your circumstances, prevented any declaration on my side; and, though I burnt with a flame as strong as ever filled the human breast, I laboured to suppress, or at least studied to conceal it.

Time and absence at length abated a hopeless passion, and your marriage with my patron, effectually cured it. Do not now, I beseech you, madam, endeavour to re-kindle that fire which I must never think to fan; do not now, I beseech you, destroy a tranquillity I have just begun to taste, nor blast your own honor, which has been hitherto spotless and unsullied. My best esteem is ever your's; but, should I promise more? Consider, I conjure you, the fatal necessity I should be under of removing myself from an intercourse so dangerous. In any other commands, dispose of your most humble and devoted,

J. A.

SEPULCHRAL INSCRIPTION, to the Memory of the Duke D'Enghien, part of one, by a gentleman to whom this collection has been before obliged.

Siste gradum viator.
Hic jacet
Ludovicus Antoninus de Bourbon,
Dux D'Enghien,
E regio Gallorum sanguine,
Virtutis avitæ hæres et æmulus
A Corsica bellua
Miserrime dilaceratus.
Mox, eodem ungue,
Perituri Europæ reges;
Ni tigrem, sanguine ebriam,
Socia et prompta manu,
Igne et ferro aggrediantur.
Ad arma gentes non lachrymas!

SERJEANT in the Guards, extract of a letter from one, during a campaign in Flanders, to his wife in London.

"Pray send me a few newspapers, as I want sadly to know how we go on, and what we are doing."

SERVIN, a young Frenchman, of good family, who attended the Duke of Sully on his embassy to England, in the year sixteen hundred and three, at the pressing request of his father, a remarkable and earnest request; it was, that he would try to make him an honest man; this induced that great minister to search into his character.

He found him of a genius so lively,

lively, that nothing could escape his penetration, and of a memory so retentive, that he seemed never to forget; well acquainted with philosophy, mathematics, fortification, and religious controversy: to these qualifications were added, a knowledge of the dead, as well as the modern laguages, and a peculiar talent at mimicry, which, with great musical and vocal skill, rendered his company highly agreeable; he was of a well made vigorous form, expert as well as graceful in most manly exercises.

But the same man, thus highly endowed, was false, cruel, and cowardly; a sharper, a drunkard, and a glutton; and notwithstanding his rank in life gave him a right as well as opportunity to associate with the first characters for rank or fame, he delighted in the vilest of company, in sensuality without refinement, which, with other base pursuits, cut him off in the flower of his age.

Servin, whose character I suspect has been embellished by the invention, or darkened by the resentments of Sully, at once a miracle and a monster, is an additional proof, that happiness does not consist in a possession of the greatest personal and external advantages, but in a right use and application of them; and, when we consider, that of him to whom much is given, much will be required, mediocrity of talent is rather to be desired than splendid ability and high attainment.

SERBELLONE, FABRICIUS, a catholic commander, patronized and employed against the protestants of Avignon and Orange, by Pope Pius the fourth, and that unfeeling emperor, Charles the fifth.

This satellite of the Vatican, blots the present page, only for the purpose of recording an execrable refinement of cruelty, united with religious rancor, worthy the monsters who employed him, and highly gratifying to his own brutality of manners, and thirst for blood.

Having as he imagined, exhausted his invention in search of new modes of torture, by suspending in chimnies, impaling, and roasting by slow fires, the unfortunate wretches who fell into his hands, and by other means too shocking and too indecent to recite: he procured a number of Geneva Bibles, and folding the leaves into long and narrow slips, he larded with them the bodies and limbs of his miserable victims, previous to his committing them to the flames. Adding insult to injury, he told them, in the agonies of death, "That he knew it was an edition

tion of the Bible they were attached to, and he was determined they ſhould have enough of it."

Such have been the enormities of thoſe who fancied they were doing God ſervice, and fulfilling their duty, under a goſpel which preaches love and good-will towards man. Such are the effects of blind bigotry and inflamed zeal; ſuch the conſequences of practiſing the *externals*, the *mummeries*, and the *ceremonies*, without imbibing the ſpirit of Chriſtianity.

I record with ſorrow, that Serbellone died a natural death in fifteen hundred and ſixty-ſix. The world has for centuries been deafened with the deed of Brutus in the Capitol. Was there no kind dagger, no friendly hand in compaſſion to violated nature and oppreſſed humanity, to rid the world of ſuch a MONSTER.

The dictator, with all his faults, was a *man*, he poſſeſſed many endearing and amiable qualities, and as the ſequel proved, had adopted a conduct, beſt calculated for the baſe, degenerate dregs of Roman corruption.

SETTLEMENT OF CHILDREN, the ſerious concern of many an anxious parent, in the middle ranks of life, to whom this ſhort article is addreſſed, as a friendly hint.

Such perſons in ſelecting ſituations for their ſons, cannot be too careful, not only of the kind of man, but *the kind of buſineſs*, in which they place their child.

HE OUGHT IN EVERY INSTANCE TO BE INSTRUCTED IN SOME MANUAL ART or handicraft, by which, if opportunity or capital prove wanting, *to ſet him up*, he may ſecure to himſelf the means of ſubſiſtence in a ſubordinate ſituation.

It is too great a ſacrifice to ſink a large ſum of money, perhaps half a child's fortune, and ſeven of the moſt important years of his life, *to doing the honors of a counter*, deſcanting on muſlin, long lawn, and pearl necklace, or learning to *bear with* women; who after turning things upſide down an hour or two, ruſh out in ſearch of another *good ſort of creature as ever lived.*

Fathers of families ought alſo to know that there are many London tradeſmen, aſſiſted by country correſpondents, who conſider this method of *enſnaring the unwary*, as a fair and important ſource of income.

A man will read this article, and ought to bluſh while he reads it, who profeſſes without ſcruple, after he has drank a bottle of port, *at another man's table*, that by this unfair and diſhonorable traffic

traffic, he has realized more than three thouſand pounds.

If this unfeeling, this diſhoneſt man, after having entrapped the victims of his avarice, would only have paid a little attention to their moral conduct, but more particularly to their mode of paſſing the evening after hours of buſineſs, it would be ſome palliation of his crime; but by a union of negligence and ill-uſage, he tempts or provokes them to eſcape from *this bird of prey*; is thankful that he has *got rid of them*; pockets their money, and ſits down infamous and contented.

I compare ſuch a man to the inhabitants of certain parts of the ſea-coaſt, who by falſe lights, and other abominable means, deceive and miſlead unfortunate coaſters; and, when the unfortunate ſailors have been ſhipwrecked by their felonious arts, then plunder and maletreat them.

Some of the young men committed to the care of this highly culpable character, might be met with in New Holland or the Newgate Calendar, and it is far from my wiſh to ſay, that *they* were wholly free from blame.

I only wiſh to impreſs and diffuſe an idea, that the duty of thoſe who take apprentices and pupils, and of thoſe who commit or *recommend* them to the care of others, is aweful and important.

He, who by negligence, ill-uſage, and improper expoſure to temptation, drives or entices young men, into raſhneſs, folly or crime, participates largely in their guilt; and he who *can* but does *not* prevent it, in the mean hope of ſaving meat, drink, and lodging, and creating a vacancy for another dupe, is little better than a ſwindler or a highwayman.

SHAFTESBURY, LORD, a flagitious unprincipled ſtateſman, and chancellor during part of the reign of King Charles the ſecond, from whom the iniquitous meaſure originated, of ſtopping payment at the exchequer, which ruined thouſands.

The king, urged by want, and hating all conſtitutional forms, had promiſed he would give the treaſurer's ſtaff, to any man who could point out a method of raiſing fifteen hundred thouſand pounds, *without applying to parliament*.

Shafteſbury, in the jollity of a ſecond bottle, had declared, at Sir Thomas Clifford's, where he dined, that an infallible method might be ſuggeſted, if the king did not ſcruple doing an unjuſt act, and was not afraid of riſking a rebellion.

Clifford caught at the words, but

but did not ſeem to notice them; he however detained Shafteſbury in converſation, till the reſt of the company departed, then plying him with wine and flattery, two magic ingredients, which the noble lord could never reſiſt, at length drew the important ſecret from him. Leading the unguarded ſtateſman to his coach, he hurried to court, communicated his plan, and the firſt intelligence Lord Shafteſbury heard in the morning was, that Clifford was appointed Lord Treaſurer.

Vexed at being duped, he drove in a rage to Clifford's, curſed him for an artful dog, and ſaid, "Clifford, *you have been ploughing with my heifer*, but by ——, if I do not ſhare in the reward, I will *enlighten* the people a little on the ſubject, and make the kingdom too hot for you and your maſter."

A peerage, a penſion, and the ſeals, were ſoon beſtowed, as a ſop on this political maſtiff, who, as intereſt or reſentment laid the ſcent, was alternately a bull-dog, a ſpaniel, and a turnſpit, ſervilely obedient to, or rudely aſſailing royal authority.

Yet under the banners of men like theſe, the ***** and the ********** of our day, ideots as we are, do we fooliſhly enroll ourſelves; ſtrut in the degrading livery of party, adopt their cant, their watchwords and their fury; ſacrifice our intereſt, our honor, and happineſs, to men, who, with public intereſt wholly out of the queſtion, conſider *us* only as cats paws, to ſcratch their political antagoniſts, to fight *their* battles, and procure for *them* the loaves, and fiſhes of the treaſury.

SHAFTESBURY, LORD, grandſon of the ſubject of my laſt article, and author of the Characteriſtics.

I have not been able to diſcover who his lordſhip alludes to in the following paſſage, which occurs in his letter on Enthuſiaſm.

"A gentleman who has lately written in defence of revived prophecy, and who *has ſince fallen himſelf into prophetic ecſtacies*, tells us, that the antient prophets were under like ecſtacies; with divers ſtrange geſtures of body, glowing eyes, diſordered countenance, heaving boſom, and laborious reſpiration; he further aſſerts, that ſuch was the practice of the apoſtolic times.

"The ſymptoms he deſcribes, and which (poor gentleman) he himſelf labors under, are preciſely heatheniſh; and when I lately ſaw him under an agitation, uttering prophecies in Latin, of which, in his ſober ſenſes, it ſeems, he is wholly ignorant,

Virgil's

Virgil's deſcription of the agonies of the Sybil were immediately brought to my mind.

— — — — — — —
— — Non Vultus non color unus.
Non comptæ manſere comæ, ſed pectus anhelum,
Et rabie fera corda tument; majorque videri
Nec mortale ſonans: afflata eſt numine;
— — — —
— — — —
— — Immanis in antro,
Bacchatur vates, magnum ſi pectore poſſit
Excuſſiſſe deum: tanto magis ille fatigat
Os rabidum, fera corda domans, *fingitque premendo.*

In another part, Lord Shafteſbury, ſpeaking of certain authors who ruſh *crudely and incontinently* to the preſs, obſerves that it is the unhappineſs of thoſe who conceive ſuddenly, not to be able to go out their full time, but to be very ſubject to miſcarriage, abortion, and a miſhapen offspring.

They are not, however, the leſs fond of it; having in a manner begotten it in public; though often retired, they never are alone, having always in view their characters as authors, and conſidering how this or that thought would appear in their Common-Place-Book, from whence, their treaſured riches flow on a neceſſitous world.

SHERIDAN, RICHARD BRINDSLEY, a member of parliament, a dramatic writer, an acute politician, and a grandſon of the companion of Swift; a ſituation which Dr. Sheridan found in every reſpect not the moſt deſirable, as the dean conſidered himſelf authorized by predominating preſumption, to convert many of his reſpectable cotemporaries into butts, for the exertion of his talent at ridicule and ſatire.

A freſh proof of the defects of the editor of this work, in taſte and judgment, will probably be produced againſt him when he profeſſes that the School for Scandal, for original invention, uſeful application to the purpoſes of life, and intereſting combination of incident, is not in his opinion, that production, for which Mr. Sheridan will be moſt indebted for the eſtabliſhment of his poſthumous fame.

The plot, evidently, and as I underſtand from the author's confeſſion, avowedly borrowed from his mother's novel, Sydney Biddulph; the ſentiments, and the leading plan, profeſſedly Henry Fielding's; while Charles and Joſeph Surface, are in reality,

ity, the Tom Jones and Blifil of our great noveliſt, with the addition of a ſplendid varniſh of modern manners and faſhionable refinement. But the unanſwerable, the omnipotent argument againſt the School for Scandal is *its inexpediency, and its corrupt influence on life and manners.* Yet with theſe and other drawbacks, Mr. Sheridan's comedy, compared to the productions of his cotemporaries, is a mountain of Golconda diamonds, to a molehill of Briſtol ſtone.

With all its merits of neat dialogue, lively repartee, and humorous ſally, I had rather be the author of the converſation parts, but not the dramatic ſatire of the critic, which is frequently forced and unfounded; I alſo prefer his ſpeeches on the impeachment, in Weſtminſter-hall, his monody to the memory of Garrick, and his attacks on Mr. Pitt, during the progreſs of the Tobacco Bill, through the Houſe of Commons; which laſt, whether conſidered as extempore effuſions, or premeditated elaborate ſpeeches, pleaſe me beyond any of his productions, by a rare union of wit, argument, and ludicrous analogy.

"Mr. Sheridan," ſaid a lady, whoſe converſation I had rather liſten to, than to Sheridan's beſt play, "Mr. Sheridan is a fool if he pays a bill to one of the tradeſmen who receive his comedy with ſuch thunders of applauſe; he ought to tell them, in the words of Charles, that, for the life of him, he could never make his juſtice keep pace with his generoſity, and they could have no kind of right to complain."

The lady's remark is well founded and juſt; our author, it muſt be confeſſed, has, in a maſterly manner, blown up and expoſed the covered ways, the mines and countermines of hypocriſy, cant, ſelfiſh plauſibility, and cunning.

But, I fear, he has put to flight, at leaſt out of countenance, a due attention to the common duties of life, decent deportment, purity of manners, and regularity of conduct. In a word, or rather in his own words, he has *damned ſentiment*, and brought into diſcredit and ſuſpicion that appearance of morality and ſerioufneſs, which has been pronounced the ſoil for every virtue; and which, however at times it may have ſerved to diſguiſe fraud and duplicity, was the nurſe of religion, and, in a thouſand inſtances, highly ſerviceable to the intereſts and convenience of ſociety.

RIDICULE IS NOT THE TEST OF TRUTH; AND HE WHO LONG PER-

PERSISTS IN LAUGHING AT RECTITUDE, IS NOT FAR FROM THE PRACTICE OF FLAGITIOUS CONDUCT.

Mr. Sheridan, has applied to morals a theory, which certain viſionary writers, who fancied themſelves philoſophers, have applied to dreſs. "Can it poſſibly be of any conſequence," cried theſe ſuperficial reaſoners, "ſo aſſiduouſly to cover the knees and necks of our females."

By a ſpecies of logic, which operates when argument is ineffectual, our author has obliged religion and morality to lower their pre-eminent and towering mien, to drop or to conceal their creſt and cap of maintenance. By the artillery of ſhrugs and ſmiles, the irreſiſtible laugh, and embarraſſing perſiflage, he has levelled the ſlight but uſeful barriers of opinion, which defended goodneſs, not only from attack, but from the fear and peril of it.

He has torn down the thin, the ſacred, the delicate, but, effectual veil, which ſeparated refined pleaſure from ſenſuality; which, while it helped to protect our beſt and deareſt joys from unhallowed hands, gave a thouſand charms to the circumſtances of love, friendſhip, ambition, pleaſure, and intellectual toil.

A man formed on the plan of Charles Surface, the hero of the School for Scandal, would be a pleaſant companion at table, a generous, open-hearted dog, that character ſo faſcinating to mankind; a friend to moſt perſons, and *no man's enemy but his own.* In many trying ſituations of life, he would be the hero of humanity, a Chriſtian in act, if not in faith, a demi-god; but his compoſition would be of materials not calculated for forming a uſeful member of ſociety, a huſband, a father, or a friend.

Mahogany, ſatin-wood, ebony, and a variety of beautiful veneers for inlaying, furniſh the cabinets and ſaloons of the curious and wealthy, with numerous articles of elegance and ſplendor; but for the daily and more neceſſary purpoſes of building and manufacture, deal, oak, aſh, and elm, afford coarſer but more ſerviceable materials.

During the debates on the Tobacco Exciſe act, in which, ſays a friend at my elbow, Mr. Pitt had the argument, and Sheridan the wit on his ſide, the following is part of a ſpeech of the ſubject of this article.

Borrowing terms from the ſubject, Mr. Sheridan deſcribed the

pro-

progreſs and manufacture of the bill in queſtion: "The original leaf (he obſerved) after a chemical tinge from the crown lawyers, and being duſted and ſifted at the Treaſury, receives a permit from the Houſe of Commons; but who, Mr. Speaker, ſhall guard againſt the diſpenſing powers with which the commiſſioners are armed? Aſſiſted by the hint of ſome damn'd good natured friend, they may ſay to an unfortunate ſmuggler, you oppoſed government at the general election, you are a rank blue and buff; you have long carried on a contraband trade, and can expect no mercy; but, for the perſon behind you, I ſee by his orange cape, that he is an honeſt fellow, he is not one of the meddling faction, which on every occaſion is voting againſt us; his fine ſhall certainly be mitigated.

"Beſides, the commiſſioners, in an inſtance on record, have obliged parliament to ſanctify error, and legalize, falſe teſtimony; they have determined Clarke's hydrometer, to be the beſt and only legal ſtandard, although in a public court of juſtice, when a man was tried for keeping ſpirit above proof, it was determined, that this hydrometer was falſe, inaccurate and erroneous, by the evidence of many reſpectable officers of the revenue, as well as the declaration of Clarke himſelf, the original inventor.

"Is it poſſible, Sir, to provide againſt the capriciouſneſs of an Engliſh climate; the different qualities, ſweatings, and fermentations, of an article like tobacco; which, on one hogſhead, has been known to gain ten pounds in weight, and on another, to loſe forty; though landed together from the ſame ſhip, and kept in the ſame warehouſe?

"Can you controul fermentation by act of parliament? will the elements ſubmit to the ſtatute-book? If, however, means can be invented to obviate theſe objections, your exciſemen muſt be ſent forth with thermometers, inſtead of ink bottles, hanging at their button-holes: permits muſt be iſſued for damps and fogs; we muſt take ſecurity of Chriſtmas for froſt, and make Auguſt give a bond for fine weather."

Complaints of the ſlow rewards of eminent endowment, have been frequent; reams of paper have been moiſtened by the wailings of neglected merit.—Inſtead of argument or reply, I produce, the member for Stafford; who, after ſurmounting the obſtacles of unpleaſing form, narrow fortune, peculiar paternal ſituation, miniſterial frowns, and an unpopular opinion of his principles,

ciples, has attained a pre-eminence, which enables him to meet, on even ground, the proud poſſeſſors of hereditary honor and wealth.

To crown his triumphs, ſoothe his ſorrows, gild the ſtorms, and ſhare the ſun-ſhine of life, heaven alſo bleſſed his love, with one, who united harmony with ſentiment, and ſoftneſs with good ſenſe. Wit, worth, and beauty, ſhall long lament the death of the amiable Mrs. Sheridan, to whom her huſband did not know his obligations, till deprived of them.

Without this friend, companion, counſellor, and guide, I am perſuaded he never would have overtaken or retained the objects of his purſuit in literature and ambition.

The following lines, pathetic, tender, ſentimental and picturesque, are part of Stanzas addreſſed to this lady, before marriage, in conſequence of a trifling difference in opinion.

I have often ſaid, and again repeat, that I ſhould have preferred the poſſeſſion of *ſuch a wife*, to all the talents and all the good-fortune of her huſband. *Multis illa bonis flebilis occidit.*

— Tell me, thou grotto of moſs-cover'd ſtone,
And tell me, thou willow with leaves dripping dew,
Did Delia ſeem vex'd when Horatio was gone,
And did ſhe confeſs her reſentment to you?
— — — — — — —
— — — — — — —
—— Did ſhe frown when I dar'd to adviſe,
And ſigh when ſhe ſaw that I did it with zeal?
True, true, ſilly leaves, ſo ſhe did, I allow,
She frown'd, but no rage in her looks cou'd I ſee;
She frown'd, but reflection had clouded her brow,
She ſigh'd, but perhaps 'twas in pity to me.
Then wave thy leaves briſker, thou willow of woe;
I tell thee, no rage in her looks cou'd I ſee;
I cannot, I will not, believe it was ſo,
She was not, ſhe cou'd not, be angry with me.

I cannot conclude this article without beſtowing a tribute of warm approbation, on the meritorious conduct of Mr. Sheridan, ſince the recommencement of hoſtilities with France, as a patriot, a member of parliament, and an Engliſhman;—*ſi ſic omnes.*

Yet,

Yet, when certain bills were paſſing the Houſe of Commons, bills at the time very unpopular, but to which we owe our ſafety, the Lord Mayor of London, Sir James Saunderſon, offered a bet of one hundred and twenty guineas to fix, that, if they paſſed, Mr. Sheridan would be a priſoner in the Tower within two months.

The worthy magiſtrate probably miſled by alarm, was miſtaken in his prophecy; the member for Stafford never went *to ſee the lions*.

SHEPPEY, an iſland at the mouth of the Medway.

The clergyman's ſalary of a chapel at this place being ſmall, and the ſervice performed only once a month, ſome of the pariſhioners, were deſirous of more frequent opportunities for public worſhip, and converſed on the ſubject with their miniſter; he offered, and I think not unreaſonably, that if the pariſh would add ten pounds a-year to his income, to preach and pray once a fortnight.

A meeting was held to diſcuſs the buſineſs: but the propoſal of the clergyman was not acceded to.—A profane rogue, whoſe wit ſometimes runs away with his diſcretion, informed the divine, "that if he would abate ten pounds a-year in their tythes, they would excuſe his coming at all."

SHIP-BUILDING.

I once heard the following words pronounced at table, in a loud and authoritative tone of voice; but as theſe accompaniments are not *always* proofs of correct information, I re-print them, in the hope of provoking diſcuſſion, on a ſubject of conſiderable importance, in our preſent poſition.

"On almoſt every occaſion, the French ſhips of war, are found to outſail the Engliſh; but the ſame difference is not obſerved between their merchantmen or privateers and ours. This is eaſily accounted for; private builders encourage ingenuity, but in the public dock-yards, merit paſſes unnoticed."

Since my laſt impreſſion, I have diſcovered, that the utterer of theſe words, a three bottle man, is collaterally connected with a *private yard*.

SILIUS ITALICUS, a Roman writer during the reign of Nero, and ſuſpected of acting as a ſtate-ſpy to that abominable emperor.

After having ſecured a ſplendid independence, he is deſcribed by Pliny, as enjoying, notwithſtanding the ſuppoſed obliquity

of his conduct, the friendſhip of many eminent characters. Attracted by his talents or his wealth, they daily viſited him in his bed chamber, to which he was many years confined, by a painful and incurable diſeaſe; from this he at length delivered himſelf, according to the miſtaken maxims of the age, by voluntary death.

Deriving his origin from Patrician blood, he reſided in the villa of Cicero, at Tuſculum, with elegant hoſpitality; and is praiſed by Martial, who frequently ſhared the luxuries of his table.

His friends were inclined to forget, in the charms of his converſation, the diſgraceful ſource from which his wealth is ſaid to have flowed. But, in the eye of ſober reaſon, and impartial juſtice, nothing can wipe off the odium of thoſe crimes which have been imputed to the poet, of which, as we do not poſſeſs the whole of the evidence, it is not eaſy, after a revolution of ſeventeen centuries, to determine his innocence or guilt.

I will not pretend exactly to define, how far generoſity and charitable contribution can diminiſh the infamy of diſhonorable conduct, and contraband accumulation. "Were I a public defaulter, or a notorious ſtate offender," ſays a modern writer, "after having amaſſed, by public plunder, a miniſterial eſtate, I would, before my country was irretrievably impoveriſhed, and the principles of a free conſtitution wholly frittered away; I would ſuddenly affect qualms of compunction, deſert my knaviſh aſſociates, and, for the remainder of my life, endeavour, by public ſpirit, benevolence, and diſintereſted exertion, to compenſate for the miſchief I had done."

Various have been the opinions of critics on the merits of Silius Italicus, as a writer. Scaliger is unwilling to allow him even the name of a poet; and deſires a learned correſpondent, to produce a ſingle paſſage from his works, remarkable either for ſtrength of ſentiment, or metrical harmony.

This is not the firſt inſtance of Scaliger's differing from a general opinion; perhaps we ought not to pay the moſt ſubmiſſive obedience to the judgment or the taſte of a man, who preferred Martial to Catullus, and pronounces Fracaſtorius, the beſt Latin poet after Virgil.

Yet, Muretus, fully equal in erudition and diſcernment to Scaliger, calls the ſubject of this article, an excellent poet; a deciſion to which I am ſtrongly tempted to aſſent. I never read, with-

without emotion and delight, his charming lines on the Power of Muſic, in the eleventh book; his Encomium on Ennius, in the twelfth, and on Homer, in the thirteenth; but more particularly, the addreſſes of Pleaſure and Virtue to Scipio, in the fifteenth book.

The cloud of doubt and ſuſpicion which envelopes the political character of Silius, has probably induced many critics to deny his poetical merits; but they are perfectly diſtinct, and totally independent of each other. And however ready we may, and ought to be, to render juſtice to moral purity and uncorrupted integrity; every age of the world has afforded flagrant proofs, that it is not only poſſible, but frequent, for the beſt of writers to be the worſt of men.

It would be unjuſt, whenever Silius Italicus is ſpoken of, not to mention Monſieur de Villebrun's excellent edition, printed in 1782, improved from the ſcarce impreſſion of Pomponius, publiſhed in 1471, and enriched with a long fragment, diſcovered in the library of the King of France.

SMITH, ADAM, an acute writer, on the Wealth of Nations, whoſe book may be called a hiſtory of human induſtry, in which the improvements and defects of agriculture, manufactures, arts, commerce, revenue, and public expenditure, are delineated by the hand of a maſter.

This author is a ſtriking inſtance of the power and influence of literary exertion well directed: he has inſtructed ſtateſmen, directed ſenates, and improved kings.

The ſpirit of barter or exchange may be traced from the ſavage, who offers the ſkin of an animal he has juſt hunted down and fed on, for a nail or a bauble, to the wealthy merchant, who exports the produce of his native country, after it has afforded food and employment to thouſands, and receives raw materials, with which, in a more improved form, he ſupplies a variety of foreign markets.

A ſuperficial obſerver would naturally conſider that country as the moſt wealthy, which poſſeſſed mines, and the greateſt quantity of the precious metals; but Spain and Portugal are ſtriking proofs how eaſily ſuch countries may be drained of their ſpecie by poorer, but more enterprizing neighbours. Raw materials and the greateſt aptneſs for increaſing their value, are in fact the only real riches, the productions of the earth, bullion, and labor, the

ſtamp or mint-mark, which gives currency and utility to the metal.

Had the poſſeſſors of Mexico and Peru been directed by the ſame energy of mind to their wool and their grapes, which impelled them to the golden but bloody harveſts of South America, they would long ſince have felt the enlivening rays of literature, commercial proſperity, and happineſs,

One of Dr. Smith's axioms cannot be too often repeated to miniſters, and city members, who exercife their induſtry with ſo much alacrity, in fabricating and defending bounties, drawbacks, and prohibitions.

"Every ſyſtem which endeavours by extraordinary encouragement, to draw a greater ſhare of the capital of the ſociety towards a particular ſpecies of induſtry, than would naturally go to it; or by extraordinary reſtraints, to force, from a particular ſpecies of induſtry, a ſhare, which would otherwiſe be employed in it, is ſubverſive of the great purpoſes it means to promote, retards the progreſs of a country to wealth, and diminiſhes the value of the annual produce of its land and labor.

"A free and open colony trade preſents a great though diſtant ſale, for ſuch product as exceeds the demands of the mother country; but this advantageous intercourſe, when it degenerates into a monopoly, deſtroys other uſeful branches of commerce nearer home.

"By ſuiting to one particular market only, ſo great a part of the induſtry and commerce of Great Britain, it has rendered it more precarious, and leſs ſecure than if their produce had been accommodated to a greater variety of purchaſers. A monopoly depreſſes the induſtry of other countries, without increaſing that of our own; to promote the *little* intereſt of one *little* order of men, in one country, it hurts the intereſts of all other orders of men, in all countries.

Theſe reflections naturally lead Dr. Smith to the commercial ſovereigns in Leadenhall-ſtreet, "whoſe intereſts, as kings and as merchants, are conſtantly oppoſite to each other, and too often deſtructive to thoſe who have the misfortune to be at once both their ſubject and their cuſtomers; as ſovereigns, it is their intereſt to ſell the European goods they export, as cheap, and to buy India goods as dear as poſſible; but as traders, their intereſt is directly the reverſe.

"Excluſive companies are therefore nuiſances in every reſpect, and the genius of the government of the Eaſt India company being eſſentially, and incurably

rably faulty, in Europe, its adminiſtration in India muſt be ſtill worſe. To trade more or leſs on their own accounts, which, at ten thouſand miles diſtance, can never be prevented; to exclude rivals, to buy cheap, and to ſell dear; in ſhort, to make government ſubſervient to the purpoſes of monopoly, is, and ever will be, the buſineſs of their ſervants.

"In a ſyſtem ſo radically defective, and founded on injuſtice, can we wonder at human integrity being unable to reſiſt temptation? Can we be ſurprized that the ſervants employed in a government, commercial, and, of neceſſity, military and deſpotic, being corrupted? Indeed, it is a ſingular adminiſtration, in which every member wiſhes to get out of the country as ſoon as he can, with his whole fortune; and, as ſoon as this deſirable event has taken place, he is perfectly indifferent if Hindoſtan and Malabar were ſwallowed up by an earthquake."

The national aſſembly of France evinced, from the beginning, a ſtrong diſlike to monopolies; they diſſolved the French Eaſt India company, and voted the whole ſyſtem of ſuch reſtraints to be pernicious, "becauſe they collect the principles of motion and of life, into a ſmall part of the body politic, but leave a languor and want of energy in all the reſt."

Yet it is to be feared, that the intereſts of Great Britain, and thoſe of the Eaſt India company, are ſo intimately involved, that any accident which ſhould demoliſh the fabric of that ſtupendous monopoly, would inevitably drag down, in common ruin, the ſources of revenue which ſupport the mother country. On this plea alone, can be excuſed the arbitrary mandates of the board of controul, which, compared to the moſt alarming clauſes of Mr. Fox's bill, are the cruſhing paws of a tiger, to the velvet foot of a dormouſe.

"Equally injurious and unjuſt are many domeſtic reſtrictions on labour, manufactures, and trade, which under various names and pretences, all tend to reſtrain competition. Among theſe, we may reckon the excluſive privileges of incorporated bodies and towns, where only freemen can carry on trade; the laws againſt workmen combining againſt their maſters, who, in their turn, are perpetually uniting in cabals againſt their ſervants and the public, with impunity; the limitation of the number of apprentices in particular *crafts* and *myſteries*,

myſteries, and the unneceſſary extenſion of the term of apprenticeſhip.

"The property which every man has in his own labor and ingenuity, is the original foundation of all other property, and to hinder him from employing it in whatever manner, or in whatever place, he thinks proper, without injuring his neighbour, is a direct violation of equity. The anxiety of law-makers, on theſe and many other ſubjects, is at once impertinent and oppreſſive.

"Lengthening the term of apprenticeſhips has no tendency to form young people to induſtrious habits, for he only will be induſtrious, who derives an immediate benefit from it. The great ſweetener of labor, is recompence.

"To work for a long time, and to receive no advantage, is an infallible method of creating an averſion to it; and pariſh apprentices, who are generally bound out for long terms, for this reaſon ſo often prove idle and worthleſs.

"The firſt inventions in ſcience and mechanics, were undoubtedly the production of deep thought; but to explain and apply them, is a buſineſs within the compaſs of a few leſſons. It is true, that if trades were thus laid open, and eaſily learnt, competition would increaſe, and wages fall. The maſters, the trades, *the crafts, and the myſteries*, would be injured," but what in every caſe ſhould be the principal object, the public would be a gainer.

Another ſpecies of monopoly, that of the great dealers in intellectual commodities, has not eſcaped Dr. Smith. "The endowments of ſchools and colleges, by diminiſhing the neceſſity of application and exertion in the teachers, have in ſome meaſure fruſtrated the intention of their founders. Whatever attracts ſtudents to any ſeminary, independent of the merit of the inſtructors, tends to diminiſh the neceſſity of that merit; all diſcipline, and every regulation, in which the intereſt and eaſe of the maſters are more attended to than the progreſs of the ſcholars, inſtead of forwarding, muſt be highly unfavorable to the intereſts of learning. The richer the college, the worſe calculated it is for the purpoſes of education, and the more obſtinately averſe to improvement and alteration."

In the following paſſage, Dr. Smith forgets that it is of the higheſt importance, that the triumphant ſect ſhould be *a mild, a gentle tyrant*; this I am convinced

vinced would not be the case if the sectaries got into power and authority. "An established religion is only a victorious sect, whose chariot wheels the civil magistrate must submissive follow, and enforce that obedience he pays. A variety of sects in religion is far from being an evil; independent of the indifference of doctrinal tenets *merely speculative*, a systematic morality, favorable to good order, is generally the consequence.

It has been the fashion, from the days of *Bishop Blaze*, to call wool the staple commodity of this kingdom, though I have never yet been informed, why it is more so than any other rude produce that constitutes materials for manufacture. Neither the tanner, the timber-merchant, nor the sail-cloth weaver, "have been fortunate enough to persuade parliament, that the welfare of this country depended on the prosperity of their particular trade.

"But on the subject of wool, the national delusion has been, and in some measure continues complete. To trade in it has been rendered both troublesome and dangerous, by laws, breathing at once violence and artifice. Its expectoration has been forbidden, under severe penalties and confiscation; and even its conveyance rendered hazardous, in certain situations.

"The persons concerned in the wool manufacture deceived the legislature, by saying, what is still generally believed, that English wool was peculiar and superior to that of any other country; and that foreigners could not make fine cloth without a mixture of our wool in it. This, however, is false, for English wool is wholly unfit for making fine cloth, nor can it be mixed with Spanish wool, without injuring its fabric."

It may be said in favor of prohibiting the exportation of wool, that, although the doctrine of the manufacturer is ill-founded, when applied to *fine cloth*, yet, if wool were permitted to be exported without restrictions, our neighbours would, from their poor people living cheaper, be able to under-sell us in the article of coarse cloth, at the home as well as the foreign market. "A degradation of the price of wool has been the natural consequence; and its present price, compared to what it bore in the reign of Edward the third, is as seven to ten."

Though clothiers may congratulate each other on this circumstance, it is as unjust as it is injurious to the landholder and far-

farmer, who are thus tied down to a particular market, and it has undoubtedly ſerved "to keep up, if not increaſe, the price of butcher's meat; for, if the wool and hide give the proprietor an inadequate compenſation, the deficiency muſt be made up by the carcaſe."

Though Dr. Smith doubts, I cannot but be certain, that the wages of the country laborer are cruelly inadequate to the riſe in the price of the neceſſaries of life, from natural as well as artificial cauſes. I alſo beg leave to differ from him in opinion, when he thinks that the cheapneſs of potatoes and other common vegetables, ſufficiently compenſates to this uſeful claſs of men, for the dearneſs of bread and meat, which almoſt amounts to a total prohibition.

I need not conduct him to Scotland for a picture of famine, the countenances of our peaſants and country manufacturers evidently diſplay it: exiſting, but not living, on the viſcid but ineffectual food of flatulent vegetables, ill calculated for daily toil and laborious exertion; exhauſted youth rapidly ſinks into premature old age. Such is the fate of thoſe who furniſh us with food and raiment, while pampered menials riot on the luxuries of our tables, and, abſorbing all our ſmiles, are daily encouraged at once to ruin and inſult us.

"To keep down the wages of weavers, ſpinners, and inferior workmen, and to lower the price of rude materials, but to raiſe the price of the complete work to the public, is the ſpirit of our mercantile ſyſtem; a ſyſtem ſeldom advantageous but to the rich and powerful; to the poor and indigent, in almoſt every inſtance, oppreſſive." This obſervation is equally applicable to farmers, in their *management* between themſelves, the poor, and the public.

SMITH, CHARLOTTE, a ſucceſsful wanderer, in the regions of picturesque and pathetic poetry.

It is to be lamented, that the fine vein of ſolemn ſadneſs, with which the ſonnets of this ingenious woman are ſo uniformly tinctured, ſhould derive its origin from domeſtic inquietude; yet I truſt her calamities have been alleviated or ſoothed, by that public approbation, of which ſhe has long enjoyed a conſiderable ſhare.

The reality of *poetical ſorrows*, has ſometimes been doubted; perhaps in minds, where *the minute hand of time has long pointed to ill-ſtarred hours*, it is not eaſy to remove melancholy impreſſions, even when the clouds of

of adverſity are diſſipated; in ſuch caſes the *poeteſs* is inconſolable, when the *woman* is ſerene and happy.

As ſonnets *have been* a faſhionable compoſition, and thoſe publiſhed by the ſubject of this article were much admired, I will contraſt them with a few of the performances of her predeceſſors and cotemporaries.

Were a work of Charlotte Smith's put into my hand, without her name prefixed, internal evidence would almoſt inſtantly point out the author. A glowing enthuſiaſm in the cauſe of liberty, a minute deſcription of ruſtic ſcenery, with no ordinary ſhare of knowledge in botany and natural philoſophy; winds ruſhing through dark paſſages, and interrupting the midnight ſilence, while the moon caſts a ſolemn light through the gothic window of an antient chapel, or between the branches of a waving wood; the melancholy murmurings of a ſtream at a diſtance, and the *ſweet bird of night*, are objects ſhe dwells on with pleaſure, and introduces in moſt of her productions.

To General Cromwell.

By Milton.

Cromwell, our chief of men, who through a cloud,
Not of war only, but detractions rude,
Guided by faith and matchleſs fortitude,
To peace and truth thy glorious way haſt plough'd;
And on the neck of crowned fortune proud
Haſt rear'd God's trophies, and his work purſu'd,
While Darwen ſtream with blood of Scots imbru'd,
And Dunbar field reſound thy praiſes loud,
And Worceſter's laureat wreath. Yet much remains
To conquer ſtill; peace hath her victories
No leſs renown'd than war; new foes ariſe
Threat'ning to bind our ſouls with ſecular chains:
Help us to ſave free conſcience from the paw
Of hireling wolves, whoſe goſpel is their maw.

To Cyriac Skinner.

By the ſame.

Cyriac, whoſe grandſire on the royal bench
Of Britiſh Themis, with no mean applauſe
Pronounc'd, and in his volumes taught our laws,
Which others, at their bar, ſo often wrench:

To-

To-day deep thoughts resolve with me to drench
In mirth, that after no repenting draws;
Let Euclid rest, and Archimedes pause,
And what the Swede intends, and what the French.
To measure life, learn thou betimes, and know
Toward solid good what leads the nearest way.
For other things kind Heaven a time ordains;
And disapproves that care, tho' wise in show,
Which with superfluous burthens loads the day;
And when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains.

TO A NIGHTINGALE,
By Charlotte Smith.

Poor melancholy bird, that all night long,
Tell'st to the moon, thy tender tale of woe;
Say, whence this mournful melody of song,
From what sad cause can such sweet sorrows flow.
A prison's victims wer't thou once among,
Though now releas'd in woodlands wild to rove;
Or hast thou felt, from friends, some cruel wrong,
Art thou the martyr of disast'rous love?
Ah! songstress sad that such *my* lot might be,
To sigh and sing, *at liberty* like thee.

The liberty for which the lady sighed, if I mistake not, was afterwards procured by that useful pacifier of nuptial jarrs, a Proctor in Doctors Commons.

By the same.

The partial Muse has, from my earliest hours,
Smil'd on the rugged path I'm doom'd to tread,
And still, with sportive hand, has snatch'd wild flow'rs,
To weave fantastic garlands for my head:
But far, far happier, is the lot of those
Who never learn'd her dear delusive art;
Which, while it decks the head with many a rose,
Reserves the thorn to fester in the heart.
Ah, then, how dear the Muses favors cost,
If those paint sorrow best who feel it most.

By the late Mr. Cowper.

A rose had been recently wash'd in a show'r,

That

That Mary to Anna convey'd;
The plentiful moiſture encumber'd the flow'r
And weigh'd down its beautiful head.
I haſtily ſeiz'd it, unfit as it was
For a noſegay, ſo dripping and drown'd;
And ſhaking it rudely, too rudely, alas!
I ſnapp'd it, it fell to the ground.
"And ſuch," I exclaim'd, "is the pitileſs part,
"Some act by a delicate mind;
"Regardleſs of cruelly wringing a heart,
"Already to ſorrow reſign'd.
"This pride of the garden, had I ſhaken it leſs,
"Might have bloom'd in full fragrance awhile;
"And the tear that is wip'd with a little addreſs,
"May be follow'd perhaps with a ſmile."

Il n'eſt qu'en aimant que je vive.

A thouſand cares our drooping ſpirits ſeize,
Ten thouſand ills our throbbing boſoms goad;
Deluding meteors tempt us from our peace,
Delay, ſuſpence, and fear, are plac'd along the road.
Amid life's dang'rous wilds, and midnight gloom,
Thanks to that pow'r which ſheds one ray of light;
The fainting trav'ler's journey to illume,
Through paſſions maze, and errors threefold night.
Tho' health deny her bliſsful gifts to me,
Tho' fortune blind, refuſe a laviſh ſtore;
Each pang, dear maid, is ſooth'd at ſight of thee,
Poſſeſſing thee, I never can be poor.
The cherub, love, with ſmiles relieves my pain,
Bleſt with thoſe ſmiles, the world ſhall frown in vain.

By Tom Ruſſel.

Cou'd then the babes from yon unſhelter'd cot,
Implore thy paſſing charity in vain?
Too thoughtleſs youth! what tho' thy happier lot,
Inſult their life of poverty and pain!
What, tho' their Maker doom'd them thus forlorn,
To brook the mockery of the taunting throng,
Beneath th' oppreſſor's iron ſcourge to mourn,
To mourn, but not to murmur at his wrong!

Yet,

Yet, when their laſt late evening ſhall decline,
Their evening cheerful, tho' their day diſtreſt,
A hope, perhaps, more heavenly bright than thine,
A grace by thee unſought, and unpoſſeſt,
A faith more fix'd, a rapture more divine,
Shall gild their paſſage to eternal reſt.

By the ſame.

Dear babe, whoſe meaning by fond looks expreſt,
Thy only little eloquence, might move,
The ſterneſt ſoul to tenderneſs and love.
While thus ——————
—— —— —— ——
Thou ſweetly ſmil'ſt——————
Wretch as I am, unwonted to delight,
A tranſient gladneſs cheers my breaſt;
Yet ſoon, the tears burſt forth,
—— —— —— ——
——————while I divine,
What chilling blaſts may nip thy riper years;
What in myſelf I feel, I fear for thee;
But God forbid *my* woes ſhou'd e're be thine!

FROM THE GREEK,
By the ſame.

No more at midnight ſpreading dire alarms,
The blazing beacons rouze the youth to arms;
In ruſty helms, and mails of alter'd hue,
The buſy ſpider ſpreads her ſubtle clue;
To toils of war, athletic ſports ſucceed,
And to the trumpets blaſt, the rural reed.
Love, laughter, wine, the fleeting hours employ,
The dance of triumph, and the ſong of joy.

On ſeeing announced the death of *** *******, from whom the writer had been long ſeparated.

Friend of my earlier days, when love and wine,
And mirth, and ſong fill'd up my giddy hours;
Nor was coy ſcience, or the muſe unkind.
Ah what a change is now!——
—— —— —— ——
For ſocial converſe, and improving talk,
The ſmiles of beauty, and the ſhafts of wit,

Tis

'Tis now my lot, for many an irkſome day,
To ſpeak of oxen, and to herd with ſwine.
Nor is this all; fair reaſon now, at times,
Slumbers, and almoſt totters on her throne;
Waken'd alternately by love miſplac'd,
By paſſions, furious as the northern blaſt,
And keen repentance harrowing up my ſoul.
Hail, and farewell! O quickly come the time,
When I like thee may mount on wing ſublime,
Yon azure ſky, and reach that heav'nly clime,
Cleans'd by a Saviour's blood from ev'ry ſpot and crime.

Nymph of the Flaxen Lock, whoſe wanton curls,
Around each fibre of my heart are twin'd,
Like am'rous ivy on the foreſt oak;
What tho' unſkill'd in ſong, in feſtive dance,
And the gay arts of faſhionable life,
I fail to pleaſe, yet thoſe there are,

With beauty, worth, good ſenſe, and culture grac'd,
Who deign to liſten to a wretched man
Propitious; who not fear, to let him tell his artleſs tale,
To ſoothe *his* griefs and wonder at *thy* wrongs.
Yet ſpite of all——Maid of the Flaxen Lock
And eye cœrulean——I ſtill of thee muſt think,
Of thee alone, thou ſpoiler of my peace,
And watch;—perhaps when all thy ſtores
Of frowns, rebukes, and chilling looks are ſpent,
One ſmile may unawares appear, a ſmile,
Like that which chaſte Diana in a ſilver veil,
The bleſt Endymion gave; with ſuch a ſmile
I will not think of ſorrows paſt,
But like a ſhepherd after midnight ſtorms,
Hail the bright luſtre of a morning ſun.

Poſſeſſion without mutual Affection.

In virgin arms, how bleſt the lover's part,
How doth his breaſt rebound with conſcious pride;
Far happier he who wins the maiden's heart,
Feels himſelf lov'd, that bliſs to me deny'd.

Nor

Nor thou, my fair one, if perchance thine eye,
Theſe feeble lines ſome future time ſhall ſee;
Think that I dare to breathe one rebel ſigh,
Againſt that heart which is refus'd to me.
The loveliеſt breaſt, for pureſt tranſport form'd,
E'en I, who now thine icy coldneſs mourn;
With gentle throb, and gentle glow have warm'd,
Which love forbade me ever to return.
To ſoothe, with ſmiles, a parent's age be thine,
Unpitied death, and blaſted hope are mine.

FROM TOM WARTON.

Altered, but not improved.

The nine coy ſiſters ſtruggl'd long in vain
To burſt the preſſure of the Gothic chain,
Till Edward triumph'd, and the Laurel bough
Victorious, bloom'd on Chaucer's glowing brow;
Fir'd with the gift, he chang'd to notes ſublime
His Norman minſtrelſy's diſcordant chyme;
His maſter's deeds he ſung, and tho' the rhyme
Antique has ſuffer'd from the touch of time,
Still in his verſe ———— .
The ſable warrior frowns on Creſſy's field,
And Gallic thouſands to his proweſs yield.
May he who ſits on three united thrones,
Change THE GAUNT RUFFIAN'S THREAT, to dying groans.

BY DR. WARTON'S FATHER.

Home is Home however homely.

From beauteous Windſor's high and ſtoried halls
Where Edward's chiefs ſtart from the tapſtried walls,
To my low cot, from canopies of ſtate,
Pleas'd I return, unenvious of the great.
So the bee ranges o'er a varied ſcene
Of corn and heath, of fallow and of green
Pervades each thicket, ſoars above the hill,
Or murmurs to the meadows murmuring rill,
Sips the warm fragrance of the green-houſe bower,
And taſtes the myrtle and the citron flower.
But when return'd to his honied comb,
Prefers to all *his little ſtraw-built home.*

SMOLLET

SMOLLET, Dr. a navy ſurgeon, a phyſician, a novel writer, and founder of the critical review.

This work involved his bookſeller in a law-ſuit with the late Admiral Knowles, who profeſſing that his only reaſon for commencing an action was, to know the author of the obnoxious article, that he might obtain ſatisfaction; Smollet at once avowed himſelf the writer, and ready to juſtify his conduct. The naval commander immediately proſecuted the phyſician, who did not forget the admiral in his Hiſtory of England, a work, which, to uſe the words he had applied to Knowles, ſpeaking of an action at ſea, did not add much to *his* reputation.

In the practice of phyſic, Smollet never was eminent, deſpiſing fineſſe, ſervility, and cunning; but it is not to record his want of ſucceſs in a profeſſion where merit cannot always inſure good fortune, that he is here introduced; I notice him as a novel writer, a literary department in which he pleaſes *me* more than the moral, the pathetic, but tireſome Richardſon, or the ingenious, but diffuſe Henry Fielding, with all his knowledge of the human heart.

I am aware, that in this deciſion, many readers will differ from me; but can they with truth declare, that they have not ſometimes yawned, and ſometimes ſlept, over the wire-drawn pages of Grandiſon and Clariſſa, or the common-place introductory diſcuſſions, and tedious narratives of Jones, Joſeph Andrews, and Amelia.

That Fielding repeatedly diſplays conſiderable humor, and that paſſages may be pointed out in Richardſon, which do credit to his imagination and underſtanding, equal to the beſt efforts of Smollet, I cannot deny; yet, after peruſing their works, I never quit them with ſuch reluctance as I feel on cloſing the pages of the latter.

The Adventures of Peregrine Pickle, though culpably coarſe, and overcharged with oaths and indelicate alluſions, I have always preferred to the other productions of Smollet; they give, in language, which, however it may offend delicate ears, is always ſtrictly conſiſtent and natural in the characters who uſe it, they give a well-drawn picture of human life, which the thoughtleſs pupil of impulſe may peruſe with advantage.

From the wild unlucky boy, teaſing his aunt and the commodore, by miſchievous pranks, and heading a rebellion at ſchool againſt his maſter, we trace the head-

headſtrong youth, of pride unbroken, and unbridled appetite, plunging into folly, vice, and diſſipation; waſting his ſubſtance, injuring the woman of all others he loved, and at laſt, pining in a priſon, that ſevere ſchool, which too tardily teaches us the falſehood and treachery of a world, which faſcinates only to plunder, and bewitches only to deſtroy.

Rouzed by the voice of friendſhip, and again reſtored to affluence, he returns, with ſtern reluctance, founded on a ſenſe of his own unworthineſs and vicious imprudence, to ſociety and love; convinced, after all the toils of pleaſure, buſineſs and ambition, that real happineſs is only to be found in moderate enjoyment, domeſtic tranquillity, and ſocial virtue.

A good ſtyle has been defined, "proper words in proper places;" and I have not met with a more juſt ſelection of appropriate terms, and deſcriptive expreſſions, than in the following ſhort paſſage of Smollet, though on a trifling ſubject; it is when Tom Pipes kills the gardener's dog. "He was inſtantly aſſaulted by the maſtiff, who faſtened on the outſide of his thigh. Feeling himſelf incommoded by this aſſailant, he quitted the proſtrate gardener, turned round to the dog, and graſping the throat of that ferocious animal with both his hands, he ſqueezed it with ſuch incredible force and perſeverance, that the creature quitted his hold: his tongue lolled out of his jaws; the blood ſtarted from his eyes; and he ſwung, a lifeleſs trunk, in the hands of his vanquiſher."

His feaſt, after the manner of the ancients, replete with ſtrong humour, and pointed ſatire, in the rancour of Toryiſm, he directed againſt his Whig opponent, Akenſide. But the tendency of Smollet, to indelicate and filthy deſcription, cannot be denied; yet it ſhould be recollected, in delineations of certain circumſtance, and certain characters, that it is difficult for the author, who draws from nature and real life, to avoid ſhocking faſtidious and ſcrupulous nicety.

The path of humor is pleaſant and inviting, but it is a dangerous one, and too often leads us into the bye-roads of indecorum, as well as ill-nature. To ſay a *good thing*, however ſmutty or malignant, is a temptation equally irreſiſtible to the humoriſt, the mimic, and the bon-vivant; and, as I have ſaid in another place, we ought to recollect, that it is the nature of all humor to be ſometimes groſs, and ſometimes inelegant.

In

In this reſpect, the dialogue between Pipes, and the hedge nymph, his maſter had accidentally picked up on the road, and afterwards introduced into company as a fine lady, cannot be excuſed, the alluſions are culpably coarſe, though the ſtory is well told, and the irreſiſtible buoyancy of early impreſſion, ſtrongly marked.

The behaviour of Pickle to Hornbeck, is alſo highly unjuſtifiable; not ſatisfied with injuring that unfortunate huſband, beyond repair, he adds perſonal violence to inſult. Yet, with theſe, and other faults, I cannot but conſider it as a firſt rate novel, whoſe merits far exceed the modern puny productions of frivolous faſhion, and feeble ſentiment, which load the ſhelves of our circulating libraries, and teach nonſenſe and affectation to our wives and daughters.

Peregrine's tranſition from mirth, petulance, and gaiety, to anxiety, agitation, and confuſion, after firſt beholding the lovely Emilia Gauntlett, and the progreſs of the generous paſſion of love, ſo long as he reſtrained himſelf within the bounds of good ſenſe; alſo the curious mode of re-placing a loſt love-letter, are well imagined.

But when the young man was corrupted by proſperity, and his principles contaminated by exceſs and the baleful maxims of foreign climes, that awful veneration, which her preſence uſed to inſpire, gradually abated, and he gazed on the lovely, the virtuous Emilia, with licentious views.

After a variety of plans to lull her vigilance and apprehenſions, he conſiders a maſquerade as a fit place for the execution of his purpoſe.

The words of Emilia on diſcovering his treacherous and unprincipled deſign, deſerve to be repeated; they are animated and natural, for, what muſt have been the emotions of a virtuous, ſenſible woman, on being thus attacked by a man whom ſhe had honored with the moſt diſintereſted affection, and genuine love? it was not ſimply horror, grief, or indignation, but the united pangs of them all.

As ſoon as her feelings ſuffered her to ſpeak, ſhe thus addreſſed him.

"Sir, I ſcorn to upbraid you with a repetition of your former vows and proteſtations, nor will I recapitulate the little arts you have practiſed to enſnare my heart; becauſe, though by dint of the moſt perfidious diſſimulation, you have found means to deceive my opinion, your utmoſt efforts have never been able to lull the vigilance of my conduct, or to

to engage my affections beyond the power of diſcarding you, without a tear, whenever my honor ſhould demand ſuch a ſacrifice.

"You are unworthy of my concern or regret, and the ſigh which ſtruggles from my breaſt whilſt I make the declaration, is the reſult of ſorrow for my own want of diſcernment. As for your preſent attempt upon my chaſtity, I deſpiſe your power, and deteſt your intention: though under a maſk of the moſt delicate reſpect, you have decoyed me from the immediate protection of my friends, and have contrived other diſhonorable ſtratagems to ruin my peace; I confide too much in my own innocence, and the authority of the law, to admit one thought of fear, much leſs to ſink under the horror of this ſhocking ſituation into which I have been ſeduced.

"Your behaviour, ſir, on this occaſion, is, in all reſpects low and contemptible; for, ruffian as you are, you durſt not harbour one thought of executing your execrable ſcheme, while my brother was near enough to prevent or puniſh the inſult, ſo that you muſt not only be a treacherous villain, but a moſt deſpicable coward."

Having thus expreſſed herſelf, ſhe quitted the room, in all the majeſty of exalted virtue, called a chair, and committing herſelf to the care of a watchman, was conveyed ſafely through the midnight gloom to her uncle's houſe.

The mortified and degraded feelings of a man thus baffled and repulſed, are eaſier imagined than deſcribed; the wounds of humbled vanity, and proſtrate inſolence, were added to the pangs of deſpair: it was a heart-rending ſtruggle of love, ſhame, and remorſe, with baſe deſire, pride, ambition, and revenge.

The reproaches of a guilty mind, and a lively conviction of the ineſtimable value of that firſt of jewels, an honeſt female heart, which his infamous conduct had deprived him of, were more than he could bear; phrenzy and diſtraction were the laſt refuge of a wounded ſpirit.

After the offender had, in ſome degree, recovered his health and ſenſes, every art was exhauſted to procure an interview with Emilia, but ſuch was her vigilance and precaution, that his letters were returned unopened, and all acceſs denied. From the pains of diſappointment, he alternately applied for conſolation to the bottle, diſſipation, politics, and literature, but applied, as is generally the caſe, in vain; his conſtitution ſinks under the effort,

fort, and his pecuniary resources are exhausted.

With a ruined fortune, and a debilitated body, he hides himself and his sorrows in a jail; loving Emilia to distraction, detesting the world, and abhorring himself. In this forlorn condition, he industriously prevents all intercourse with his acquaintance, particularly those who had experienced his former bounty, and obstinately perseveres in refusing every kind of proffered assistance from the few who discovered his retreat.

The brother of Emilia, hearing of his situation, and impelled by gratitude, repairs to the prison in which he was confined, and knocked gently at the door, but when it was opened, he started back with horror and astonishment; the figure that presented itself, was the remains of his once happy friend, but so miserably altered and disguised, that his features were scarcely cognizable.

INSTEAD OF THE FLORID, THE SPRIGHTLY, THE GAY, AND ELEVATED YOUTH, THE PUPIL OF PLEASURE AND FASHION, HE BEHELD HIM PALE, WAN, MEAGRE, AND DEJECTED, THE HOLLOW-EYED REPRESENTATIVE OF DISEASE, INDIGENCE, AND DESPAIR.

Yet his eyes still retained a certain unsubdued ferocity, which threw a dismal gleam over the dark cloud of his aspect, and he viewed in silence his old companion with a look of confusion and disdain; then waving his hand, as a signal for Gauntlett to be gone, and leave a wretch like him to the miseries of his fate; nature could no longer be suppressed, he uttered a deep groan, and wept aloud.

"My dear friend," said Gauntlett, "you shall no longer be a dupe to the destructive prejudice of an independent spirit; you must certainly have had *some* regard for a person in whose behalf, though hitherto unknown to me, you so generously and so successfully exerted yourself; let me not therefore suffer the humiliating repulse of slighted friendship.

"If you will not yield to *my* intreaties, have at least some regard to the wishes of your old friend and intercedor, my Sophia; should that consideration be of no weight, will you not relax a little for the sake of poor Emilia, whose resentment hath been long subdued by her affection, and who now droops in secret, at your neglect?"

Every word made an impression on Peregrine, but when the name of Emilia was re-called to his remembrance, his frame un-

derwent a violent agitation. With a ſoftened look, and recovering the faculty of ſpeech, which had been overpowered in the conflict of paſſions, he proteſted to Gauntlett, "that no veſtige of animoſity againſt him remained; that he conſidered him as an affectionate comrade, a friend, whom adverſity could not alter; that he contemplated Emilia with the moſt reverential awe, as an object of inviolable love and veneration; but that he for ever diſclaimed all hope of attracting her regard.

"He excuſed himſelf from profiting by his friend's kind intention, declaring, with a reſolute air, that he had broken off all connexion with mankind; that he impatiently longed for the hour of diſſolution, which, if it ſhould not ſoon arrive, he was reſolved to haſten it with his own hand, rather than be expoſed to the contempt, and more intolerable pity of a raſcally world."

He remains obſtinately bent on this frantic determination, notwithſtanding the zealous efforts of expoſtulating friendſhip, and, but for the unexpected payment of a large debt, which had been given up as loſt, and was almoſt forgotten, would probably have ſacrificed himſelf to that ſullen, irrational ſpirit, which leads us into habits productive of miſery and ruin, and without imparting to us ſufficient ſtrength of mind to reſiſt temptation, or ſtruggle with calamity, commences in folly, and concludes with ſelf-deſtruction.

Reconciled by this fortunate incident to life, and the comforts of ſociety, (for we ſhould have few ſuicides ruſhing from the ſcene, if every man could lead exactly the life he choſe) his countenance and voice by degrees recover their priſtine appearance and tone; and when he was informed by Gauntlett, that Emilia daily enquired after him with tender anxiety, and paſſionate regard, the boſom of Peregrine was agitated by thoſe tumults, which love, or any other paſſion ſuppreſſed, but not eradicated, conſtantly excites.

In this ſituation, a letter from his miſtreſs did not diminiſh his emotions.

SIR,

I have performed a ſufficient ſacrifice to my reputation, in retaining hitherto the appearance of a reſentment, which I have long diſmiſſed.

A favorable change in my fortune impowers me to avow my real ſentiments without fear

fear of cenſure, or ſuſpicion of mercenary deſign.

I therefore take this opportunity of aſſuring you, that, if I ſtill maintain that place in your heart, which I was vain enough to think I once poſſeſſed, I am willing to make the firſt advances to an accommodation; and have actually furniſhed my brother with full power to conclude it in the name of your appeaſed

EMILIA.

After kiſſing the letter a thouſand times, and falling on his knees, "Thank Heaven," he exclaimed, with an air of tranſport "I have not been miſtaken in my opinion of this generous woman! I ever believed her inſpired with the moſt dignified ſentiments, and have now a convincing proof of her magnanimity; it is therefore *my* buſineſs to approve myſelf worthy her regard.

"May Heaven inflict upon me its keeneſt vengeance, if I do not at this inſtant contemplate the character of Emilia, with the moſt unalterable love; yet, amiable and enchanting as ſhe is, I am more than ever determined to ſacrifice *my* paſſion to *her* advantage; and though life ſhould fail in the conteſt, I will refuſe an offer, which otherwiſe the univerſe ſhould not bribe me to forego."

Under theſe impreſſions, he anſwered her letter as follows:

MADAM,

That I revere the dignity of your virtue, with the utmoſt veneration, that I love you infinitely more than life, you have been long convinced; but the ſacrifice to honor it is now *my* turn to pay: and ſuch is the rigor of my deſtiny, that in order to juſtify your generoſity, I muſt refuſe to profit by your condeſcenſion.

I am doomed for ever to be wretched, and to ſigh without ceaſing, for the poſſeſſion of that jewel, which, though now in my power, I cannot, I dare not enjoy.

I will not deſcribe the anguiſh that tears my heart, whilſt I communicate this renunciation, but appeal to the delicacy of your own ſentiments, which can judge of my ſufferings, and will do juſtice to the exquiſite tortures I have impoſed on myſelf by this ſelf-denial.

P. P.

Peregrine ſoon after ſucceeds to his paternal eſtate, and (notwithſtanding his declarations) the ſtory concludes in the uſual manner, with a reconciliation, and a wedding.

I was very young when Smollet's

lett's novel fell in my way, and perhaps on that account, it made a deeper impreſſion, and appeared in the eyes of a ſchool-boy, more worthy of attention, and better written, than it really is.

The forlorn ſituation of Peregrine, his declining every kind of proffered aſſiſtance, and the obſtinate peculiarity of his conduct, with regard to Emilia, I remember ſtruck me as a noble exertion of manly and philoſophical forbearance. I could not help viewing him with envy and admiration; but the *happy* concluſion was not ſuitable to the enthuſiaſm of juvenile fancy, dreaming of, and ſeeking, as objects of meditation, themes far more gratifying, intereſting and affecting, than reaſon, nature, probability, and common ſenſe.

"Had I been in ſuch a ſituation," have I often exclaimed in the bliſsful ecſtacy of fourteen, "had *I* been in the circumſtances of Peregrine, I would have periſhed in priſon, unaſſiſted; the cup of comfort ſhould have been daſhed untaſted from my lips; my laſt look ſhould have been caſt on the woman I was dying for and adored. Without ſuffering myſelf to enjoy a heaven, which was placed within my reach, I would have turned my eyes from the delicious, enchanting ſight, and ſunk into everlaſting ſleep."

I need not add, that to the pourer forth of ſuch a rhapſody, the novel would have been more pleaſing, had its termination been in the ſtile of Spagnoletto, leſs happy.

As a traveller, Smollet loſt his temper; but ſome excuſe is to be made for diſeaſe, a mind ſoured by domeſtic calamity, and ingratitude from the Earl of Bute, who in many inſtances was generous to men very inferior in ability to the doctor.

Under ſuch impreſſions perhaps he ought not to have written, but on certain occaſions, the pen affords a relief ſimilar to that of the bottle, or a round of diverſions; and where is the man, who having found ſolace in any purſuit, will not ſeek for comfort and conſolation in the ſame path?

At the age of eighteen, this writer produced the Regicide, a Tragedy on the ſubject of James the firſt, King of Scotland, animated, nervous, and pathetic. The character of the virtuous, the brave, but the gentle Dunbar, is finely contraſted with the headſtrong, fierce, ambitious Stewart; while the amiable Eleanora, eſteeming the firſt, but in ſpite of herſelf, loving the latter, is diſtracted between paſſion and duty.

This

This piece of Smollet's, excels in language, ſituation, and the dramatic requiſites, moſt of the wretched things which were preſented to the public at that period, but are now forgotten; yet, with all its merits, it was never able to procure admiſſion on the ſtage. I ſubmit the following paſſage in a Preface prefixed to the play, to the conſideration of Meſſrs. Harris, Sheridan, and Colman, jun.

"As early as the year ſeventeen hundred and thirty-nine, my play was taken into the protection of one of thoſe *little fellows*, who fancy themſelves great men. After being neglected, with the ſtricteſt attention to politeneſs and etiquette, I was introduced to Mr. Lacy, of courteous memory, who found means to amuſe me for two ſeaſons, by practiſing on me the various arts of procraſtination, occaſionally ſweetened with compliments and promiſes.

My patience was at laſt exhauſted, and I demanded from him, in warm terms, a final anſwer, which amounted to a refuſal. The gentleman coolly added, that he really ſaw no great objection to the piece, but feared my intereſt was not ſufficient to ſupport it in the repreſentation, *as no dramatic compoſition, however perfect, could ſucceed with an Engliſh audience, by its merit only, but muſt depend in a great meaſure, on a faction raiſed in its behalf.*

SNUFF, and SNUFF TAKERS; a ſhort Epiſode on, introduced in the Poem of a modern Latin poet, whoſe name I forget, I omit a tranſlation, it would only ſuit a lover of Dutch and Flemiſh pictures.

Extincti nuper nominatus Saxonis hæres,
—— odorifero confertas pulvere ciſtas
Repperit, hoc ſtabat melioris portio gazæ.
Non biberat fumum ſed arenam ſæpe vorabat.
Dicite cenſores, utra eſt dementia major?

Pulvereum tereti ſervantes ventre tabacum,
Ex ebore, ex auro, papyro, vel cedro,
Alveoli variantur forma capaces.
Hæc contra humores armamentaria purgant;
Momentoque trahunt quovis nubem in cerebellum;
Intonuere poli, crebris micat ignibus æther.
Fulgura mox, viſcuſque fluunt, et faſcia longum
Dependens, madidumque gelu et ſuſpiria rapta.

Adver-

Adverſæ rapida ſtrident de nare procellæ.
Ille etiam conus, mediam qui, gnomonis inſtar,
Diſtinguit faciem, tandem quoque detereretur
Perpetuo affrictu — — — — — Nullo tenentur diſcrimine ſexus,
Sumitur hæc crambe cunctis — — —
— — — — ſumit Aſella,
Sumit Fabullæ ſoror, — — — — — ſumit Teuſeria nutrix
Et Mycale lotrix, et Creſcentia textrix.
Bojugenam audivi de conjuge multa querentem
— — "Inopem mea Berta facit me
— — — — non eſt inſatiabilis," inquit,
"Vini aut allæ; ſed hei mihi, illa Tabaci
Tantum emit intra annum — — —
Quantum ſufficeret ſex remigibus Gravelingæ.

SOBIESKI, JOHN, an intrepid and victorious King of Poland; for a ſhort account of the ſingular ſpecies of ingratitude he experienced, ſee IMPERIAL GERMAN ETIQUETTE.

SOCRATES, an Athenian ſage, who profeſſed and believed the immortality of the ſoul, a ſtate of future rewards and puniſhments, and the exiſtence of one omnipotent, infinitely wiſe, and good God.

The purity of his doctrines, in an age of idolatrous mythology, expoſed him to the reſentment of an enraged hierarchy, and its deluded followers; they found that as philoſophy and common ſenſe gained ground, in the ſame proportion the ſpeculations of an abſurd theology, fell into contempt.

Stimulated by envy, which is too often excited by tranſcendent abilities; and alarmed by exaſperated ſelfiſhneſs, the enemies of Socrates accuſed him before a popular tribunal, of deſpiſing the gods of his country. On this occaſion they took advantage of certain equivocal expreſſions the philoſopher had made uſe of in ſpeaking of his Genius or Guardian Angel, which he ſaid he always conſulted on every important occaſion of his life.

Certain peculiarities in his perſon and manners, did not eſcape the ridicule, (which is by no means the teſt of truth,) the ridicule of Ariſtophanes, who gradually lowered our great moraliſt in the public eſteem: he was at the ſame time lampooned by Melites, an ignorant, but abuſive poetaſter, and attacked by the rude invective of Lycon, an impudent

pudent orator, who had ſecured popular applauſe, by the coarſeneſs and vulgarity of his raillery; in that age, as in the preſent, the loweſt orders were pleaſed with, and encouraged any flippant declaimer, who joins with them in degrading their ſuperiors in rank, fortune, or intellect.

The gold of Anytus, a wealthy but bitter enemy of our philoſopher, corrupted and incited the public mind, already inflamed by the baſe arts of calumny and miſrepreſentation. Such attacks, and ſuch inſinuations, what mortal merit could reſiſt? The lion was at length taken in the toils by theſe worthleſs reptiles; the maſter of Xenophon and Plato, the man who enlightened the age in which he lived by his doctrines, and gave efficacy to precept by his example, was condemned to die, by a draught of the juice of hemlock.

It was for the purpoſe of remarking an expreſſion he made uſe of in his laſt moments, that I have honored my work with the name of ſo great and ſo good a man. The words he uttered, on this occaſion, have afforded matter of controverſy to many learned men. After he had ſwallowed the poiſon, and perceived his limbs growing cold and ſtiff from its effects, he reclined on a couch, and covering his head with his mantle; remained for a few minutes ſilent; but ſuddenly lifting up his robe, he fixed a laſt, a dying look on his friend Crito, and ſaid, "We owe a cock to Æſculapius, I deſire you will not forget to perform this offering for me." He then ſunk back, and expired.

This requeſt of Socrates has been conſidered as ironical, yet the hour of death was not a likely ſeaſon for joking, "Owing a cock to Æſculapius," ſays a French critic, "was a proverbial expreſſion, adopted when perſons had eſcaped a dangerous diſeaſe, as a good catholic would ſay," 'You owe a candle to ſuch a ſaint.'

Boileau has been ſeverely and juſtly cenſured, for his ſatirical attack on theſe words of Socrates, in his Equivoque. The anſwer the poet made, by way of excuſe, is a ſingular inſtance of candor and truth perverted: "What greater ſacrifice could I make to Jeſus Chriſt, than the greateſt and moſt virtuous philoſopher among the heathens."

"The words of the Grecian moraliſt," ſays a learned Engliſh writer, "were deſigned by him, to ſhew his compliance, in a certain degree, with the eſtabliſhed rites of his country; as he found it impoſſible to eradicate vulgar prejudices at once, he thought yield-

yielding a little to the opinions of his countrymen, the moſt likely method of obviating that perſecution, which he feared his friends and diſciples might experience after his death."

Between opinions which deſcribe our philoſopher as a temporizer, or a trifler, it is not eaſy to decide. Thoſe who may triumphantly exult, becauſe Socrates ſuffered death for oppoſing the eſtabliſhed religion of his country, will do well to conſider, that the proſecution carried on againſt him was fomented by vile unmanly arts, by irritating the ſuperſtitious and intolerant ſpirit of the multitude.

But let the defenders and imitators of ſuch conduct recollect, that the ſame vindictive ſpirit which the murderers of Socrates had raiſed againſt the philoſopher, was, in a ſhort ſpace of time, by a natural proceſs, turned againſt themſelves; that the ſword of perſecution, which *they* had originally unſheathed, was at laſt plunged into their own boſoms.

Part of the following paſſage from Cicero, accounts for the reſentment rouzed againſt the illuſtrious character who is the ſubject of my preſent article.

"Socrates primus philoſophiam devocavit e cœlo, in urbibus locavit, et in domos introduxit; a rebus occultis, et ab ipſa natura involutis, in quibus, ante eum omnes philoſophi occapati fuerunt, ad vitam communem adduxit, ut de virtutibus et vitiis, *omninoque* de bonis et malis rebus quærerent; *cæleſtia autem vel procul eſſe a noſtra cognitione, conferet, vel ſi maxime cognita eſſent, nil tamen ad bene vivendum conferre.*

That we ſhould live to eat, not eat to live, were words firſt applied to and exemplified by Socrates Αλλους ανθρωπας ζην ιν εσθιειν, αυτον δε εσθιειν ινα ζωη.

In the Obſerver of Mr. Cumberland, I have ſeen with regret but without conviction, the attacks of ſo reſpectable a writer on the reputation of this venerable and excellent Athenian.

SOHO, a diſtrict in London, ſo called, from an adjoining ſquare, which is ſaid to have been originally inhabited, I mean the centre houſe facing the ſtatue, by the Duke of Monmouth; after his death, its name for a few years was changed to King's Square.

I have heard two derivations aſſigned to the word Soho; one, that it was *the word of the day*, at the unfortunate battle of Sedgemoor, and given to the ſquare after the revolution, by the partizans of the unhappy duke.

Others

Others are of opinion, that the field on which the ſquare and a good part of St. Anne's pariſh now ſtands, was during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the ſcene of her majeſty's *field ſports*; and that having on a certain occaſion, ſtarted a hare, the royal huntreſs ſuddenly exclaimed, SOHO! which gave its name to the field in queſtion.

Matter of fact men aſſert, that the ſpot in queſtion when firſt built, was called, Frith Square, from a builder of that name, who with his partner, a Mr. Pym, built not only the ſquare, but moſt of the ſtreets leading to and from it; this opinion is corroborated by the evidence of old leaſes; it is further added, that *old Frith*, as my informer called him, a vain and fretful old man, finding the gentry in the ſquare attached to the original denomination of the ſpot, removed his ſur-name, which he was willing ſhould deſcend to poſterity, and attached it to a neighbouring ſtreet.

So much for my borrowed topographical knowledge, a branch of ſcience in which I am wretchedly deficient, and on which I will dwell no longer, leaſt I ſhould diſcover the nakedneſs of the land.

It may however amuſe the crowd of diurnal travellers on this paved highway to Marybone, and the new buildings, when they recollect that this portion of the metropolis now occupied by ſpacious manſions, was at a period, not very remote, a wilderneſs, inhabited only by birds and quadrupeds.

A reflecting mind might alſo deduce ſalutary precaution, as he paſſes through *ſome* parts of the vicinage of St. Anne's, too often polluted by venal beauty, by knights of faro, and of the poſt; *ſuch* a mind might avoid conſiderable danger, by recollecting that although the ſpot in queſtion is no longer frequented by birds and beaſts of prey, it is in many inſtances infeſted by human creatures, far more noxious in their diſpoſitions and purſuits; and that on the ground where the virgin queen ſought for and found ſpirits and amuſement; a general lover incurs the riſk of irreparably injuring his health, his fortune, and his peace.

SOMERSET, JAMES, a native of Africa, a negro, and a ſlave.

Having been conveyed from his native country to Jamaica, he was purchaſed, by a Mr. Stewart, whom he afterwards attended in a voyage to England; but, on that gentleman's return, refuſing to accompany him to the

the West Indies, he was seized, conveyed on board an outward-bound ship in the River Thames, and confined in irons.

His situation stimulated certain humane individuals to interpose in his behalf; application, supported by affidavits, was made to the Court of King's Bench, and by writ of Habeas Corpus, Somerset was brought before the judges. The legality of slavery in England was solemnly argued, it was determined, that domestic vassalage can not exist in this our free country, and the happy prisoner was set at liberty.

On this occasion, much praise was due to the well-applied learning and legal acuteness of Mr. Hargrave, who aptly quoted the collections of Rushworth, where he says, that in the eleventh year of Queen Elizabeth, it was determined, on an appeal brought by a Russian slave against his master, "who would scourge him, that England was too pure an air for a slave to breathe in." The strong expressions of Lord Chief Justice Holt, and of Lord Northington, were also mentioned, "that as soon as a negro sets his foot in England he is free, that he may maintain an action against his master for ill usage, and demand an Habeas Corpus."

The singular case of Sir Thomas Grantham was also produced; he had in the reign of James the second, purchased a negro in the West Indies, with a large excrescence, in the shape of a child, growing on his breast, and brought the monster to England, with a design of publicly exhibiting the curiosity for profit. But the cunning slave, from interest or conviction, embraced christianity, and quitted his keeper, who, by some legal process, recovering possession of his person, the Court of Common Pleas admitted to bail, this extraordinary production of nature.

Slavery, says Mr. Hargrave, corrupts the morals of the master, by freeing him from those restraints so necessary for controling human passions; it is dangerous to him from the resentment and hatred which the injustice and oppression of his state naturally excite in the slave, and which his situation daily affords him an opportunity of revenging. Slavery communicates to the unhappy sufferer the afflictions, without the pleasures of life, it depresses the energies of nature, and is dangerous to a community, by admitting within it, a number of unhappy individuals, who, excluded from the benefits of its constitution, are interested only in promoting its destruction.

It would be creditable to the states

ſtates of Europe, were they *all* to unite in aboliſhing the ſlave trade; till that deſirable event takes place, it is hard to ſay, in a political or commercial view, how we can with propriety, throw ſuch immenſe advantages into the laps of our rivals and enemies. If this ſubject is finally determined againſt the benevolent wiſhes of Mr. Wilberforce, thoſe who have ſo honorably and humanely co-operated with him, may, however, conſole themſelves with reflecting, that they have conſiderably diminiſhed the evils of a traffic which they were not able to aboliſh.

SOMERSET, CHARLES, the haughty old duke of; an inſtance in which he was treated in his own way.

Having occaſion to employ Seymour the painter, at Petworth, his grace was violently offended at the artiſt, for hinting in a modeſt way, what was founded on fact, that he conſidered himſelf as diſtantly related to the duke. He quitted him abruptly, and conſiderably irritated; the ſteward was ſent to pay for what he had done, and to diſmiſs him.

After trying in vain to get the pictures finiſhed, which his couſin had begun, his grace condeſcended to invite the man he had inſulted, to return; "I will now prove that I *am* of your family," ſaid Seymour, "I will not come."

SOOTHERS OF SORROW.

Various have been the contrivances of human wiſdom to call off the attention from domeſtic and other calamities.

A worthy and ingenious baronet, (Sir Brook Boothby) found ſolace in compoſing and publiſhing a permanent, expreſſive and well executed monument of what he felt for his loſt Penelope.

Another gentleman, well known, having been deprived by death of a beloved child, was ſinking into ſolitude, ſilence and woe, but rouzed by a *ſevere friend*, and convinced that he who diffuſes moſt happineſs, will be moſt happy himſelf; he united benevolence with occupation, and immediately converted his magnificent manſion into a receptacle for age and affliction, became governor and director of *his own hoſpital*, and at the end of ten years declared himſelf a happier man than he had ever been in his life.

"Be not ſolitary, be not idle," was Dr. Johnſon's advice, to an afflicted neighbour; on this principle he ſelected himſelf, *Cocker's Arithmetic*, as his travelling companion; and, when he wiſhed *to ſhake off the black dog*, as he uſe

uſed to call melancholy, he derived conſiderable comfort from arithmetical calculation.

To occupy the faculties, and abſorb attention by employment, ſeems to be the moſt effectual reſource; but I can conceive a promiſcuous introduction of company, without reſtriction, to a man oppreſſed by ſorrow, as diſtreſſing and inſupportable; in ſuch caſes, the balm of conſolation, like opium, requires ſkill in the hand which adminiſters.

It has been the policy of ſome to indulge rather than fly from their woes, and by mingling tears with tears, to alleviate ſorrows which it would be unnatural not to feel; this appears to have been the practice of Dr. Young, who by giving the reins to a diſcurſive fancy in his Night Thoughts, diminiſhed the pangs of thoſe emotions, he could not ſuppreſs; as a torrent, violent in a narrow channel, glides gently over a broad expanſe.

"If you were to grieve for a century," ſaid a man who attempted to *reaſon* a friend out of his ſorrows, "the woman you lament would ſtill be numbered with the dead." "I weep the more becauſe I weep in vain," was the reply, taken I believe from a ſonnet, written by Mr. Maſon, to the memory of his friend Weſt.

SORRELL, AGNES, the beautiful, the patriotic miſtreſs of Charles the ſeventh, King of France, whoſe conduct has tempted certain writers to overlook her defects in chaſtity, defects which nothing can excuſe.

She is deſcribed in glowing colours in my firſt volume, and is almoſt the only inſtance on record, in which the fair favorite of a ſovereign, eſcaped popular odium. Agnes was a woman of ten thouſand, for ſhe poſſeſſed beauty without affectation, and wit without ill-nature, while greatneſs of ſoul, and a nice regard for the character of her lover, endeared her even to thoſe who diſapproved their illicit attachment.

I have been cenſured for calling a looſe woman patriotic, but I ſtrenuouſly defended and ſtill adhere to my original expreſſion. She rouzed her voluptuous hero to exploits, which alone could prove he deſerved a crown, by arguments and inducements, which if virtuous women properly employed, how extenſive, how omnipotent, would be their influence.

While France was ravaged by the Engliſh invaders, the infatu-

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ated Charles was forming plans for musical entertainments, masques, and dances; but this admirable woman persisted in refusing to partake of any amusements, till the king had attacked the English, and actually refused to share his bed, till he returned victorious from the field.

Such conduct deserved, and has received, the praise of poets and historians; it exercised the lively imagination of Francis the first, who has left a poetic compliment to her memory, in which he observes, that Agnes Sorrell, by thus exerting the power of her beauty, discharged her duty to society more meritoriously, than if she had passed her life in counting beads, or repeating Ave Marias and Benedicites, in the sequestered shades of a cloyster.

Agnes has also been described in glowing colors by a modern poet.

Imaginez de Flora la jeunesse,
L'air et la taille de nymphes de bois,
Et de Venus la grace enchantteresse,
Et de l'amour la seduisante minois;
Elle avait tout, elle auroit dans ses chains
Mit les heros les sages et les Rois.

In reply to the earnest expostulations of this fascinating woman, who contrasted the conduct of hey royal lover, with that of the trumphant Henry, King of England, Charles the seventh, King of France thus replies.

Ah qu'il soit Roi et qu'il me porte envie,
J'ai votre cœur, je suis plus roi que lui.

Such flattering logic lost Mark Anthony the world, and few women can resist it. "It is true, Madam, my adversary is a hero, but if I possess *you*, I am content to give up every thing else."

SPAGNOLETTI, a Spanish painter, occasionally mentioned in this collection, and to whom, from his propensity to *certain subjects*, I have been compared by the flattery or partiality of a critical friend.

The same gentleman informs me, that Spagnoletto not with an *i*, as it is generally written, was a designation he *assumed*, for that the proper family name by which he was christened, was Joseph de Ribeira.

SPAIN, the late King of, and the buckle anecdote, which, during *his* reign, must not have been

been whiſpered at Aranjuez, St. Ildefonſo, or the Eſcurial.

Beſides the wholeſale and daily deſtruction of foxes, hares and partridges, which was the chief buſineſs of his life; his late catholic majeſty, occaſionally turned his mind to the hardware manufactories of Spain, and indulged a notion, probably occaſioned by his wiſhes, that, in cutlery ware, the workmen of Madrid and Toledo ſurpaſſed the artiſts of Birmingham and Sheffield.

This opinion was the ſubject of many an amicable conteſt with the late Lord Grantham, and it was at laſt agreed, that ſome Engliſh buckles ſhould be ordered by the ambaſſador, which, produced againſt others ordered by the king in his own country, ſhould decide the queſtion.

A pair at length arrived, which coſt two ſhillings and three-pence, and a Spaniſh pair were eagerly placed on the table by the royal ſportſman. After due inſpection and compariſon, they were allowed to make near approaches to thoſe manufactured in England, but on enquiring into the price, the workmen could not afford to ſell them for leſs than ſix ſhillings. The king, whom, nothing but ſtubborn fact could have preſumed to contradict, hung his head, and Lord Grantham, as far as was allowable in a politician and a courtier, to triumph over a crowned head, moderately and politely exulted in his victory.

I fear, from certain unpropitious circumſtances, that the advantage of carrying the cheapeſt goods, as well as the beſt, to the European markets, will not long remain with us; ſhould that unfortunately ever be the caſe, in every commodity, we may ſay, with reſpect to England, "La comedie eſt joue;" land at fifteen years purchaſe, and the three per cents at twenty-five, would be the immediate conſequence.

SPANIARDS AND PORTUGUESE.

"We are apt to miſtake the character of the Spaniards; there is in the very exceſs and abundance of their wit, joy, and good humour, a certain ſteady evenneſs of manners, equally diſtant from pedantry, levity, and affectation; more mirth of the heart than all the noiſe, grimace, and *badinage* of their neighbours; a kind of grave, dry, ſententious humour, with a ſerene and placid firmneſs of countenance.

"But from too much of the religious, and then of the military ſpirit, they have rapidly declined into enthuſiaſm and cruelty, and as the human character never ſtops, have ſtill continued

tinued to ſink into indifference, pride, indolence, and barren devotion; they cannot be excited to any great effort, but by ſuperſtitious terrors, love, revenge, and a fandango, the favourite dance of all ranks, in which, from a ſtate of death-like ſtupidity, they will, at the firſt touch of an inſtrument, join with enthuſiaſm, animation, grace, and delight.

"It ſeems to have been the ſyſtem of Spain and Portugal, to protect themſelves by diſtance and deſolation; to leave whole diſtricts uncultivated, and roads impaſſable; as military ſcience declined, timidity ſucceeded to diſcipline, and men prepared for war, by caſing themſelves in armour to be ſmothered, or by ſhutting themſelves up in caſtles to be ſtarved; THEY FORGOT THAT NATIONAL STRENGTH CONSISTS IN AN ACTIVE, MOVING, DISPOSABLE FORCE; AND THAT THE SAFEST STATE OF DEFENCE IS, BEING ALWAYS READY TO ATTACK.

"The Portugueſe pride has uſefully changed its object, from the black cloak, ſpectacles, an affectation of wiſdom and ſanctity, and having nothing to do; they are grown fond of fine cloaths, are become diligent, enterprizing, and active.

"Liſbon is a mixture of luxury and miſery, naſtineſs and magnificence; the buildings erected ſince the earthquake of 1755, are barbarouſly gigantic: the Marquis de Pombal, their chief projector, had the misfortune of being elevated out of the reach of controul, no man preſumed to underſtand, even his own trade, ſo well as the prime miniſter."

SPARTACUS, a native of a little town in Thrace, from which he took his name.

This extraordinary individual, who ſhook the foundations of Roman greatneſs, in its meridian ſplendor, had been impriſoned early in life, for ſedition, and ſold for a ſlave; eſcaping from captivity, he became a ſoldier, a deſerter, and a robber; deſcending to the loweſt ſcale of human miſery, he was at length a gladiator; but diſcovered in every ſituation of life, matchleſs ſtrength of body, and unconquerable vigor of mind.

Seventy-three years before the chriſtian æra, he was confined with two hundred of his companions in miſery, at Capua, in a ſchool, or rather a priſon, of gladiators, the property of Lentulus Batuatus, who, as his ſecond name expreſſed, furniſhed the amphitheatres with unhappy objects for the bloody ſports of the

circus; a species of commerce, from which he drew a large but ignominious profit.

The justice, or even the policy of rendering the minds of a people familiar with savage sports, and brutal exhibitions, is a question which has been frequently agitated, but never determined: the happy medium between ungovernable ferocity, and a degenerate effeminacy of manners, is perhaps attained with difficulty.

The lower classes may be so hardened by bloody spectacles, as to be rendered unfit for the purposes of civilized society, and only qualified for war; while a nation, torpid and slothful through a long peace, and totally inattentive to manly effort and military exertion, becomes irrationally timid, fears death more than any other calamity, and considering war as the greatest of all evils, falls a prey to some invading neighbour, or ambitious citizen.

But whilst Batuatus was enriching himself by this mercilefs traffic, the spirit of Spartacus was unbroken; though he well knew that on the first demand, he might be hurried away in chains to contribute, with some of his unhappy companions, to the amusement of a worthless rabble; while the utmost his courage and dexterity could procure, would be the odious and dishonorable recompence of maiming, or murdering a harmless, perhaps a friendly fellow-sufferer, and protracting his own hateful existence.

Having consulted with his associates on the means of escape, they observed that a certain part of the wall which enclosed them was decayed; contriving to occupy the attention of their keepers at a distant spot, by a pretended tumult, a party, directed and assisted by Spartacus, undermined the foundation, and a practicable breach was effected.

At midnight, after overpowering the sentinels, they sallied through the opening, which led to a street in Capua, inhabited by cooks and butchers, whose occupation afforded an instant supply of weapons, with which, and others seized on the road, they armed themselves. After pillaging the neighbouring villages for food, and defeating a detachment sent in pursuit of them, they posted themselves on a rocky, and almost inaccessible promontory, near the summit of Mount Vesuvius.

It is not often that history has gratified posterity with the slight, but interesting anecdotes of remote domestic life; we are, however, able to gather from the fragments of an invaluable historian, that the wife of Spartacus,

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by ſome ſingular relaxation in favor of her worth, or her misfortunes, was permitted to be the companion of his captivity.

At an early period, and in an humble ſtation, he had attracted the ſoft wiſhes of the daughter of a wealthy neighbour, who conſidered the ſuperior rank and fortune of his child as inſuperable bars to their union. But love, the great leveller of all diſtinctions, taught this generous woman that the moment of adverſity was the moſt ſuitable time to beſtow on Spartacus her hand and heart; ſhe proved herſelf, in the various changes of his fortune, a faithful companion and a tender wife.

The fugitives were ſoon followed by the Prætor Claudius Pulcher, who, with three thouſand men, inſtantly inveſted their poſt, cutting off, by means of a deep dug trench, all apparent poſſibility of reinforcement, eſcape, or proviſion. In this ſituation, ſurrounded by an implacable enemy, a rocky precipice, and impending famine, Spartacus poſſeſſed a wife capable of ſoothing his ſorrows, and fertile in reſource. The circumſtances and ſituation of her huſband called forth all the woman in her ſoul; ſtimulated by affection and neceſſity, ſhe pointed out the wild vines of the mountain, the only produce of the ſpot they poſſeſſed, as the happy means of eſcape.

At her ſuggeſtion, a conſiderable quantity of the flexible tendrils and branches were twiſted together, ſo as to form a long and ſtrong ſpecies of cable, which, from a poſt, firmly driven into the ground, they hung down the precipice; and while the Romans ſecurely depended on reducing their captives by famine, the gladiators conveyed themſelves, their arms and baggage, to the vale below.

Without giving his companions time to compare the diſproportion between his own forces and thoſe of the enemy, he immediately attacked the Roman camp, which, after a conſiderable ſlaughter, he made himſelf maſter of, as well as the whole of their baggage, military cheſt, and proviſions.

With this ſucceſs, their credit rapidly encreaſed; fugitives of every deſcription, whom crimes, poverty, or diſcontent, had thrown looſe on ſociety, directly joined them; their hopes, aſpect, and tone, were elevated by good fortune, and they affected, in the uſual ſtyle of inſurgents, to inveigh againſt the luxury and tyranny of their former maſters.

"Let us not be vain," cried Spartacus; "to put to flight a

race of enervated cowards, is neither difficult nor dangerous, but to guard againſt a reverſe of fortune, and bear proſperity with moderation, will be a harder taſk. The degenerate Romans are wholly devoted to vice, to luxury, and eaſe. He who tyrannizes and oppreſſes, forfeits every claim to duty and ſubmiſſion. We are therefore juſtly entitled to thoſe advantages which God and nature have put in our hands: that dominion ſhould follow wealth, however diſgraced by folly, or polluted by vice, is prepoſterous and unnatural: the hand which cannot graſp the ſword is unfit to wield the ſceptre: the only legitimate claims to pre-eminence, are virtue, ſtrength, courage, and ſkill.

"Is it reaſonable or right, that the rewards of beauty, wealth, and all the good things of life ſhould be excluſively enjoyed by the ſmalleſt, but moſt deſpicable portion of mankind; whilſt the majority, their ſuperiors in body, as well as mind, languiſh in ignominious fetters, or paſs their lives in poverty and contempt?

The true, the great, the only ſolid good, is liberty; under her auſpices, we may recover that birthright which we have been deprived of, but never have forfeited; a fertile, a highly cultivated country, lies before you, which, with all it contains, you ſhall poſſeſs, if you perſevere in your glorious career, and unite diſcipline, courage, and conduct."

Such doctrines were eagerly liſtened to by men, with whom no alternatives remained, but victory or death. They laid waſte the country round Capua, extended their devaſtation from Salerno to the neighbourhood of Rome, and deſtroyed Cora, Nucera, and Nola, the ſcenes of her infant victories over the Volſcians.

But Spartacus found it difficult to reſtrain his troops by military regulation; it was not the firſt inſtance in which their own rebellious doctrines have been turned againſt the conductors of revolt: to appeaſe their ſeditious ſpirit, he found himſelf obliged to ſhare the principal command with two leaders, choſen by the auxiliaries who had joined him; but he inſiſted on every occaſion of danger or duty, pleaſure or exertion, that the poſt of honor and precedence ſhould be decidedly given to him, and the faithful band, who had originally departed with him from Capua.

To feed and arm a body increaſed to more than twenty-five thouſand men, was by no means an eaſy taſk; pillage might furniſh a temporary ſupply, but fire and

and ſword were not likely means of eſtabliſhing markets, forming magazines, or enſuring future proviſion. To introduce a ſyſtem of moderation and equity, to reſtrain the horrid cruelties of his aſſociates, was the honorable but ineffectual effort of the Thracian. The huſbandry tools of the ruſtics were converted into weapons, and the neceſſity of the moment pointed out a method of furniſhing ſhields, fabricated of wicker, and, according to the cuſtom of his country, covered with raw ox-hides.

The ſenate and Roman people, who at firſt thought a ſmall body of men would eaſily ſuppreſs the gladiators, began to be alarmed, and the Prætor, Varinius Glaber, was ſent with freſh levies; but Spartacus, well acquainted with the defiles and bye-roads of the mountains, ſurpriſed Furius, one of the lieutenants, with a detachment of two thouſand men, and cut them to pieces. Varinius reached the ſpot only to be witneſs to the diſaſter, and ſoon after ſuffered the ſame diſgrace, eſcaping only with his life; while the Lictors, purple robe, faſces, and other enſigns of office, fell into the hands of the enemy.

Mercy and moderation were repeated in vain to a multitude, ſwelled by repeated victories to more than fifty thouſand men; they eagerly ſeized the opportunity of revenging on the miſerable provincials, the injuries and inſults they had received from mankind; neither age nor ſex were ſpared; the infernal nature of pride, ſelfiſhneſs and revenge, was remarkably exhibited on this occaſion; former kindneſs or former cruelty were equally ſucceeded by the bloody returns of death and violation.

To raviſh the wife or daughter of a magiſtrate, the ſmart of whoſe ſtripes they ſtill feel; to riot on, to waſte and to ſpoil, the rich wines, delicate meats, and coſtly furniture of a citizen, whoſe luxuries have long excited their envy; to ſee palaces ſmoaking in ruins, from whoſe gates they have been driven with contempt, or within whoſe walls they have performed the vileſt domeſtic offices, are, perhaps, the higheſt pleaſures an exaſperated ſlave, or an unprincipled peaſant, can enjoy.

But Spartacus was conſcious that ſuch conduct would raiſe the powers of the country againſt him; he was alſo fully ſenſible of his inability to withſtand the united forces of the republic; as the conſuls, from the general alarm, had ordered the legions from every quarter, towards the Campania.

He was therefore of opinion, that

that advantage ſhould be taken of the preſent interval, afforded by his defeat of Varinius, to traverſe, by forced marches, the whole length of Italy, till they reached the Alps, when the army, after a fair diviſion of booty, ſhould divide into ſeparate bodies; and each man having procured by his own perſonal courage, liberty and wealth, might have an opportunity of retiring to his native ſoil, and enjoying them undiſturbed.

Such counſels were not liſtened to by his followers, who, fluſhed by ſucceſs, eagerly preſſed their generals to lead them to Rome; a rich prize, which would at once ſatisfy avarice, ambition, and revenge; their leader, ſtill firm to his purpoſe of quitting Italy, declared that every one who differed from him in opinion, was at liberty to depart.

A conſiderable detachment, under the command of Crixus, immediately ſeparated from their aſſociates, and, in their march towards the capital, vigorouſly attacked Gellius, the conſul, whom they nearly defeated, but tempted by booty, and ſeduced by wine, found in the camp, they were ſatisfied with putting to flight an enemy, whom they might have deſtroyed. Incumbered with ſpoil, and intoxicated, they fell a prey to the conſul, who had rallied his troops, and, the enſuing night, obtained a bloody but deciſive victory over them, in the neighbourhood of mount Garganus.

With diminiſhed forces, improved diſcipline, and courage unimpaired, Spartacus continued, by ſteady and cloſe marches, his journey, between the defiles of the mountain, till he reached that branch of the Appenine, which, bending towards the Mediterranean, approaches the river Arno.

Near this place, the conſul Lentulus, with perhaps more courage than policy, was poſted in conſiderable force to intercept a band of outlaws, ravaging his country, and almoſt inſulting the metropolis, whom it was his duty, as a general, a ſtateſman, and a magiſtrate, to have ſuffered to quit Italy unmoleſted, and to avoid an engagement in the preſent period of difficulty, danger, and depreſſion.

Securely poſted, and ſurrounded by inacceſſible rocks, or barricadoes of felled trees, the Roman commander might have defied every effort of Spartacus, to fight him on fair ground; but, ſeduced by the hopes of victory, ſeeing Gellius advancing at no great diſtance in their rear, and probably not without a ſecret wiſh of enjoying the glory of triumph

triumph without a rival to ſhare it, he deſcended from the heights, and offered battle.

By one of thoſe military evolutions, which would do honor to the greateſt generals, the gladiators inſtantly formed a double front, and threw up, almoſt in the face of their enemy, an entrenchment, which effectually prevented a junction of the two conſuls. They attacked and routed Lentulus, put Gellius to flight, and became maſters of the Roman baggage, and, among a number of other priſoners, three hundred Roman citizens fell into their hands.

Theſe repeated defeats filled Rome with diſmay, and the camp of the conqueror with exultation; urged by the wiſhes of his companions, he meditated a ſpecies of retributive cruelty, and forced his unhappy Roman priſoners to attack each other in combat, impaling alive on the croſs thoſe who would not comply; thus, adding inſult to injury, they retaliated on their oppreſſors, the inhuman ſlaughter of the circus.

This triumphant leader, who had thus ſignalized his name, ſtill retained his ſalutary moderation; reſolving to retreat, he ordered the heavy baggage to be burnt. Diſmiſſing the old, the ſick, the wounded, and infirm, with ample rewards.

After ſlight refreſhment, and ſhort periods of repoſe, he reached, by rapid movements, the banks of the Pö, which he deſigned to croſs, but in conſequence of rain and torrents from the neighbouring hills, it was not fordable, and no veſſel, bark or boat, could be found on the river.

Arreſted by this obſtacle, irritated and probably rendered preſumptive by good fortune, Spartacus quitted the Pö, and retraced his former line of march; reſolving to give battle to whatever force the republic might raiſe to oppoſe him.

To ſtorm and deſtroy by fire and ſword, the proud miſtreſs of the world; to revenge on her, the injuries of mankind, and transfer the ſeat of empire to ſome happier ſpot, uncontaminated by vice, luxury, and oppreſſion, was the avowed purpoſe of a Thracian peaſant.

He ſoon met Arrius, who had collected the ſcattered remains of the legions; and a plain between Urbinum and Ancona, was the ſcene of a battle, in which the Romans ignominiouſly fled.

This news, with all its exaggerations, reached the capital; the gates were ſhut, the ſenate aſſembled, and crouds of men, women, and children, filled the forum with tumultuous cries.

In the public diſtreſs, Craſſus was

was prevailed on to accept the Prætorſhip and the command of an army, which was inſtantly levied, without exception of age, rank, wealth, or late ſervices: the ſoldiers who fled, were puniſhed by decimation.

To reſtore military diſcipline, and protect Rome from inſult, to make himſelf maſter of the ſtrong holds, lately poſſeſſed by Spartacus, on the Appenines, were the firſt cares of Craſſus; he exhibited on this occaſion, a mind fertile in reſource, as a magiſtrate and a general, to whom his country looked up with confidence and hope.

The viſion of ſacking and plundering Rome vaniſhed; and Spartacus, after vainly regretting that he had abandoned his firſt deſign, found himſelf obliged, by the ſuperior generalſhip of Craſſus, to lead his troops, by long and laborious marches, to that part of the Italian promontory which faces Sicily.

That iſland was at the moment ſuffering every evil that avarice and oppreſſion could inflict, under the rapacious government of Verres, whoſe enormities have been conſigned to everlaſting infamy, by the elegant invective of Cicero. This corrupt Queſtor, whom I have heard defended becauſe he was a man of taſte, was alſo ſuſpected of a private correſpondence with Spartacus, and is ſaid to have agreed with certain pirates, who infeſted the Ionian ſea, to tranſport his army; but they inſiſted on receiving from the gladiator, the ſtipulated price, before they collected their veſſels, and then, by the advice of Verres, baſely departed, without fulfilling their agreement.

The oppreſſor of the Sicilians recollected, that the preſence of Spartacus would be only dividing that plunder, which he wiſhed to poſſeſs undiminiſhed: he, at the ſame time, inſiſted on ſharing the money received by the pirates, who had long purchaſed impunity for rapine and outrage, by dividing with this infamous magiſtrate, the ſpoils of an unhappy province.

Diſappointed by the perfidy of Verres, Spartacus turned his face towards Brunduſium, in the hope of procuring ſome means of embarkation from that port; but Craſſus preſſed cloſely upon him, and, to add to his embarraſſments, he had to contend with famine and ſedition in his own army.

His ſolders, fluſhed by ſome trifling advantage over a Roman detachment, exclaimed, that they would inſtantly march to the capital. By this mutinous conduct, and the maſterly movements of his adverſary, the Thracian

cian was forced to engage in a diſadvantageous ſpot. This was a circumſtance which the Conſul had long and ardently wiſhed, as Pompey, recalled from Spain by the ſenate, was haſtening to ſnatch the victory from his hands.

After the neceſſary orders and diſpoſitions, Spartacus, placing himſelf in front of his original aſſociates at Capua, addreſſed his army in the following words.

"Nothing remains, my friends, but to exterminate the forces of the ſenate, honorable death, or to throw ourſelves on the mercy of a cowardly and cruel foe, whom paſt experience proves it is ſafer to fight with, than confide in. Our ſucceſsful battles with the Prætor Claudius, with Varinius, and with Furius, have eſtabliſhed, beyond a doubt, the ſuperiority of men who fight for freedom; a hireling has neither intereſt in, nor affection for, the cauſe in which he ventures his life.

"We have but to add the name of Craſſus to the liſt of thoſe we have conquered, and there remains no obſtacle to the planting our victorious ſtandards in the forum of Rome.

"But whatever be the event, triumph or defeat; I truſt that we ſhall, with our own hands, erect an honorable tomb, compoſed of the bodies, and cemented with the blood of our enemies; an everlaſting monument to future ages, a warning leſſon againſt uſurpation, cruelty, pride, and oppreſſion, which never fail, ſooner or later, rouzing a ſpirit of inſurrection."

The charge was ſounded;—"Death or victory," repeated by twenty thouſand voices, echoed o'er the field, but was ſoon drowned by the claſh of arms; the conflict was bloody, but Spartacus, who gave life and ſpirit to his army, expoſing himſelf to unneceſſary danger, by ſeeking Craſſus, was ſlain early in the engagement.

To meaſure ſwords with a brave and illuſtrious Roman, to ſignalize his victory, or immortalize his death, by a perſonal encounter with Craſſus, was the fond hope of his heart. After killing ſeveral officers of rank, whom he miſtook for the Conſul, and lamenting, almoſt in the words of Shakeſpear, that he believed there was many a Craſſus in the field; he fell, overpowered by numbers, having miſſed the object of his purſuit, and exhibiting wonderful proofs of matchleſs but ineffectual perſonal proweſs.

This extraordinary man is ſaid to have been actually and literally cut to pieces, as the moſt induſtrious ſearch after the battle, could not identify his body.

His

His death was not unrevenged; the gladiators ſtood their ground to the laſt, not one of the number who eſcaped from Capua ſurviving the defeat, but were found extended on the very ſpot of ground they originally occupied.

The victory of Craſſus, though bloody, was complete and deciſive; ſix thouſand priſoners, who fell into his hands, he hung on trees by the way ſide, as he returned to Rome.

I have been cenſured by a friendly critic for converting a gladiator into a hero; but without *my* aid, his ſword had procured that pre-eminence for Spartacus; the efforts of the Thracian were alſo connected with more important events.

In the courſe of this memorable conteſt, more than one hundred thouſand men periſhed by the ſword; the vaſt acquiſition of power and credit, Craſſus procured, firſt planted the ſeeds of ambition in his breaſt, which were afterwards productive of a train of evils to his country, his competitors, and himſelf.

The beſt blood and ſtrength of the republic were drained by civil war and domeſtic faction; the road was paved for introducing military deſpotiſm, and the Servile War may be ſaid firſt to have produced the decline, and, in its remote conſequences, the fall of the Roman Empire.

With ſuch evils entailed on ſlavery, under every form, and preſented to us at different ages, I can believe no one to be a ſincere approver of the traffic in human fleſh, but from motives of intereſt, and ſuch I would almoſt excuſe; for in the preſent ſtate of public ſpirit and private virtue, I cannot expect a man to abandon his eſtate, and embrace poverty, in the cauſe of humanity.

Yet, from wretches, procured by violence or fraud, conveyed from their native country, in a manner which renders their ſurviving rather miraculous than probable, and ſcantily provided with the comforts, or even the neceſſaries of life; from miſerable outcaſts of ſociety, who have the pains, but not the pleaſures of exiſtence, can we expect any effort or intereſt beyond the impulſe of the whip? Indeed, ſlavery, in its moſt meliorated ſtate, and abated rigors, preſents a ſpectacle ſo ſhocking to a generous mind, that it is impoſſible to defend it on any plea, but that of ſelf intereſt, and commercial or political neceſſity.

SPECTACLE, a ſhocking one. An inhabitant of Paris, obſerving that a certain houſe was

to

to be let, in which he had formerly heard that treaſure was hidden, reſolved to rent it; and having agreed with the proprietor, entered on the premiſes.

Not willing to have many ſharers, if his hopes ſhould be realized, nor to be laughed at, in caſe of diſappointment, he reſolved that none but his own family, conſiſting of himſelf, his brother, his wife, and a little boy, ſhould be acquained with his motive for taking the houſe.

Having cautiouſly and minutely examined every part *above ground*, without ſucceſs; they were of opinion, that the object they ſought for, muſt be concealed in the bowels of the earth; providing themſelves with pick-axes and ſpades, the whole party at day-break, three days after their arrival, deſcended into the cellar, and commenced their ſubterraneous labor.

A relation having called and knocked ſeveral times at the door, without hearing or ſeeing any one, and returning in the evening, without ſucceſs, he was conſiderably alarmed, and procuring aſſiſtance from the neighbours, forced open the door.

On entering the houſe all was ſilent, they traverſed the rooms, till a female accidentally ſeeing a light appear through a crevice from the cellar, the perſons preſent repaired thither, when ſtrange to tell, they found the whole family dead, and rigidly fixed in the various attitudes produced by the buſineſs they were engaged in.

This cataſtrophe is related by a Doctor Bernard Connor, in a Latin medical inaugural diſſertation, which I have ſeen, I know not when nor where; he ſuppoſes it to have been produced by intenſe cold, or mephitic exhalation.

His words which I decline tranſlating, are ſtrong painting, and a Flemiſh or Dutch artiſt might form from them a curious, if not a delicate picture.

"Ille, qui ligone terram effoderat, et ſocius qui pala effoſſam terram removerat, ambo pedibus ſtabant, ſuo quiſque operi affixus; uxor, quaſi defeſſa, in ſcamno, ſollicito vultu, ſedebat, inclinato in palmam capite.

Puerulus, laxatis braccis, in margine excavatæ foveæ, defixis in terram oculis, alvum exonerabat; omnes, in naturali ſitu, carneæ tanquam ſtatuæ, rigidi, apertis oculis, et quaſi vivi, exanimes ſtabant."

SPENCER, Mr. for a ſhort account of the chancery ſuit between his executors and Sir Abraham Janſſen, ſee JENNINGS, SARAH.

SQUIRES,

SQUIRES, MARY, an itinerant pedlar, gypſey, and ſmuggler, who might have lived unnoticed, and died without remembrance, had not a proſecution for robbery, by which ſhe was condemned to die, ſuddenly fixed the public eye upon her; and as prejudice or party operated, alternately rendered her a general object of deteſtation, pity, or contempt.

Perſiſting, with the moſt ſolemn aſſeverations, that ſhe was in a diſtant part of the kingdom on the very day ſhe was accuſed of having committed the crime, and naming a variety of perſons who could prove it, the compaſſion of Sir Criſp Gaſcoyne, at that time Lord Mayor of London, was excited; by his example, ſeveral well meaning individuals were induced to join with him in examining a moſt perplexed and intricate buſineſs; and ſhe was ultimately recommended as an object of mercy to the crown.

It appeared, by the declaration upon oath of Elizabeth Canning, a young woman nineteen years of age, "that in the beginning of the year ſeventeen hundred and fifty three, having procured leave from a perſon with whom ſhe lived as ſervant, to paſs a day with her uncle at Salt-petre bank, ſhe remained with him from eleven in the morning, till nine at night; that on her return, two luſty men in great coats met her near Bethlem-wall, Moorfields, violently aſſaulted, robbed her of a gown, apron, hat, and half-a-guinea in money, tied her hands behind her, and on her ſtruggling, gave her a violent blow on the temple, accompanied with oaths and execrations.

"They then laid hands on her, one on each ſide, and dragged her with violence and abuſe for ſome hours, part of which time, from fits, ſhe was not ſenſible, till they arrived at the houſe of Suſannah Wells, which ſhe afterwards found was ſituated at Enfield-Waſh. On being forced by the two ruffians into the houſe, ſhe was accoſted by Mary Squires, who aſked her, 'If ſhe would go their way? and if ſhe would, that ſhe ſhould have fine cloaths;' words of which at the time ſhe did not underſtand the import, though ſhe replied, 'No;' but ſhe afterwards conceived that it was nothing leſs than a wiſh for her to ſubmit to the odious life of a proſtitute.

Elizabeth Canning further depoſed, that on her anſwering, "No," Mary Squires, with a long knife, ripped up the lace of her ſtays, which ſhe took from her, and after many intimidating

midating threats, puſhed her into a back room, or hay-loft, where ſhe was confined for twenty-ſeven days, with no other ſuſtenance than a ſlender pittance of bread, ſome water in a broken pitcher, and a ſmall minced pye, which ſhe accidentally had in her pocket.

During the whole of the time, ſhe declared that no human creature viſited her, that the bread and water being exhauſted, ſhe broke down a board nailed on the inſide of the window; through which ſhe crept on a ſort of penthouſe, and then jumped on the ground, which, from her deſcription, was nine or ten feet from the window.

Having quitted the houſe, ſhe walked home as faſt as her weak condition permitted; after ſo long an abſence, it was natural to expect that her mother ſhould be alarmed, by the ſquallid and diſeaſed appearance of her daughter, and by her diſtreſſing account of the injurious treatment ſhe had experienced.

A circumſtance of this kind naturally excited the ſympathy and reſentiment of the public, ever compaſſionately attentive to female injuries; a ſubſcription was ſet on foot in favor of the young woman; Squires and Wells were taken into cuſtody, under the moſt violent impreſſions of popular prejudice and indignation, tried at the Old Bailey, and ſentence of death paſſed on the former.

But Sir Criſp Gaſcoyne, perceived much contradiction in the evidence, and conſidered the deſcription given by Canning of the room which he ſaid was the place of her confinement, to be very different from the actual ſtate and dimenſions of the hay-loft in Wells's houſe; he was alſo ſtartled by a principal witneſs in Canning's favor, Virtue Hall, wholly retracting her evidence, though ſhe had poſitively ſworn to the ſeeing Canning at Enfield Waſh, and to a good part of the converſation ſaid to have paſſed between that young woman and Squires, particularly to her ripping off the ſtays.

For theſe, and other reaſons, this worthy, but at that time unpopular magiſtrate, preſented a memorial to the king, mentioning the preſumptive circumſtances in favor of the old woman's innocence.

In conſequence of this application, Mary Squires was reſpited for ſix weeks; the conſideration of the matter was referred to the attorney and ſolicitor general, who reported, that the weight of evidence was in the convict's favor, and ſhe ultimately received a free pardon.

If

If Squires was not guilty, it was impoſſible Canning could be innocent; her conduct conſidering her years, muſt in that caſe have been cruel and atrocious in the higheſt degree; combining at once the crimes of perjury and intended murder;—murder, too, of the moſt cruel, baſe, cool, and premeditated kind, for the purpoſe of ſupporting a groundleſs proſecution for felony; under the color of juſtice to take away the life of an innocent perſon, and to raiſe contributions on the public by a fabricated narrative.

For theſe, and other reaſons, it was judged proper to apprehend her, on a charge of wilful and corrupt perjury; ſhe was arraigned at the bar of the Old Bailey, near twelve months after the trial of Mary Squires; and five days were occupied in examining a variety of witneſſes, with a patience and laborious ſearch after truth, equally honorable to the judges on the bench, the counſel, and the jury.

It was obſerved, in Canning's defence, that her not flying from juſtice, during the long interval which elapſed between the trials, was a ſtrong preſumption of her innocence, ſince neither herſelf nor friends were bound by any recognizance.

To this it was anſwered, that one who had been able, for ſo long a time, by an artful ſtory, to prejudice ſo many in her favor, and to receive ſuch ample countenance and pecuniary ſupport, had every proſpect of evading juſtice, by *well-dreſſed* evidence, and the ſtrong force of popular opinion; in which caſe, her triumph over truth would have been complete, her reputation as a *ſpecies of martyr*, eſtabliſhed, and her reward, in all probability, would have been ſplendid.

The previous and accurate deſcription of a broken pitcher which was diſcovered in the room; and the hay-loft, which, in ſome particulars, tallied with her account, though in many circumſtances it failed, as ſhe did not mention a jack-line and pulley, a broken caſement over the chimney, and a cheſt of drawers, all of which were proved, by an accumulation of duſt and cobwebs, to have been *very* long reſidents.

Yet, as the pitcher, and the deſcription of the room and its contents, though not correct, prove ſome previous acquaintance with the loft, a reference to the evidence of one of Canning's witneſſes (Robert Scarratt) helped to clear the myſtery.

Incited by curioſity, and, according to his own account, unſolicited, Mr. Scarratt had

(though

(though a perfect ſtranger) called at her mother's houſe ſoon after his return, and, in the courſe of her evidence, acknowledged having often, on former occaſions, been at the houſe of Suſannah Wells, a place not of the moſt creditable deſcription, at Enfield-Waſh.

If we can ſuppoſe, for a moment, an iniquitous communication to have taken place between Elizabeth Canning and Robert Scarratt, whoſe evidence was by no means ſatisfactory, this difficulty vaniſhes, and the *appearance* of truth given to certain parts of the impoſtor's ſtory, may be accounted for.

It was ſubmitted to the court, that, even if Squires *could* prove, by poſitive and circumſtantial evidence, that ſhe was in a diſtant part of the kingdom at the time laid in the indictment, it did not follow that Canning had *maliciouſly perjured* herſelf, it being as poſſible for a perſon to be deceived by a ſimilitude of deformity, as well as of beauty; though the old gypſey, when the conſtable went with the warrant to apprehend her, ſaid to Canning, on being charged with robbing her of her ſtays; Do you ſay I robbed you? pray look at this face; if you have once ſeen it, it *muſt* be remembered, for I think God Almighty never made ſuch another."

When this part of the evidence was related, the eyes of every one preſent were naturally fixed on Mary Squires, whoſe countenance exhibited an aſſemblage of features uncommon, and diabolically hideous; her portrait as a curioſity, is preſerved by ſome of the collectors.

The ſufferings of Canning, and the evident reduced ſtate of her health, ſo much ſo as to be thought at firſt irrecoverable, were alſo mentioned, as convincing proofs of the truth of her allegations.

The man that hangs, or beats out's brains,
The devil's in him if he feigns;

was quoted on this occaſion; and it was aſked, if any perſon in their ſenſes would bring themſelves to the brink of death, to procure friends and contributions? Would the girl kill herſelf for the ſake of a ſubſcription?

The counſel in behalf of Canning ſtrongly dwelt on the danger of allowing convictions for wilful and corrupt perjury, on the ſcore of mere improbability of facts, which have been credited by twelve men on their oaths; he inſiſted, that ſuch proceedings tended to overturn the

common

common and eſtabliſhed forms of juſtice, and would at laſt intimidate individuals from bringing guilty perſons to puniſhment, leaſt they themſelves might afterwards be proſecuted.

[*This doctrine was acknowledged by the court to be well worthy of attention, though in the preſent inſtance, from the recantation of a principal witneſs, and for other important reaſons, it was thought adviſable to depart from a good general rule.*]

On this occaſion it was obſerved, that things ſeemingly impoſſible for human power to have performed, have been proved true, though no credit was allowed to them when firſt aſſerted; and declarations have been proved falſe, which had every appearance of credit and authenticity, and which at the time were thought the moſt unlikely to be atteſted, if not really true.

An improbable and unparalleled ride from London to York, in one day, on the ſame horſe, prevented the conviction of a priſoner for a highway robbery, though he confeſſed himſelf guilty of it immediately after his acquittal.

William Harriſon a ſteward in the Gainſborough family, was alſo mentioned, who ſuddenly diſappeared with a conſiderable ſum of money in his charge, of which he was ſuppoſed to have been robbed and then murdered. The family were terrified and alarmed, and, after a certain time, impelled, as he ſaid, by remorſe, Edward Perry, a man reſiding near Cambden, accuſed himſelf, the wife and ſiſter of the abſent man, of having robbed and murdered him; he added, that they had thrown the body into a certain pit in the neighbourhood, which was ſearched, but no body could be found; yet as he perſiſted in his accuſation, they were all three indicted, tried, and hanged.

Harriſon, a few months afterwards returned, giving a particular and ſatisfactory account of his abſence, equally ſhocked and perplexed by a ſanguinary, but unaccountable depravity, which had thus exterminated his family.

The contradictory accounts of Canning were explained by her friends, as amounting to no more than this, that a general fact, compounded of a variety of things done and ſaid at various places, when related on particular occaſions, and at different times, had not always been told minutely and exactly the ſame way; a defect to which every long and complicated ſtory, muſt, in ſome degree, be liable.

Some allowance, they ſaid, ought

ought to be made for the aggravated feelings and expreſſions of a parent, who believed her daughter to have been actually treated in the manner deſcribed; and ſome to an injured female, under the impreſſions of fear, famine, an emaciated body, and an agitated mind.

Several witneſſes proved their having ſeen Mary Squires, on or about the 16th, the 17th, and 23d of December, at Enfield-Waſh.—She was obſerved, according to the evidence of one man, telling a perſon's fortune; another, ſwore to her applying to him for leave to ſleep in his barn; and a third, to her enquiring of him about a horſe ſhe had loſt.

A phyſician and an apothecary proved the languid and reduced ſtate of Elizabeth Canning, on her return to her mother's, and that ſhe appeared like one who had ſuffered extreme hunger, thirſt, and cold; but they acknowledged, that a perſon might be as ſhe was from other cauſes.

An attendant at the Stamford-Hill turnpike, ſwore, that about the *fore-end* of January, but he could not ſpeak poſitively to the day, he ſaw a girl, in company with two men, paſs the gate, ſobbing and crying; that they joſtled her along, and uſed abuſive language.

He deſcribed her as having a light colored gown and apron, and that it was about eleven o'clock at night.

On this evidence it was obſerved, that Canning could not be the woman who paſſed the turnpike, for ſhe had ſworn, that her *gown and apron* were taken from her in Moorfields;—add to this, that turnpike gate is four miles from Moorfields, and ſeven from Wells's houſe, and ſhe ſwore, that ſhe was brought to Wells's about four in the morning.

Thomas Bennett ſaw a miſerable poor wretch, in a ragged, dirty condition, on the 29th of January, near Enfield-Waſh, on her way to London, and depoſed, that ſhe aſked him the road. Two other witneſſes ſwore to the meeting a girl, whom they *verily believe* to have been Elizabeth Canning, on the road between Enfield-Waſh and London, but deſcribed her as looking pale, though her hands and face were ſaid, by herſelf and others, to be black and blue.

On the part of Mary Squires, upwards of forty perſons were called, to prove that ſhe was more than a hundred and thirty miles from Enfield-Waſh, in company with her ſon George, and her daughter Lucy, at the time ſhe was accuſed of having committed the robbery.

On the 29th of December, according to the evidence of Mrs. Hopkins, the landlady of a public houſe at South Perrott, in Dorſetſhire, they all three lodged with her; on the 30th, they called at Winyard's-Gap, an alehouſe about a mile further, to take refreſhment; at this laſt place, the frightful countenance of Squires ſo remarkably attracted the notice of the daughter of the woman of the houſe, that ſhe compared her to a picture of Mother Shipton, hanging in the room.

Their appearance on the ſame day at Lytton, a village nine miles further on the road, was alſo proved by ſeveral witneſſes; —by James Hawkins, at whoſe houſe they ſlept two nights; by her ſon's being ſhaved there, by Francis Gladman; and by their dining on a couple of boiled fowls; Mr. Moreton obſerving that this was a remarkable dinner for gypſies, George anſwered, that fowls, at ſix-pence a piece, were cheaper than butcher's meat.

At Abbotſbury, a ſmall pariſh, three miles from Lytton, they remained till Tueſday the 9th of January; were recognized by many perſons, and had a dance at the houſe of John Gibbons, the ſign of the ſhip, at Abbotſbury, where William Clarke, a ſhoemaker, and the ſweetheart of Lucy Squires, was her partner, and Melchiſedech Arnold, a blackſmith, played the fiddle. John Ford, a carpenter, of Abbotſbury, ſaw them alſo on the 1ſt of January, ſhook hands with the old woman, kiſſed her daughter and drank a pint of beer with George.

From Abbotſbury, they were regularly traced through Porterſham and Ridgeway (where, caſh being ſcarce, they left a piece of Nankin as a pledge for the reckoning) to Dorcheſter; at this place, in conſequence of the exceſſive rains, the Fordington water was ſo high as to cover the cauſeway; the old woman and George were obliged to wade through it, but Lucy prevailed on a miller's boy to carry her behind him on horſeback; to the repeated intreaties of Mary Squires, that he would alſo take her on horſeback, the little varlet replied, 'that he would have nothing to ſay or to do with ſuch an ugly old b—h.'

By a chain of credible and circumſtantial evidence, they were proved to have paſſed through Chettle, Martin, Coombe, and Baſingſtoke, where Lucy, not being able to write, begged the landlady to ſend Clarke a few lines, according to promiſe. The letter, with the poſt-mark, was produced in court. From Baſingſtoke they went to Bagſhot, Brentford, Page-Green, Totten-

Tottenham, and on the 24th of January, took lodgings at Suſannah Wells's, in Enfield-Waſh.

On the 1ſt of February they were apprehended, and it was remarked, that Canning, immediately on coming into the room, exclaimed, pointing to Mary Squires, "That is the woman who robbed me of my ſtays," when it was impoſſible for her to ſee the old woman's face, from the particular poſition in which ſhe ſat.

Canning had deſcribed the place of her confinement as *ſquare, dark*, and *little*; but, on ſurveying the room, it meaſured 35 feet 3 inches, by 9 feet 8; and it was far from dark, as well from the two windows as from the light admitted between the pantiles. She alſo ſaid at firſt, that ſhe dropped from the window by a pent-houſe, when, on inſpection, there was not a pent-houſe on the premiſes.

A poor man, named Fortune Natus, proved, that he and his wife ſlept in the room in which Canning ſwore ſhe was confined, during the whole of that month, and, for five or ſix weeks before. This part of the evidence was ſtrongly corroborated by Ezra Whiffin; a neighbour of Suſannah Wells, who, being in want of part of the iron work of a ſign-board, and hearing that ſhe had an old one to diſpoſe of, called to ſee it, and accompanied Wells into the very room in queſtion, to ſeek for it; they at laſt found it under ſome hay, which made part of the bed on which the wife of Natus was actually lying, at the time Whiffin called, the 18th of January.

John Larney, Edward Allen, and Giles Knight, labourers, ſwore that they lopped ſeveral trees that grew near the window of the work-ſhop or hay-loft in queſtion, on the 8th of January; and that while they were employed in it, two women, Virtue Hall, and Sarah Howitt, appeared at the window, and converſed with them for more than half an hour.

Had Canning been in the room, ſhe muſt have been ſeen, or might have called for help. She had ſworn, that no perſon, of any deſcription, entered the garret or loft, during the whole of her confinement.

It was alſo remarked, that a night-gown and handkerchief, which ſhe ſaid ſhe took to cover herſelf with, out of the room at Wells's, ſhe claimed as her mother's before the Lord Mayor, and wiſhed to take them, as well as the pitcher, into her poſſeſſion; to the information before Mr. Fielding, ſhe ſet her mark, as if

unable to write her name, but afterwards wrote a fair legible hand.

After an examination of more than a hundred and twenty witneſſes, the jury retired for fifteen minutes, and brought in a verdict—Guilty of perjury, but not wilful and corrupt. This the Recorder told them he could not receive, as they muſt either find her guilty of the whole indictment, or acquit her: after half an hour's conſultation, they brought in a verdict—Guilty of wilful and corrupt perjury.

In May, ſeventeen hundred and fifty-four, being called up to receive ſentence, ſhe addreſſed the court in the following words.

"I hope your lordſhips will be favorable to me, for I had no intention of ſwearing the gypſey's life away; I am an unfortunate woman, and what I did was only in my own defence."

The Recorder (Mr. Moreton) then addreſſed her in the following words.

Elizabeth Canning,

"You ſtand convicted, on the cleareſt proof, of wilful and corrupt perjury, a crime attended with the moſt fatal and dangerous conſequences to the community, though as yet it is not puniſhed with death.

"Your trial has taken up a great deal of time, and the ſeveral witneſſes have undergone the ſtricteſt examination: I think I may venture to affirm, that there is not one unprejudiced perſon, of the great numbers who have attended it, but muſt be convinced of the juſtice and impartiality of the verdict.

"I look back with horror on the evidence you gave at the trial of Mary Squires, whom you knew to be deſtitute and friendleſs, and therefore you fixed upon her as a proper object to make a ſacrifice of, at the expence of a falſe oath: this you preferred to the making a plain diſcovery to thoſe who had a right to know where you really were thoſe twenty-eight days of your pretended confinement in the houſe of Suſannah Wells.

"In this impoſture you were encouraged to perſiſt, by miſapplied charity, and by the advice of your miſtaken friends, whom you had deluded and deceived into a belief of the truth of what you had falſely ſworn.

"This audacious attempt, and that calm deliberate aſſurance with which you formed a ſcheme to take away the life of one, though the moſt abject of the human ſpecies, together with your youth, and the character you then had, as well as your ſeeming inexperience, impoſed upon

upon many, and gained you a credit, which muſt have exceeded your higheſt expectations.

" Thus encouraged, you not only wickedly perſevered, but even triumphed over thoſe who would not ſuffer their judgments to be miſled by ſo groſs an impoſition; but when people had a little recovered their ſenſes, and this miraculous tale of your's came to be temperately canvaſſed; when your own original information, was compared with the evidence you gave at the trial, and was found to vary in many material circumſtances, a neceſſary enquiry was ſet on foot by a worthy magiſtrate who preſided in this court, which ſaved the life of Squires. Theſe proceedings gave riſe to this proſecution, which has expoſed the guilty, and ought to convince the doubtful: I hope this iniquitous conduct of your's, will induce mankind not to ſuffer their credulity to get the better of their reaſon.

" It is not my wiſh to aggravate your guilt, or to increaſe that affliction which *I hope* you feel; but as I attended both the trials, it may be expected that I ſhould declare my opinion; I therefore in the moſt ſolemn manner, affirm, that I always thought your evidence falſe, and your witneſſes groſsly miſtaken.

" The policy of foreign countries puniſhes this offence with death; but it is your happineſs to have been born in a country, whoſe code of laws are neither ſevere nor ſanguinary, and the ſentence I now pronounce, is in no degree adequate to the nature of your offence. You ſhall be impriſoned in the jail of Newgate for one month; you ſhall then be tranſported to America, for the term of ſeven years; and if within that period you return, and are found in any of his majeſty's dominions of Great Britain or Ireland, you ſhall ſuffer death."

Notwithſtanding this deciſion, many people ſtill inſiſted on the innocence of Canning; the newſpapers and periodic publications of that day are full of the ſubject; Henry Fielding exerciſed his pen in favor of, and Sir John Hill againſt the female impoſtor. In Auguſt ſeventeen hundred and fifty-four, ſhe was tranſported to New England, where ſhe married advantageouſly, and one of her original ſupporters left her a legacy of five hundred pounds.

Before her departure, not willing to loſe that valuable prerogative of her ſex, *the laſt word*, Canning publiſhed a declaration, which concludes in theſe words: " I declare, in the moſt ſerious manner,

manner, that I am fully perſuaded, and well aſſured, that Mary Squires was the perſon who robbed me, and that the houſe of Suſannah Wells was the place in which I was confined twenty-eight days."

This article ought not to conclude, without paying a tribute of praiſe to the humane zeal of Sir Criſp Gaſcoyne, the acute inveſtigation of Mr. Moreton, and the diſcriminating preciſion of Serjeant Davy.

STATE COACH, the new one, made for his majeſty ſince the treaſonable attack on his perſon, and thus deſcribed by a writer, whom I have often praiſed for vigorous intellect and political ſagacity.

"This carriage is a moveable fortreſs, ſo ſtrongly built, as to be proof againſt almoſt any ſpecies of attack, and ſo cloſely blocked up, as to render our ſovereign inviſible; it is to be regretted that falſe alarmiſts, and bad counſellors, ſhould induce his majeſty to have recourſe to any other means of ſecurity, than the fidelity and affection of his faithful ſubjects."

I appeal to my readers, whether the whole extract I have made, is not a piece of ingenious ſophiſtry. I agree without heſitation to the ſelf-evident propoſition, that a ſovereign's beſt ſecurity is the love of his people; but was it not time to have recourſe to other reliances and ſafeguards, when a frantic mob of blood-thirſty deſperadoes, threatened with deſtruction the firſt magiſtrate of a free people, actually engaged in the performance of a moſt important duty.

STATE OF THE QUESTION.

It has been aſked, What is the ſtate of the queſtion now at iſſue, on the great conteſted points of monarchy and democracy?

My reply is, that I am not qualified *coolly* to ſtate it; but from the colliſion of opinions, one ſpark of information, one great and important fact has burſt forth and been diffuſed, which renders it no longer a mere controverſial ſubject, or a matter of ſpeculation; it now comes home to men's boſoms, as a queſtion of taſte; a queſtion of feeling; a queſtion of property; a queſtion of life; and is reduced to the following ſimple axiom, addreſſed from one of the parties, to the other, frequently wrapped up, it is true, in various forms, and different expreſſions.

"YOU HAVE PROPERTY, AND I HAVE NONE; BUT I AM DETERMINED,

TERMINED, IF POSSIBLE, TO GAIN POSSESSION OF IT, AT ALL RISKS, AND BY EVERY MEANS IN MY POWER."

If this, my ſtatement, be correct, and from ocular, as well as auricular demonſtration, I have ſtrong reaſons for being of opinion, that it is ſo; what can we ſay, or what ought we to think of thoſe, who are ſo ſanguine, urgent, buſy, and perſevering, in bellowing for an increaſe of popular power, and augmenting the weight already ſo dangerouſly preponderating in the democratic ſcale.

Such reaſoners are like *bottle-holders* to an athletic boxer, cheering him, and giving him cordials, when he has already crippled his antagoniſt; and certain pathetic declamations againſt increaſing the influence of the crown, are like giving a tedious lecture on the danger of galloping, to a traveller purſued by highwaymen.

"Is nothing then to be done, to ſoothe popular diſcontent?" ſays an exaſperated reformer at my elbow, "Would you make no conceſſions?"

In univerſal ſuffrage, ſhorter parliaments, &c. in a word, political power; for that is what they all mean, not a ſingle iota.

To *re*cede or *con*cede the breadth of a hair, under our preſent circumſtances, and with men's minds in their preſent ſtate of morbid irritability, would infallibly cruſh us to atoms.

But while I would recommend the moſt unfeeling obduracy to miniſters, as politicians and ſtateſmen, I would endeavour to awaken their ſenſibilities, as Chriſtians and as men; I would earneſtly recommend that, which I hope and believe they have earneſtly at heart, to augment the comforts, and diminiſh the burthens of the people; to retrench ſuperfluity in public expence, and reduce all enormous ſalaries; thus would pleaſure and duty go hand in hand.

I am fully aware, that I differ widely in opinion on this ſubject, with men, whom I venerate and love; but ſituated as we are, and on *ſuch* a ſubject, friendſhip and perſonal attachment muſt yield to a more ſacred duty; I again repeat, that I would not add the ninety-nine thouſandth part of a grain, or an inch, to the preſcribed ſpace and momentum of the democratic branch of our conſtitution; I am fully perſuaded, that were the people ſet fully at liberty, on the points *they demand*, we ſhould inſtantly become the moſt miſerable and ignoble of ſlaves ourſelves; in that caſe, I would inſtantly ſet ſail for Algiers, or become

come a ſubject of Napoleon's *brother* Emperor, his imperial majeſty of Morocco.

I may be miſtaken; but with due reverence, I call the Almighty to witneſs, that in the preſent perverted ſtate of men's minds, nothing, in my opinion, can preſerve the reign of law, religion and tranquillity, but the cannon, the bayonet, and muſquet; under the direction of fortitude, prudence, moderation, and public-ſpirit; RES DURÆ TALIA COGUNT.

The hand which does not firmly graſp the ſword, will ſoon loſe the ſceptre.

Another palpable truth, collaterally connected with the preſent queſtion, has alſo been eſtabliſhed; that human hands and human hearts are not pure and clean enough to conduct a republic, and that it is a form of government, in every inſtance, incompatible with external tranquillity, and internal peace; this point it is true had been decided many ages ſince; but modern theoriſts, had ſet an old queſtion again afloat, and many modern reaſoners were diſpoſed to doubt the fact.

It has pleaſed Providence, in compaſſion to human infirmity, to eſtabliſh the opinion I have given, beyond a doubt, by the paſt and preſent ſtate of the ci-devant republic, but now abſolute monarchy of France: may the queſtion be conſidered as everlaſtingly ſettled; may it never again be agitated by erroneous zeal, or the malignancy of ill-deſign.

STATIONERS COMPANY of London, introduced in this place for the purpoſe of recording the culpable and indecent neglect of a printer they employed in the reign of James the firſt, who puniſhed them by a fine of a thouſand pounds, for omitting in an edition of the Bible, the important monoſyllable, *not* in that portion of the decalogue which forbids adultery.

An error of a like kind, but not an involuntary error, has been laid to the charge of Porpora, a celebrated Italian compoſer, who, being employed on a particular occaſion, to ſet a part of the ſervice of the church of Rome, to muſic, found himſelf at a loſs in the beginning of one of the creeds for a monoſyllable, to give power to the forté part of his piece, and in the abſorbing raptures of his compoſition, thoughtleſsly introduced the very word, for the omiſſion of which, the ſtationers company had been puniſhed; ſo that in the muſic ſcore, the words actually ran, "I believe *not* in God." For this error, not remarked till after the

the celebration of the ſervice, the compoſer was ſeverely reprimanded.

The ſtationers company had long enjoyed the excluſive privilege of printing and vending almanacks, grounded on a grant of James the firſt or ſecond, which his majeſty had no right to make: and a monopoly ſo contrary to law and equity, was attacked by Carnan, a private individual of ſtrong ſenſe, but unaccommodating manners.

This bookſeller, after a long and expenſive ſuit, againſt the united power, influence and money, of a wealthy fraternity, and a learned univerſity, gained the cauſe, and celebrated his victory with intemperate exultation. Having driven his antagoniſts from the field, he reaped little benefit himſelf, owing to the ungenerous eagerneſs of the reſt of the trade, who ſeized thoſe advantages *he* had laid open.

Carnan was a ſtriking and impreſſive proof, that good ſenſe and active powers, cannot always inſure a ſucceſsful or a pleaſant paſſage through life: he was preyed on by chagrin, or inſulted by unforgiving competitors, while many a good man and true, in the neighbouring row, one half of his time aſleep, and the other ſcarcely awake, was ſlumbering into independence.

Untamable obſtinacy was the crying ſin of Carnan's life; he expended a thouſand pounds in a law-ſuit concerning a horſe, rather than retract an opinion he had once given: in another inſtance, he ſunk a conſiderable ſum in building a houſe, on an execrable ſpot, without proſpect or probability of a tenant, or its turning to any advantage or account, and contrary to the perſuaſions of all his friends.

The only reaſon that could be gueſſed for his pertinacious adherence to this unprofitable folly, was, that in converſing on the ſubject, he had aſſerted, that the ſituation was a deſirable one, and a tenant at a high rent abſolutely certain; the event proved his miſtake. A man of ſuch a character, makes a noble client; he has been deſcribed by ſome poet, as a tool, which knaves do work with, call'd a fool.

The writer of this article, was once witneſs to a tranſaction between Goldſmith and Carnan, which did credit to the ſpirit, feelings, and generoſity of the bookſeller, but the author, in his uſual ſtrange way, treated his benefactor with ſupercilious abruptneſs, and ill manners; had a third perſon been introduced, unacquainted with the preceding tranſaction, he would have immediately concluded, that Carnan

nan had received, and Goldſmith conferred a favor.

STERNE, LAURENCE, an Engliſh clergyman, a popular, but in my opinion, an irritating, a voluptuous, and dangerous writer, whoſe books I think have done conſiderable miſchief, and for this reaſon; although acting preciſely on the ſyſtem of Rocheſter and other licentious writers, he does not give the previous alarm of obſcene language.

Sterne is the founder of a numerous claſs of authors, to whom the term *ſentimental* has been given, which, ſtrictly ſpeaking, almoſt every ſpecies of writing, beyond a technical ſyllabus, or a text book, is, or ought to be. It is not eaſy to define, what a modern reader means by this once faſhionable expreſſion, unleſs we reſt ſatisfied with what a female writer once replied to this queſtion, and rather in a peeviſh way, "*It means to write like Sterne.*"

To attempt a deſcription of what I have confeſſed is difficult, may appear preſumptuous, but he who fails, poſſeſſes more merit than the man who never tries. Yet, if the eaſineſs of writing ſentimentally, is to be eſtimated by the numbers who have taken the field, it ſhould ſeem to require no very uncommon abilities.

The ſentimental writer, then, if we are allowed to draw our rules from his great prototype, the author of Triſtram Shandy, the ſentimental writer muſt, by the force of natural genius, be enabled, from the various, the common, and, the unimportant occurrences of life, to ſelect materials, calculated to intereſt, elevate, and ſurprize.

Unembarraſſed by thoſe fetters of continuity and coherence, which ſound criticiſm expects from other writers, he conſiders himſelf at liberty to wander diſcurſively, and, except when he occaſionally ſtoops to crop a roſe, raiſe a lilly, or drop a ſentiment, to gallop without reins, and ſometimes without judgment, from Alps to Pyrenees, whilſt folly claps her hands, and wiſdom ſtares, and the fatigued reader; in the rapid pantomime of pleaſure, pathos, humour, dullneſs, and obſcenity, is alternately pleaſed, vexed, bewildered, and loſt.

To ſketch out affecting and maſterly pictures; to raiſe his reader on the very tiptoe of expectation, and at laſt to defeat ardent curioſity, by aſteriſks and daſhes; to tread cloſely on the borders of impiety and lewdneſs, with-

without diſguſting language; by powers wonderfully and ſublimely pathetic, to reach at times, the inmoſt receſſes of the heart; and with ſcarcely a page intervening, to irritate, irreſiſtibly to irritate us by matchleſs ſallies of genuine humor; ſuch, ſtrange compound of wit and abſurdity, goodneſs and indecorum, excellence and inanity, delicacy and groſſneſs; ſuch powers, Yorick, were thine!

To the charge, to a divine, the heavy charge, of interlarding his works with paſſages, dangerouſly inflammatory, if not groſsly lewd; his conſtant plea and reply was, that he did it for the purpoſe of procuring readers; and it may be recorded among the contradictory paradoxes of faſhionable caprice, that books, evidently ſteaming from the hot-bed of a laſcivious imagination, were the morning companions, and the nightly ſolace of women, who I am convinced, would have bluſhed at an indelicate alluſion, and have vigorouſly reſiſted an attempt on their chaſtity.

Yet ſuch reſiſtance, I fear, would have been weakened by a peruſal of the volumes in queſtion; their tendency on the ſex is evidently neither to make them ſteady, nor to keep them ſo.

"I ſee," replied a lady, who had been reproved for her avowed fondneſs for the pages of Sterne, "I ſee, as well as you, the blemiſhes of my favorite author; but am I to ſhut myſelf up all day? am I to loſe the vernal fragrance of the morning breeze? am I to reſign the luxurious ſerenity of an evening walk, becauſe the path is occaſionally obſtructed by thorns and briars, or for fear of being terrified by the hiſſing of an adder, or the roaring of a bull?"

It was a peculiarity of Sterne, that what he had once committed to paper, however indecorus, or unfounded, no entreaties could prevail on him to alter or eraſe, however injurious it might be to his reputation as a writer, or his character as a divine. Like Dryden, he neglected, or would not practice, the art of blotting; and when paſſages have been pointed out in his manuſcript, the omiſſion or correction of which, woul have much improved it; "What I have written, I have written," was his only reply—"if *you* decline printing it, others may be found who will."

This incorrigible obſtinacy, in deſpite of friendſhip, duty, intereſt, and diſcretion, his friends could not always account for. Whether, as he once ſaid, "It was bad enough to write nonſenſe

ſenſe, but to re-write it, was the devil and Dr. Fauſtus;" which would prove it was genuine indolence; or whether it might be, that unbending ſenſe of ſuperiority, impatient of direction and controul, the frequent companion, perhaps, the prerogative of genius, which will ſubmit to no deciſion but its own, is not important to determine; it probably originated from both.

The following is no bad deſcription of Sterne; whether written by himſelf or not, I cannot recollect.

"I was born to travel out of the common road, and to ſtart aſide from the beaten tract. I was neither deſigned for a team, nor for a bridle, but to amble along, looſe and unconfined; and if I neither kick, ſplaſh, nor run over any one; who, in the name of common ſenſe, has any right to interrupt me?"

A heavy charge of *borrowing* from his predeceſſors, has been alledged againſt Yoriek, by a judicious and candid writer, who produces evidence ſufficient to ſtartle, if not ſubdue, the doubts of criticiſm; thoſe who have been delighted by Sterne, will, perhaps, read the following obſervations, and the paſſages which follow them, with ſurprize.

"In tracing ſome of Sterne's ideas from other writers, I do not" ſays the author I quote, "I do not mean to treat him as a plagiary; I wiſh to illuſtrate, not to degrade him. If ſome inſtances of copying be proved againſt him, they will detract nothing from his genius, and will only leſſen that impoſing appearance he ſometimes aſſumed, of erudition, which he really wanted.

"But there can be no doubt reſpecting Sterne's obligations to an author, once the favorite of the learned and witty, though now neglected. I have often wondered at the great pains he takes in ridiculing opinions not faſhionable in his day, and have thought it ſingular, that he ſhould produce the portrait of his ſophiſt, Mr. Shandy, with all the ſtains and mouldineſs of the laſt century about him. But I am now convinced, that all the ſingularities of Triſtram Shandy, were drawn from *Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy*." Here follow the extracts.

STERNE.

"'Tis either Plato," ſays Sterne, "or Plutarch, or Seneca, or Xenophon, or Epictetus, or Theophraſtus, or Lucian—or ſome one perhaps of later date—either Cardan, or Budæus, or Petrarch, or Stella—or poſſibly it may be ſome divine, or father of the church, St. Auſtin, or St. Cyprian,

prian, or Bernard, who affirms, that it is an irreſiſtible and natural paſſion to weep for the loſs of our friends or children—and Seneca, I'm poſitive, tells us ſomewhere, that ſuch griefs evacuate themſelves beſt by that particular channel.

"Accordingly we find that David wept for his ſon Abſalom—Adrian for his Antinous—Niobe for her children, and that Apollidorus and Crito both ſhed tears for Socrates before his death."

This is well rallied, as the following paſſage will evince; but Sterne ſhould have conſidered, how much he owed to poor old Burton.

BURTON.

"Death and departure of friends are things generally grievous: *Omnium quæ in vita humana contingunt, luctus atque mors ſunt acerbiſſima.* [CARDAN de Conſol. lib. 2.] The moſt auſtere and bitter accidents that can happen to a man in this life, *in æternum valedicere*, to part for ever, to forſake the world, and all our friends, tis *ultimum terribilium*, the laſt and the greateſt terror; moſt irkſome and troubleſome unto us? &c.—Nay, many generous ſpirits, and grave ſtaid men otherwiſe, are ſo tender in this, that at the loſs of a dear friend, they will cry out, roar, and tear their hair, lamenting ſome months after, and howling, Ulogohone and Hullulu, Ολολυγων—Ululatus, as certain Iriſh women, who, like the Greeks at their graves, commit many indecent actions.

STERNE.

"Tis an inevitable chance—the firſt ſtatute in Magna Charta—it is an everlaſting act of parliament, my dear brother—all muſt die."

BURTON.

"Tis an inevitable chance, the firſt ſtatute in Magna Charta, an everlaſting act of parliament, all muſt die."

STERNE.

"When Tully was bereft of his dear daughter Tullia, at firſt he laid it to his heart—he liſtened to the voice of nature, and modulated his own unto it;—but as ſoon as he began to look into the ſtores of philoſophy, and conſider how many excellent things might be ſaid on the occaſion—nobody upon earth can conceive, ſays the great orator, how joyful, how happy it made me."

BURTON.

"Tully was much grieved for his daughter Tulliola's death, at firſt, until ſuch time that he had confirmed his mind, with ſome phi-

philoſophical precepts, then he began to triumph over fortune and grief, and to be much more joyed, for her reception into heaven, than before he was troubled for her loſs."

STERNE.

"Kingdoms and provinces, and towns and cities, have they not their periods? Where is Troy, and Mycene, and Thebes, and Delos, and Perſepolis, and Agrigentum? —What is become, brother Toby, of Nineveh, and Babylon, of Cyzicum, and Mytilene; theſe once the faireſt towns that ever the ſun roſe upon, are now no more."

BURTON.

"Kingdoms, provinces, towns, and cities, have their periods, and are conſumed. In thoſe flouriſhing times of Troy, Mycene was the faireſt city in Greece,—but it, alas, and that Aſſyrian Nineveh are quite overthrown. The like fate hath that Egyptian and Bæotian Thebes. Delos, the common council-houſe of Greece; and Babylon, the greateſt city that ever the ſun ſhone on, have now nothing but walls, and rubbiſh left—And where is Troy itſelf now, Perſepolis, Carthage, Cyzicum, Sparta, Argos, and all thoſe Grecian cities? Syracuſe and Agrigentum, the faireſt towns in Sicily, which had ſometimes ſeven hundred thouſand inhabitants, are now decayed."

STERNE.

"Returning out of Aſia, when I ſailed from Ægina towards Megara, I began to view the country round about. Ægina was behind me, Megara was before, Pyræus on the right hand, Corinth on the left. What flouriſhing towns now proſtrate on the earth! Alas! alas! ſaid I to myſelf, that a man ſhould diſturb his ſoul for the loſs of a child, when ſo much as this, lies awfully buried in his preſence. Remember ſaid I to myſelf again—remember that thou art a man."

BURTON.

"Returning out of Aſia, when I ſailed from Ægina towards Megara, I began to view the country round about. Ægina was behind me, Megara before, Pyræus on the right hand, Corinth on the left; what flouriſhing towns heretofore, now proſtrate and overwhelmed before mine eyes! Alas, why are we ſo much diſquieted with the departure of a friend, whoſe life is much ſhorter: when ſo many goodly cities lie buried before us. Remember, O Servius, thou art a man; and with that I was much confirmed, and corrected myſelf."

STERNE.

"My ſon is dead, ſo much the better; tis a ſhame in ſuch a tem-

a tempeſt, to have but one anchor."

BURTON.

——He was a moſt dear and loving friend, my ſole friend—— Thou mayeſt be aſhamed, I ſay, with Seneca, in ſuch a tempeſt as this to have but one anchor."

STERNE.

He is gone for ever from us, be it ſo. He is got from under the hands of his barber before he was bald. He is riſen from a feaſt before he was ſurfeited—from a banquet before he had got drunk. The Thracians wept when a child was born, and feaſted and made merry when a man went out of the world, and with reaſon. It is better not to hunger at all, than to eat; not to thirſt, than to take phyſic to cure it. Is it not better to be freed from cares and agues, love and melancholy, and the other hot and cold fits of life, than like a galled traveller, who comes weary to his inn, to be bound to begin his journey afreſh."

BURTON.

"Thou doſt him great injury to deſire his longer life. Wilt thou have him crazed and ſickly ſtill, like a tired traveller, that comes weary to his inn, begin his journey afreſh. He is now gone to eternity—as if he had riſen, ſaith Plutarch, from the midſt of a feaſt before he was drunk—Is it not much better not to hunger at all, than to eat? not to thirſt, than to drink to ſatisfy thirſt? not to be cold, than to put on clothes to drive away cold? You had more need rejoice that I am freed from diſeaſes, agues, &c. The Thracians wept when a child was born, but feaſted and made merry when any man was buried: and ſo ſhould we rather be glad for ſuch as die well, that they are ſo happily freed from the miſeries of this life."

STEWART, JOHN, Earl of Bute, a peer of North Britain, director of the education of King George the third, and afterward his prime miniſter, during a period unequalled in Engliſh hiſtory, for party violence and civil diſcord, which diffuſed a cloud of ſuſpicion, or averſion, over the reign of a young and amiable prince, who aſcended the throne of his anceſtors, with the moſt enthuſiaſtic attachment of his ſubjects.

Theſe circumſtances have been attributed, by ſome, to weakneſs, by others, to ill-deſign in the adminiſtration of the day, and, by many, to the ſuperior ſkill and verſatility of their opponents, in forming parliamentary cabal, and fomenting popular diſcontent; the

the literary partizans of oppoſition were confeſſedly ſuperior *as writers*, but they wanted candor and political honeſty.

Lord Bute, happy in the ſmiles of his ſovereign, but never poſſeſſing the confidence of the people, married the wealthy heireſs of Wortley Montague, and after retiring from public life, paſſed his remaining days in ſcience and tranquillity, ſinking more than eighty thouſand pounds, in a ſuperb edifice at High Cliff, a barren promontory on the ſea coaſt of Hampſhire, oppoſite the Iſle of Wight.

He was not intimidated by the aſſurances of his architect and ſurveyor, who aſſerted that, from the daily and rapid inroads of the tide, in leſs than fifty years, the whole building, as well as the ſurrounding gardens and pleaſure-grounds, muſt be waſhed into the ſea; this prediction, the raging elements and ſpeculating purchaſers have rapidly fulfilled.

His lordſhip's favorite purſuit was botany, and his work on this ſubject, with plates, of which, I believe, only a dozen were printed, is an elegant and ſplendid proof, that when levees and drawing rooms loſe their charm, methods of paſſing through life may ſtill be ſtruck out, without ſacrificing health, fame, and fortune, to the vices, or the follies of Newmarket, the brothel, or the chace.

I cannot but think, that the ſubject of this article would have deſerved much better of ſcience and of mankind, and have been more juſtly entitled to the praiſe of a benevolent friend of the arts, had he permitted the impreſſions of his botanic work to have been more numerous, and given to the public at a moderate price, or a copy to have been diſtributed, gratis, to every univerſity and public library in Europe; the partial and reſerved manner in which it was printed and conferred, was illiberal, and unworthy an amateur and a man of ſcience.

In the domeſtic treatment of his children, Lord Bute was ſingular: from infancy to manhood they enjoyed a minute portion of the time and attention of their father, who was abſorbed in political reverie, deep ſtudy or ſelf-contemplation; at a fixed and regular hour they once, and only once a day, were introduced to him.

After the cool common-place queſtions, mutually given and received, they retired.

This anecdote, if true, inſtead of the ſoft endearing intercourſe of a parent, might be rather termed a dramatic repreſentation of domeſtic decorum, perfectly conſiſtent with the Earl's geſture and

and manner of ſpeaking, which were remarkably formal and theatrical. It was rather the condeſcenſion of an Oriental deſpot, a father without affection, than the fond meeting of a parent with his offspring, liſtening to their prattle, or viewing, with delight, the opening buds of mental and corporal improvement.

"Can you vouch for the authenticity of certain accuſations you have produced againſt the favorite, and the mother of a great perſonage?" ſaid a barriſter, who had the reputation of hitting off ſatirical ſketches impromptu, to the famous author of certain violent periodic invectives. "Nothing like it," replied the libeller. "Nothing like it; I was totally ignorant of the buſineſs, but the hint, probably firſt ſuggeſted by ſome hungry paragraph-monger, or induſtrious pamphleteer, afforded ſo fair an opportunity for raiſing public clamour, and fanning the embers of diſcontent, that I could not ſuffer it to eſcape me." The indignant lawyer, inſtantly and ſignificantly turned his back on the propagator of falſehood during the remainder of the evening, obſerving towards him a contemptuous and expreſſive ſilence.

"A private country gentleman and a militia colonel, (obſerved the barriſter to the writer of this article, and a few others, who ſat near him on the occaſion which was a public dinner) "the raſcal behind me would have lived unnoticed, and have died without remembrance, had he not, at an early period of life, given notorious and flagrant proofs of an utter contempt for religion and the moral duties.

"With a ſuitable circle of companions, he inſtituted a ſociety, whoſe exiſtence was a ſatire on mankind, and whoſe impunity was a libel on their country; they choſe Satan for their divinity, and profaned the liturgy and ceremonies of the church of England, by addreſſing them to the monarch of hell, with other obſcene and impious practices.

"After exhauſting every reſource of a depraved fancy and an impure imagination, he turned his mind from blaſphemy unenſivened by wit, from ſenſuality without refinement, from love without delicacy, to political adventure.

"In a conference with the miniſter of the day, on the price of his vote, his demands were ſo arbitrary, exorbitant, and unreaſonable, that the Premier rejected them in a peremptory and ſpirited manner, and was told by

this political renegado, that in a few months he would write him down.

"Dipping his pen in gall, he became a virulent libeller of king, church, and ſtate, till, by the raſhneſs of a miniſter, who violated, in his perſon, the principles of the Engliſh conſtitution, in order to revenge the inſults of his maſter, whoſe mother had been groſsly and infamouſly traduced, *our hero* had the verſatility to render the private injuries of an obſcure debauchee, the cauſe of the whole kingdom, and ſet the nation in an uproar.

"Thus, an individual of diabolical features, blaſted character, and infamous life, the traducer of revealed religion, and ridiculer of its myſteries; the defender and panegyriſt of fraud, cruelty, and obſcenenceſs; the reviler of that ſex, to whom we all owe, not only our exiſtence and nurture, but the moſt delicious moments of our life; whoſe hand had been againſt every man, and every man's hand againſt him, became, by one of thoſe extraordinary revolutions which govern the world, the moſt favored and popular man alive, ſecuring adoration, honor, and emolument, far beyond all that miniſterial favor could beſtow. But time and common ſenſe have long diſſolved the charm; he is rapidly ſinking into his original inſignificance, keeps aloof on all popular and deciſive queſtions, exhibiting the ſame tergiverſation in political, as he formerly evinced in religious principles, and is wholly occupied by a ſordid paſſion for ſhillings and half crowns."

This *rough* outline, whoſe ſeverity I cannot but cenſure, and whoſe truth, in many inſtances, I cannot on any account ſubſcribe to, was heard with ſilent attention by the ſurrounding circle, while the only notice taken of it, by the only perſon who ought to have noticed it, and who muſt have diſtinctly heard the whole, was ſwallowing a half pint bumper.

The Earl of Bute, many years after he quitted the cabinet, was ſuſpected of retaining his influence over the mind of his royal maſter, and what in England rendered it ſtill more unpopular and alarming, *a ſecret influence*; this intercourſe was *ſuppoſed* to be carried on by a fortunate, and in many reſpects, a meritorious man, whoſe official diligence, and well cultivated mind procured for him the "PALMA NON SINE PULVERE."

The accuſation, probably firſt originating from hatred or from fear, which implies from its name as well as nature, difficulty

of

of detection, would, with others of a similar tendency, have long since been forgotten, but for a mysterious air of privacy, the effect of fear or policy, always observed in this nobleman's interviews with the king; his soreness and irritation on the subject, and his earnestly and industriously affecting a marked inattention, a seemingly important negligence of ministers and court measures. This subject, almost forgotten, was again agitated, a few years since, by a ridiculous, unauthorized negociation, created or imagined in the declining dotage, and officious garrulity of the late Dr. Addington.

The following character is drawn by an inveterate enemy, who enjoyed, or pretends to have enjoyed, more than common opportunities of minutely inspecting the life and character of the late Lord Bute.

"False without system to others and himself; reserved, inward and darksome, sequestering himself in the shades of retirement, as a refuge of vanity from contempt. Clandestine without concealment, sad without sorrow, domestic without familiarity, haughty without elevation, stubborn without firmness, and ambitious without spirit; a frigid friend, a mean enemy, without ease, manners or dignity.

"Bookish without learning, a dabbler in the fine arts without taste, displaying all the parade of a vast library, yet as unconversable on literature, as a deaf man on music, or a blind man on paintings. A tutor without knowledge, a minister without ability, and a favorite without gratitude."

To this portrait of a minister, evidently drawn by a disappointed party man, who may thank his own absurd singularities for all his failures, had I a talent for personal comparison, I would add a sketch of HENRY BILSON LEGGE, the first, in *every* sense of the word, the first of Lord Bute's political victims, who gave an early alarm of the overwhelming influence of the favorite, and recommended instant resignation to *all* his associates.

Had they attended to this advice when the lion first discovered his paw, he might have been successfully resisted; but the Thane had the art, that art in the present reign so often repeated, to foment dissention, to attack each man singly, and finally, to subvert a formidable phalanx, who would have been invincible, could they have been prevailed on to hold together by common interest or common sense. Perhaps it is well for the country that such powerful combinations

contain within themselves the seeds of discord and decay; we might otherwise be governed by an hereditary despotic aristocracy.

Mr. Legge was educated privately, in conformity with the wishes of a near relation, who dreaded the lax morality of a public school; a sound judgment, a retentive memory, and a turn for calculation and finance, were improved by classical erudition, manly exercises, and the belles lettres.

After a sufficient perusal of books, he was introduced to business and men, and passed the usual official, parliamentary, and diplomatic routine, at the Treasury, the Admiralty, and Berlin, with exemplary diligence and propriety.

Educated under the tried abilities of the Walpoles, and the dignified probity of the Pelhams, he was appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer; he deserved and shared with Lord Chatham, the gratitude and applause of his country, but considerably excelled his associate in temper, political independence, and mild manners. Without pretending to eloquence, he was heard with attention; and those who came pre-determined to vote against him, could not help feeling regret at opposing so honest a minister, and so amiable a man.

His imagination was not brilliant; yet, in this particular, he was second to few: those who had known him only as a statesman, were surprized on a closer view to find him the pleasantest man in company. Without the overacted formality of a courtier, or the frivolous French grimace of the *ancien regime*, he was kind, sociable, and endearing; performing with energy and grace, the duties of a country gentleman.

By the influence of private worth and personal attachment, Mr. Legge was called on by a considerable county, to represent them in parliament; after having pledged himself beyond retreat, Lord Bute wished him to relinquish in favor of his relation, Sir Simeon Stewart. The ministerial application was answered with openness and mildness, but with firmness: "If a single hint had been given of his lordship's wishes before my honor was engaged, and the interval was sufficiently long, I would not have moved a step; but after such flattering proofs of attachment as I have received, I would spend my last shilling rather than act a dishonorable part with my friends in the country."

Unused to opposition, confident of his strength, and perhaps glad to rid himself of a man, whose

whose unbending principles were dreaded, the Premier gave the signal of dismission.

It was on this occasion, that a man, who possessed a considerable share of political acumen, though he was afterwards branded by a certain literary assassin, with the name of the *cream-coloured parasite*; it was on this occasion he exclaimed, in words mentioned in another part of this collection: "We have not honesty enough ourselves, my lord, to associate with these fellows who have."

I have been censured for adding to this article a stale piece of biography, *now* out of time.

I hope my fault is venial, it is a question of feeling the editor could not resist; the impulse of doing justice to a character who kindly noticed him when a child, and who has played with him between his knees a hundred times; love stretched the canvas, whilst truth and justice guided the pencil.

STYLE OF WRITING.

"I am glad," says a late author, addressing himself to a literary friend, "that you approve of brevity and simplicity; the art of spinning out a little matter into a long story, is beneath the dignity, sense, and precision of the English language.

"Your words should be all weight and substance, full measure, pressed together, and running over, in a redundancy of sense but not of sound.

"We must not look for the beauties of a rough manly language in the sickly fancy of modern refinement, nor in the mincing jargon of fashionable conversation.

"In this and other respects, the vulgarity of great towns is insupportable; there is something romantic and antiquated, that renders rustic ignorance sufferable; but, in large cities, the majority have no taste, or worse than none; *your cocknies have contributed largely towards spoiling your language, and corrupting your taste.*

"Many give the preference to French writers, insisting that they have more variety and grace, and many *pretty* ways of insinuating what they mean; for my own part, I like our forcible, our manly, our English way of *speaking out*; in a word, I had rather sit down to roast beef and Shakespear, than Racine and soup-maigre."

SUBTLETY OF ARGUMENT, or in plain English, obscurity.

Cardan, speaking of this tendency in authors, *once* so highly valued,

valued, but almoſt out of faſhion with modern readers, who generally prefer that which they underſtand; Cardan mentions a writer, Raymond Suiſſeth (Venetiis, 1520) "whoſe mode of reaſoning not only puzzled and perplexed his cotemporaries, but will probably ſurpaſs the comprehenſion of all poſterity," he forgot to add, if poſterity can be prevailed on to read the book.

This elaborate and ingenious writer, I mean Raymond, experienced one inconvenience from the method he purſued; as old age came on, he could not underſtand the meaning of his own works; this evil he is ſaid to have lamented with tears.

Suiſſeth and his book are both forgotten, I apprehend without any important loſs to the public; but the charge of obſcurity has been brought againſt a writer of a very different deſcription.

An impudent and conceited coxcomb once reproached the excellent and venerable Sir Iſaac Newton, to his face, and not long before his death, becauſe the veteran could not explain, to *his* ſatisfaction, ſome difficulty in the PRINCIPIA.

"I confeſs, Sir," ſaid Sir Iſaac, to the reptile, "I am ready to confeſs that time and infirmity have ſomewhat impaired my powers; but this I know, and am well aſſured of, as well by my own convictions, as the concurring teſtimony of others, that when I wrote the book, my calculations were clear and accurate, my deductions correct, and undeniable.

"I ſincerely wiſh, that when you arrive at my age, you may never afford occaſion for ſo ſevere a reproof."

The ruffian retired, and ought to have been kicked down ſtairs.

SUETONIUS. It hath been obſerved of this hiſtorian, by a modern critic, that his want of decency is ſhocking and inexcuſable; that his delineations of the vicious practices of the emperors, are odiouſly accurate, and groſsly minute; that impurities which cannot be mentioned without ſhame, ought never to be recorded.

Yet, this abſtemious correctneſs, particularly in a hiſtorian, may be carried too far; if vice is a monſter of ſo dire a mien, that to be ſhunned, it needs but to be ſeen; he who calls in powerful deſcription, as a beacon to innocence, and an additional motive for virtue, and purifies the heart, even at the riſk of diſguſting our taſte, is ſurely a uſeful advocate.

The reigns of Nero, Tiberius, Caracalla, and Commodus, would have

have been handed down very inadequately to poſterity, had their enormities been cenſured, only in vague epithet, and common-place declamation.

It is not my wiſh to recommend to others, or to uſe myſelf, groſs language, but the *turpia prætereunda* of Cicero, *quæ lectores velint, ſed quæ mihi non deceat dicere,* may be paſſed over too ſlightly for the purpoſes of moral reproof and uſeful impreſſion.

In the article Peregrinus, I omitted relating a ſtrong but coarſe argument made uſe of by the cynic, in reply to certain perſons who cenſured his indecency in actions as well as words; the preſent ſubject calling it to my recollection, I will endeavour to relate it without offence.

"When on any occaſion of accident, convenience, or neceſſity," ſaid this ſingular character, "I exhibit my ſhaggy boſom, or a yellow thigh, what a violent outcry do you raiſe againſt me, as a violator of propriety and decorum.

"But if a theatrical heroine, a ſinger, or a dancer, the debaucher of our youth by her laſcivious poſtures, and the terror of married women, on account of her irritating voluptuouſneſs; ſhould *ſhe* diſplay her neck, or even ſhew what *you ſay* ought to be concealed, how univerſal is the emotion, the building ſhakes with applauſe, and you praiſe the proſtitute to the ſkies."

SULLIVAN, an unfortunate, or rather an imprudent, and criminal Iriſhman, who, hurried by impetuous paſſions, fell an ignominious victim, to thoſe arbitrary tyrants, which make fools or madmen of us all.

Having formed an attachment to a beautiful and accompliſhed young woman, he was admitted as her lover; but in the culpable ardor of a fiery temperament, over-leaping the bounds of ſtrict decorum, his viſits were forbidden.

After making large and long allowance for offended delicacy, after apologies unaccepted, and letters unopened; after a train of circumſtances, at which an unconcerned ſpectator laughs, but which to the ſame perſon, *when a lover,* are agonies; the patience of Sullivan was exhauſted, and his temper inflamed.

At this trying interval, he was informed, that a competitor, recommended by her relations, had been favorably received by his miſtreſs.

This intelligence rouzing every malignant paſſion, and adding the ſting of jealouſy and wounded pride, to the provocation of rejected

jected fondneſs, converted, in a moment, this deſpairing lover, into a moſt furious unrelenting ruffian, a marauder of the moſt dangerous ſpecies.

Deſperate and fearleſs, he broke into her mother's houſe at the dead of night, ſeized the ſleeping beauty, and in ſpite of outcries and reſiſtance, conveyed her to a ſequeſtered ſpot in the county of Limeric.

Having ſecured the avenues to his retreat, which was an antient caſtle, and conſidering himſelf as ſafe from the danger of immediate purſuit, he addreſſed the trembling fair one in the following words.

"You have puniſhed me ſo long and ſo ſeverely for a very ſlight offence, and have ſeen me ſuffering tortures with ſuch obdurate unconcern, that hope is for ever extinguiſhed in my boſom; I am convinced that I do not poſſeſs the leaſt ſhare of your affections.

"It is now too late, and indeed not in my power, to eradicate an infatuation which has wound itſelf round every fibre of my heart; life and death to *me*, are equally indifferent; but the blaſter of my happineſs, the mercenary confounders of all my proſpects ſhall not go unpuniſhed; may I periſh everlaſtingly if that jewel which I ſo highly prize, ſhall ever be poſſeſſed by another.

"It ſhall not," continued Sullivan, in whoſe ferocious eyes furious paſſion had wholly ſuppreſſed tenderneſs and delicacy, "it ſhall not be in the power of a more wealthy rival to riot on thoſe beauties, the contemplation of which has been for many a day, the only ſolace of my life."

Then graſping her in his arms with the rude energy of fierce deſire, he was as happy as the ſtruggles of reluctant beauty, and raptures, not mutual, could make him.

So flagrant a violation of the laws, alarmed the country; and a detachment of ſoldiers, headed by the ſheriff, in a few days reſcued the lady, and conducted Sullivan to priſon.

He was tried and convicted; but, before ſentence of death was paſſed, the court permitted him to put the following queſtion: "Madam! matters have been carried againſt me with a high hand, and they are now come to an extremity which it is only in your power to palliate; if you will marry me, the court will perhaps conſider my caſe in another light, and ſave my life?"

"If I loved you," inſtantly replied the violated and indignant female, erect, with juſt pride and

and resentment, "If I loved you to distraction, I would not stir a step to save your life. Although the punishment you are about to undergo will not restore my blasted honor, it may hereafter protect innocence from violence and villainy."

This impetuous and misguided pupil of impulse, soon after suffered an ignominious death.

It is not to defend his conduct that the present article is inserted; a more important object, and I trust, one of more moral tendency was in view. Let those whom nature gave form to enchant, and beauty to enslave,—let lovely, bewitching women, be cautious how they encourage the addresses of young men, lest the natural effusions of cheerfulness and good temper, should be mistaken for partiality and approbation.

In such cases it becomes every well-meaning woman to examine her own heart, and the merits of the candidate for her regard, *early*, and with scrupulous accuracy. If he is so unfortunate as to prove neither interesting nor agreeable, every good, and every sensible female, will at once candidly say so, and speak her mind with delicacy and firmness; nor for the sake of a dangler, ruin a man's happiness for ever.

The betrayer of virgin innocence, falls deservedly by the sword of an unhappy father, or an incensed brother; the ravisher is led to a disgraceful death, and no one will complain; but is the infamous coquette to go unpunished, who smiles but to deceive, and wins only to betray?—if there be a hotter place in hell, surely it must be reserved for such unfeeling monsters!

Should this reflection arrest one woman in her unprincipled career, or save one lover from experiencing that blasted *once encouraged hope*, which makes the heart sick, and leads to the bottomless abyss of despair and death; Sullivan will not have suffered, nor will Hackman have died in vain.

SUNDERLAND, Earl of, secretary of state to King James the second, and afterwards to William the third.

This noble lord who betrayed both his masters, married a daughter of John, the great Duke of Marlborough, and published a few years before his death, an Apology for his own Conduct; this curious piece of casuistry, did him little service; his arguments amount to this: "I promoted arbitrary power in order to extinguish it, and turned papist to keep out popery;" such principles are incompatible with the magnanimity of a great statesman,

man, and the integrity of a well-meaning man.

Purſuing his favorite ſyſtem, Lord Sunderland was alternately truſted by, and betrayed all parties; exhibiting a ſhameleſs political duplicity, in order to deter others from imitating it; yet I have heard his lordſhip's conduct defended on the ſame principle that a rotten rake is a moral auxiliary, and a ruined *black legs*, a diſſuaſive againſt gaming.

But, ſhould we chuſe ſuch characters for our aſſociates? Would any man in his ſenſes, truſt his money, his wife, or his daughter in ſuch hands?

It was propoſed at a certain time to compile an authentic and impartial Hiſtory of the Revolution in ſixteen hundred and eighty eight; on this occaſion, an eminent whig waited on a well-known character, to aſk if he would undertake it.

The literary man, a *queer eccentric dog, and no man's enemy but his own*, immediately demanded, in his uſual way, with one finger behind his ear, and other geſtures and grimace which it was impoſſible to ſee with a grave countenance; he demanded what he was to do with Lord Sunderland's character.

The gentleman who applied, I believe the worthy and reſpectable Addiſon, was extremely diſconcerted, being cloſely and intimately connected with the earl and all his family, and left the room in ſilence.

Yet the writer in queſtion, the ingenious, but diſtreſſed Mr. Smith, acted with laudable independence and ſpirit; truth and plain fact would have offended the perſons who employed him; but to have compoſed a defence of Lord Sunderland and others who acted like him, would have degraded the dignity of hiſtory, and have been wholly unworthy an author, who ought always to be an honeſt man.

SUPERFLUOUS ENJOYMENT.

It is obſerved by a late writer, who cenſures luxury, that the opinions of modern politicians are againſt him, that the evil *he* laments *they* conſider as a benefit: "Yet after all their arguments," continues the author I quote, "I cannot but conſider as miſchievous, that propenſity by which vice is introduced, and ſo many countries have been undone."

In reply it has been ſaid, that luxury undoubtedly introduces vice, and is of courſe a ſerious evil, but that no great naval and commercial ſtate can ſubſiſt without it: the deſirable point, is, to draw

draw a preciſe line, where allowable innocent ſuperfluity ceaſes, and vicious indulgence begins; with ſuch a land-mark well eſtabliſhed by morality and good ſenſe, conſiderable latitude might be given to luxury which is *a pleaſure ariſing from the gratification of artificial wants.*

The coſt and labor beſtowed on a ſuperb ſervice of plate has been produced as a caſe in point, by the enemies as well as the advocates for luxury; the firſt have inſiſted, that more is deducted from, than added to the maſs of general happineſs, by the tranſmutation of ſilver ore; that the miſery and diſeaſe of the ſqualid ſlaves who extract it from the bowels of the earth are not compenſated by any of the benefits it afterwards produces; that my lord could juſt as well eat his dinner from an earthen diſh, and his butler carry wine as commodiouſly in his hand, as on a maſſy ſalver.

Their opponents, in reply, have obſerved, that luxury is of the higheſt importance not only to the merchant and financier, but to the numerous individuals it employs; for that thoſe who ſupply are to the full as happy as thoſe who enjoy the product of their toil; food to the poor, and to their children bread, is alſo an important conſideration in every country, whoſe population is greater than agriculture can furniſh with occupation.

In a word, while frugality and ſimple pleaſures are the lot and duty of humble life, the more wealthy claſſes of ſociety, by indulging innocent ſuperfluity and guiltleſs luxury, increaſe the circle of their own enjoyments, and render eſſential ſervices to others.

I am not certain whether this article is or is not a repetition of what I have ſaid in that of MANDEVILLE.

SUPERSTITIOUS OBSERVANCES, *after* the Reformation.

In a country which, but eighty years before, had ſtreamed with the blood of proteſtant martyrs, who can read, without aſtoniſhment, that the following ceremonies were made uſe of, and conſidered as eſſential by an Engliſh prelate, before a building, *made with hands*, could be made uſe of, for the purpoſe of a creature, like man, imploring forgiveneſs of his Maker, and aſking a thankful heart?

The church in queſtion was that of St. Catherine Creed, which had been lately repaired. As the biſhop, Dr. Laud, approached the weſtern door, he joined, with his reverend aſſiſtants,

ants, in the following exclamation: "Open, ye everlasting doors, that the King of Glory may come in." This was repeated, till the doors opening inward, as by an invisible hand, admitted them. They then prostrated themselves; and, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, pronounced it holy ground; the bishop, in the mean time, collecting dust in his hand, scattered it in the air. He next went round the church, with several eminent doctors, in procession, repeating the nineteenth, and also the hundredth psalm.

Curses were then solemnly pronounced against all those who should prophane the holy place; Dr. Laud devoutly bowing to the east, at the end of every curse, and concluding each with, "*Let all the people say*, Amen." Blessings were also copiously poured forth on the builders and framers of the church, and the contributers towards its ornaments.

After the sermon, our zealous prelate proceeded to consecrate, and administer the sacrament. He approached the communion table, alternately bending his body, and raising his head and eyes towards Heaven. Having reached a table, on which the bread and wine stood, but covered, he made a pause, apparently breathing forth pious ejaculations; then making several bows, and reading many prayers, he ventured to raise up the corner of the napkin, wherein the bread was enclosed; as soon as the vegetable production caught his eye, the cloth dropped incontinently from his hand, his countenance and gestures exhibited strong marks of awe and veneration, and, *struck as it were by holy fear*, he retired backwards many steps. With the like forms, exactly, scrupulously, and almost theatrically practised, with regard to the wine, particularly the retreating backward, the sacrament was at length administered, and the ceremony of consecration concluded.

In less than two years after, another circumstance occurred, which proved, that the bishop retained the inquisitorial disposition, as well as the superstitious notions, of the church of Rome.

The collegiate church of St. Edmund, in the city of Salisbury, had, with its revenues, remained in the hands of the crown, from the days of the rapacious and libidinous Henry, to the reign of James the first, when it was sold to a private person; and having successively passed through several hands, was at length purchased

chaſed by the pariſhioners, who repaired it, and made it their pariſh church.

The windows had been preſerved, and were painted after the old faſhion, containing, among other things, the hiſtory of the creation, in which God the Father was repreſented in the form of an old man, with compaſſes in his hand. This picture offended many who frequented the church; in the warmth of proteſtant zeal, they conſidered it as a remnant of the whore of Babylon. A veſtry being called, it was propoſed by Mr. Henry Sherfield, Recorder of Saliſbury, and one of the congregation of St. Edmund's, to remove the obnoxious window, which was agreed to; and the next morning, ſending for a glazier, he accompanied him to the church, and pointed out with his ſtick the glaſs which was to be changed; in the heat of reform, or the careleſsneſs of indifference, he broke ſeveral of the panes.

This action of Sherfield was reported to the biſhop, by one of thoſe *good-natured friends* in a neighbourhood, which few men are without; an information was exhibited againſt him in the Star Chamber, he was committed to priſon, fined five hundred pounds, and removed from his poſt.

SURFACE, CHARLES, in the School for Scandal, the effects of ſuch a character, held up for applauſe and admiration, injurious to the intereſts of ſociety.——See SHERIDAN, obſerving, that nothing in that article is meant to extend to a defence of the ſentimental hypocriſy of Joſeph.

SUTHERLAND, JAMES, Judge of the Admiralty Court at Minorca, from which he was diſmiſſed in an arbitrary manner by General Murray, the governor, who afterwards ſurrendered that iſland.

Mr. Sutherland received pecuniary ſatisfaction; but it was not money that could reſtore tranquillity to a mind endued with the higheſt and moſt delicate ſenſe of honor.

This unmerited diſmiſſion, of which his royal maſter never gave any public mark of diſapprobation, inflicted a deep wound, which never was healed; he conſidered himſelf as ſacrificed to heat of temper and miſrepreſentation; his pecuniary reſources failed, and the afflicting humiliation of poverty, was added to the anguiſh of a wounded ſpirit.

After repeated appeals and petitions, which were either neglected

lected or not received; finding it no longer in his power to ſtruggle with the evils of his ſituation; unable to dig, and aſhamed to beg, he deliberately put an end to his exiſtence, in the preſence of the ſovereign who had been ſo ſtrongly prejudiced againſt him; as the king, in his carriage, was deſcending Conſtitution Hill, in the Green Park, in Auguſt, ſeventeen hundred and ninety-one; when the unhappy man, falling on one knee, lodged the contents of a piſtol in his heart.

This is not the firſt inſtance, in which royal favor has been followed by deſpair and ſuicide.

Early in the preſent reign, Mr. Yorke, a younger branch of the Hardwicke family, had been prevailed on, by the immediate perſonal application of the king, to accept the ſeals, contrary to the moſt expreſs and ſacred promiſes he had made to his political aſſociates.

On this occaſion, our young lawyer, remarkable for acute intellect, keen ſenſibility, and perſonal worth, was expoſed, for hours, to the moſt preſſing intreaties, which he reſiſted with firmneſs, but with decency and reſpect.

After a long, and apparently an ineffectual ſtruggle, the royal combatant found that victory was unattainable on the fair even ground, of equity and good faith: he therefore dexterouſly ſhifted his attack from the underſtanding to the paſſions and feelings of his unhappy ſubject.

After reproaching him, with a mixture of tenderneſs and anger, for his cruelty and ingratitude towards a friend who loved him, and a king, to whom he and his family *muſt* be indebted for every thing they hoped for or enjoyed, he ſuddenly ſunk on his knees, and burſt into tears.

Such arguments, and ſuch rhetoric, Mr. Yorke felt himſelf unable either to anſwer or oppoſe:—in an agonizing conflict between his loyalty and his integrity, his honor and his intereſt; in a fatal, a faithleſs moment, he gave way.

Every expedient to ſoothe, to heal, to reconcile, to animate, and exalt, was induſtriouſly ſelected; he was to be the confidential friend of his maſter, not a miniſterial tool, and an honorable title was to be attached to the ſeals. But, on his return from the king's cloſet, he found the door of that brother whom he had deceived, for ever ſhut againſt him.

Few of my readers will wiſh me to recite the bloody concluſion of this negotiation; it may be ſufficient to obſerve, that he exhibited

hibited every ſymptom of mental anguiſh, and hopeleſs repentance, but not of deranged intellect; and that the Barony of Morden was never regiſtered in the houſe of peers.

The ſecond inſtance was General Carpenter, a military veteran, whoſe long life, devoted to the public ſervices, or the domeſtic offices of his ſovereign, was not ſufficient to protect him from court calumny, and the arrow which flieth in the dark. He withdrew from the ſervile herd, who watch the ſignal to flatter or to hate; he withdrew from that countenance, which, till then, had beheld him with approbation, to the valley and ſhadow of death.

It is not my wiſh, however obvious the inſtances, however eaſy the taſk, it is not my wiſh to crowd the page with examples of injured private worth, and royal ingratitude; but ſhould this periſhable volume, in its rapid deſcent to the land of oblivion, chance to be peruſed by kings, or their deſcendants, it may ſerve to remind them, that ſubjects are men of like paſſions and like feelings with themſelves; that the wounds of deception, injury, or inſult, are doubly envenomed, when inflicted by thoſe who are protected by eminence, power and wealth, from an appeal to the ſword.

Perſons of that exalted deſcription ſhould recollect, that, by tempting us from the paths of rectitude, with thoſe rewards placed at their diſpoſal, for far other purpoſes, the main ſpring of moral conduct is eſſentially injured; that one vicious character rewarded, or one good man diſgraced, may influence the conduct of thouſands, whom fear cannot awe, and precepts will not reach. Great men ought not to be diſappointed if, (as was the caſe with David Mallet, and a ſervant who had robbed him) *after ſubverting the doctrine of rewards and puniſhments*, their own impious theories, ſhould operate againſt themſelves.

The ſeveral inſtances I have mentioned, were conſidered in the light of lunacy, according to the legal judicial opinion, and in compliance with the uſeful, perhaps the amiable prejudices of mankind in favor of unfortunate relatives.

Yet I cannot perſuade myſelf to think that a reſolution to commit the damnable and unpardonable crime of ſuicide, alone, and not accompanied with other circumſtances, is any greater proof of an abſence of reaſon, than the commiſſion of any ſin of pro-

por-

portionate horror and magnitude.

The parricide, plunging his knife into that bosom from which he first drew the streams of life, and the mother, dooming her ill-fated offspring to untimely death, stand in the same predicament with the self-destroyer; they all appear, from previous perturbation, and, in some instances, of lingering death, from subsequent repentance, fully aware of the unnatural abominations they have been guilty of, and the certainty of punishment, sooner or later, overtaking them.

Passion, avarice, a fear of shame, a dread of the world, of ridicule, of poverty, disgrace, contempt, and depression, equally goad them on to that precipice which they dread at the moment they rush down.

Every deviation from moral rectitude, may, perhaps, strictly speaking, be a species of temporary madness; but if an inordinate pursuit of bad means, towards the attainment of unlawful ends—if searching for a deceitful resource against calamities and distresses, which, at times, have harrowed up the heart-strings of us all, are unerring criterions of insanity; I cannot but be of opinion, that the intellects of the felon, or highwayman, are equally deranged with those of the devoted suicide: and I fear that few of us have been able to steer so cautiously, at certain periods of our lives, but that our conduct and convictions have at times been wretchedly at variance.

Sutherland may be produced in support of my theory: educated with the nicest sense of honor, and stern integrity, and in the habits of intimacy with men of great military worth, and considerable political sagacity; with a female family, initiated (perhaps culpably initiated, for a man whose income was only for life, as it is not my intention to defend his conduct) in the modern forms of fashion, and elegant accomplishment.

Thus situated, and thus surrounded, he was in one moment dismissed;—in one moment every source of necessary support, as well as refined pleasure, was cut off; whilst he was struggling with penury, corporal malady was added to mental distress, which, at times, tinctured his conduct, language, and manners, with incoherence, and irregularity, mistaken, long before the fatal catastrophy, for symptoms of madness.

After surveying the ground on which he stood, environed, on every side, by precipices, and covered with the thorns of misfortune,

tune, while the trifling, the unworthy, and the infamous, were revelling on beds of roſes:—forgetting that the paths of religion, if explored, would open treaſures of comfort to his afflicted ſoul, and that Providence, in its good time, would undoubtedly ſend friendſhip, ſolace, and relief, Sutherland preferred the terrible uncertainties of death, to a life of poverty, pain, and importunity.

I hope not to be ſuſpected of pointing out the conduct *he* purſued, as worthy of imitation:—with all his ſterling merit, and goodneſs of heart, he was culpable in the higheſt degree: his tranſgreſſion is, perhaps, the only one againſt which the gates of mercy will be everlaſtingly barred.

He is to be ranked, however reluctantly it may be allowed, among thoſe offenders who have deprived children of a father, the world of a friend, and ſociety of a uſeful member; a perpetrator of 'murder moſt vile, foul, and unnatural:'—but after conſidering his treatment, ſituation, and temper, I cannot think his conduct ſurprizing, or that he was mad when he put an end to his life.

If ſtateſmen, miniſters, and kings, ſhall hereafter learn not to trifle with the feelings and misfortunes of diſtreſſed worth; a valuable man, and a meritorious officer, will have been ſacrificed to a uſeful purpoſe.

It was obſerved, by a noble lord, that a tenth part of the money beſtowed on the family *after* his deceaſe, would have ſnatched the unhappy Sutherland from deſtruction.

SWIFT, Dr. delineated and laid open filth and naſtineſs, for the purpoſe of inculcating ſcrupulous cleanlineſs.——See Monsey, Dr. who appears to have trod in the ſame nauſeating path, but on different principles.

TAR AND FEATHERS; a democratic puniſhment, frequently reſorted to, at the commencement of the war which produced the American revolution.

It was alſo practiſed by the Biſhop of Halberſtadt, when in the year ſixteen hundred and twenty-three, he invaded the territories of the Elector Palatine, who, if I miſtake not, was the unfortunate King of Bohemia, and ſon-in-law to James the firſt, King of England.

Having plundered and burnt two monaſteries, the biſhop gave particular directions to his ſoldiers, to ſecure the perſons of the nuns

nuns and friars unhurt, as they ruſhed from the flaming edifices.

Then ordering them to be ſtripped naked, their bodies were ſmeared with tar, after which, each individual was tumbled into a feather bed, ripped open and prepared for the purpoſe.

When the terrified inhabitants had been thus *re-clothed*, they were hunted out of the camp, towards the interior parts of the country; the prelate, in the mean time exclaiming, "Let us ſee if the ſhepherd will recognize his own flock."

Tarring and feathering is alſo mentioned, in an ancient military code, *ſaid* to be drawn up by Richard Cœur de Lion, previous to ſetting out on his expedition to the holy land. The reaſon given by the royal legiſlator, for adopting ſo ſingular a mode of puniſhment, (I believe for the crime of theft) is, that the offender being landed at the firſt place they touched, after his conviction; and, being thus *marked*, would be generally known, and univerſally avoided.

TASTE IN CRITICISM.

Taſte has been called an inſtinct ſuperior to ſtudy, ſurer than reaſoning, and more rapid than reflection.

He who reads a book, profeſſedly to find fault with it, has been compared to a dog at a public dinner; he feeds only upon that which the gueſts throw away.

Yet, ſurely it is poſſible for a critic to receive exquiſite pleaſure from the beauties of a book, ſome paſſages of which he hath previouſly and ſeverely cenſured.

A modern, who with conſiderable literary attainments, unites what is not always poſſeſſed by authors, a practical knowledge of the buſineſs of human life, pronounced at his own table, an early and unfavorable opinion againſt a popular work, publiſhed more than thirty years ago: he inſiſted, that in a ſhort time, when the magic influence of elegant language, brilliant metaphor, and meaſured ſentences, was paſſed away, the majority of general readers would be of his party: his prediction hath been amply verified.

But in the high tide of fame and popularity, which the book he condemned had then acquired, he was frequently rallied for ſo prepoſterouſly and obſtinately diſſenting from the common opinion; he rigidly adhered to his own, and on one of theſe occaſions defended himſelf, by telling the follow-

following ſtory, related by a Spaniſh writer, of the laſt century.

Two connoiſſeurs were aſked their opinion of a caſk of Xeres wine; after half a dozen glaſſes, and a ſcore or two of ſcientifie ſmacks and palatings, they both agreed that it had an excellent body; but, one of them added, it was a pity it taſted ſo ſtrongly of ruſty iron; while the other regretted, that the flavour and ſmell of leather, had in ſome way or other been communicated to the liquor in queſtion.

The Bacchanalian critics were laughed at for their *whims and fancies*, and the proprietor of the vineyard, ſomewhat irritated, did not again invite them to taſte of its produce.

On opening the caſk, previous to the vintage, a year or two afterwards, for the purpoſe of cleaning or repair, there appeared to be ſome foundation for the ſingular declarations they had made; a piece of leather, faſtened to a ruſty nail, was found at the bottom of the veſſel.

TAVANES, a Marſhal of France, during the nominal reign of Charles the ninth; though it was his mother, Catharine de Medicis, who in fact governed the kingdom.

In the wars of the league, this catholic commander exhibited conſiderable ſkill and intrepidity, he may be aptly contraſted with D'Aubigné, the ſubject of an article in my firſt volume; a zealous proteſtant, equally haughty, predominating and paſſionate, in ſupport of the opinions he profeſſed. Tavanes, warmly attached to the catholic church, and the Guiſes, conſidering a departure from the eſtabliſhed religion of his country, as the worſt of ſins, felt no compunction in perſonally directing the bloody maſſacre of St. Bartholomew.

In theſe, as in other inſtances, a blind attachment to characters, not very immaculate, and the fury of religious zeal, hurried two eminent, perhaps well-meaning men, into error and crimes; D'Aubigné, after a long and ineffectual ſtruggle againſt the triumphant catholics, became almoſt a rebel, an inſurgent, and ultimately an exile; Tavanes, with ſtrong feelings, a nice ſenſe of honor, and conſiderable military merit, muſt be handed down to poſterity, as a bigot, and an aſſaſſin.

The grey-headed marſhal, whoſe orthodox loyalty glowed with unabated fervor in the laſt act of life, died on his way to the memorable ſiege of Rochelle.

He was ſucceeded in honors by his ſon, who accompanied his father in moſt of his campaigns, and erected a monument to his memory, with an inſcription, almoſt as bombaſt as the ſtyle of Bonaparte.

He aſſerts, that death was the only enemy his father never conquered: but William has left what he probably thought a more durable memorial of the glories of his family, a folio volume of memoirs of the life of his father, with a portrait of the fierce old ſoldier, admirably expreſſive of his character, although coarſely engraved; it is the countenance of a military veteran, erect, and conſciouſly triumphant, like ſome old tyrant in ancient tapeſtry.

The memoirs, I know from experience, will exhauſt the patience of a modern reader; they commence *with Noah's quitting the ark*, and deſcend, in a ſeries perpetually interrupted by apothegms, religious, moral, political, and didactic, to the family of his hero.

Conſiderable acuteneſs, deep thinking, a thorough knowledge of the world, and the political ſtate of Europe, frequently appear, but ſo total an abſence of arrangement and order, that a work, which might have been made intereſting and inſtructive, degenerates into an irkſome ſpecies of literary labor.

Four ſingular preliminary pieces are prefixed to the memoirs, each of which the author calls Avis au Roi; in one he propoſes to his majeſty, to unite all Europe in one religion, but pointedly condemns uſing any violent means againſt thoſe who differ from us in ſpeculative opinions; "hereſy, it is true, is worſe than plague, peſtilence, and famine; but it is a diſeaſe which muſt be gradually cured by education, by argument, and gentle perſuaſion; how cruel, ungrateful, and impolitic is it, to perſecute men who have ſo often bled in fighting our battles?"

My readers may probably wiſh to know how this fair-ſpeaking man would proceed; take his own words, "At one and the ſame time, and without previous warning, let all the chief leaders and principal teachers of the Hugonots, be ſeized and confined; place garriſons in all their cautionary towns and ſtrong holds.

"As the differences between the catholics and calviniſts *are very ſlight*, it would not be difficult to bring the whole kingdom to a uniform profeſſion of faith, if

if the eſtabliſhed clergy could be prevailed on to reform the preſent eccleſiaſtic abuſes, and amend their lives.

"If however, in ſpite of our remonſtrances and admonitions, the Hugonots continue refractory, their property muſt be confiſcated, and their places of worſhip be ſhut up; *but publiſh no edicts*, they only ſerve to alarm, exaſperate, and unite malecontents.

"The great obſtacle to this plan," continues the author of the memoirs, "is the King of England, who, like his predeceſſor, is watching every opportunity to encourage diſcord and revolt among your majeſty's ſubjects: fortunately for my ſcheme, the preſent king (James the firſt) is fonder of books than arms; an ambaſſador, properly inſtructed, ſhould be diſpatched to him; ſtratagem, fair promiſes, and *golden arguments* muſt be made uſe of.

If theſe fail, find work for that monarch on his own ſhores; let theſe haughty iſlanders be taught, that a favorable wind and tide, can in a few hours waft from the ports of Dieppe, Havre, and Calais, three armies of thirty thouſand men each, which, joined by the catholics and diſaffected, already on the ſpot, may by one brilliant victory, decide the fate of a country in which there are no ſtrong fortreſſes."

It is worthy of remark, that the ſanguine Frenchman, enters ſomewhat at large into a detail of the invaſion he projects, and that his plan in ſome reſpects bears a reſemblance to certain attempts of his countrymen, againſt this and a ſiſter country, during the preſent war; in all of which they have hitherto been happily and gallantly defeated.

He propoſes, that one of the diſembarkations ſhall take place in Scotland, another in Armorica, (Wales) a third on the Eſſex coaſt, as near as poſſible to the metropolis, for the purpoſe of a coup de main; in order to create a diverſion, he adviſes a fourth army to be ſent againſt Ireland.

"But as ſelfiſhneſs and ambition, ruin the beſt-concerted enterprizes," continues William de Tavanes, "the powers of Europe would be convulſed, before it could be ſettled WHICH OF THEM SHOULD HAVE ENGLAND; if that citadel of the proteſtants was once demoliſhed, the holy catholic church would reign triumphant, over the greater part of the civilized world."

In another Avis au Roi, or memorial, he wiſhes his majeſty to declare war againſt the King of Spain, to ſecure the ſtrong places

places in Flanders, and to conquer Piedmont, Savoy, Genoa, and Nice; and, becauſe an alliance with infidels, who pollute the holy land, and defile a ſpot, rendered ſacred by the preſence, and miracles of Chriſt, and his diſciples, is unworthy of, and diſgraceful to Chriſtians, he recommends attacking the Turks, and wiſhes leave to be aſked of the pope, to arm ten thouſand of the religious orders, Capuchins, Cordeliers and JACOBINS; "With this catholic army, let a deſcent be made on Egypt, by way of diſtracting the attention of the Muſſulmen."

Such are the outlines of his plan, imagined more than two hundred years ago; probably thought at that period, the viſionary, unpracticable ſcheme, of a ſanguine projector, and for which he was perhaps laughed at; yet all, and more than he enjoins, hath, in the preſent day, been attempted, and in a great meaſure executed by France, under the iron ſceptre of democratic deſpotiſm; not indeed exactly for the purpoſe of eſtabliſhing the catholic religion.

The writer of the memoirs, fond of flying from his ſubject on every occaſion, enters largely into the buſineſs of military education, and ſpeaking of the qualifications neceſſary for a ſoldier, inculcates them, in a ſtrain of rigid ariſtocracy.

"The firſt and moſt indiſpenſible requiſite, is, that he muſt be a gentleman by blood as well as education, for neither will do alone; every man of rank, property, and conſideration, who has three ſons, ſhould devote two of them to the military profeſſion; but patrician blood on the father's ſide only, is not ſufficient; a mother, ſprung from a mean, vicious, and unhealthy family, or SUCKLED BY A NURSE OF THIS DESCRIPTION, will certainly produce, and in many inſtances has produced, a baſe and degenerate offſpring."

He wiſhes boys deſigned for the army, to be early enured to toil and hardſhip, to all winds and all weathers; that their tutor ſhould be a gentleman, many of that deſcription, the younger brothers of decayed but good families, if properly treated, might be eaſily procured to undertake this important charge; for a low-born tutor will infallibly inculcate maxims and ſyſtems, conſonant with his birth.

He then enumerates the particular branches of knowledge they ought to acquire; to love and ſerve God, to honor the king, to be kind to their fellow

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creatures, to ſpeak the truth on all occaſions, and at every riſk; to handle the ſmall ſword, to ride the great horſe, to ſwim, to leap, to wreſtle and to dance; performing on ſome inſtrument of muſic, he obſerves, has been thought proper by ſome, "but it is not only unneceſſary, but degrading to a gentleman and a ſoldier."

TAILOR, the art of becoming one, a work publiſhed and announced as the joint production of a ſociety of *adepts in the profeſſion!*

"The object of our book is to furniſh the world with a complete guide to ornamental covering; a comprehenſive analyſis of beauty and elegance in dreſs; in which infinite pains have been taken, and various talents united to form rules, applicable, in all caſes, for cutting out garments; a work which will, on the firſt view, convince the *uninformed mind*, that, with a little application, he may become a compleat tailor!"

A ſatiriſt once wonder'd any man could be ſo fooliſh as to think of dying in a country like England, where infallible remedies were offered for every diſeaſe to which human nature is ſubject; and, ſurely he muſt be deficient in taſte, and inſenſible to grace as well as faſhion, who wears an ill-made coat; when broad cloth, ſtay-tape, and buckram, are the ſubject of literary and ſcientific diſcuſſion; and where the ſhears, admeaſurements, and proportions of a habit maker, are guided by anatomical preciſion, and mathematical demonſtration.

In the moment of preparing my preſent volume for the preſs, a ſpirited, *a kindred artiſt*, though not a tailor, incited by patriotiſm, or provoked by great example, has publiſhed, what he calls an Addreſs to the noble and generous Ladies of Great Britain.

In this elaborate production, he ventures to aſſert, that although Frenchmen, and other foreigners, have, for a long time, inſolently pretended they were the only *connoiſſeurs in the art of making ſhoes, for the faireſt part of the creation, an art co-eval with the human ſpecies*; he does not doubt convincing any lady, who will favor him with *a viſit*, that it is equally in the power of an Engliſhman, to hit off exactly, *and to the fraction of a hair's breadth*, the length of her foot.

"He does not doubt convincing *any woman of faſhion*, who will honor him with a *call*, of the total ignorance of theſe outlandiſh pretenders to the *myſteries of a ſcience* they unworthily profeſs, and in which they obſtinately

nately perſevere, *in ſpite of nature and their ſtars*; without credit to themſelves, or comfort to the kingdom at large."

TEA, the leaf of a Chineſe ſhrub, which, gathered at different ſeaſons, and prepared in various ways, often deſcribed, but never clearly underſtood, is become an indiſpenſable article of European life; conſtituting in its moſt ſimple and coarſe form, part of the homely but unſubſtantial ſubſiſtence of the cottager, while the refined and more expenſive preparations of it, afford a fragrant beverage to the luxurious, the ſedentary, the delicate and fair.

This bewitching exotic, a powerful inſtrument of finance, as well as a domeſtic favorite in Downing ſtreet, enabled Mr. Pitt, by a COMMUTATION, not exactly equitable, to put ſeveral millions into the exhauſted treaſury of the Leadenhall ſovereigns; whilſt the commodity in queſtion, diminiſhing in goodneſs, as it was raiſed in price, his far-famed act has darkened our windows, and diſturbed the comforts of our breakfaſt.

Yet, after all that wit can invent, or ingenuity alledge, it cannot be denied, that the Tea Bill, with other meaſures, in ſome degree connected with, and following it up, has produced a vaſt addition to the public revenue, and inflicted incurable wounds on contraband traffic.

It is not introduced in this place, to diſcuſs its political importance, or its effects on our health, though I underſtand it to be a point generally agreed on by medical men, that a vegetable ſo generally, and almoſt univerſally uſed, whoſe infuſion is ſwallowed by thouſands, and tens of thouſands, nearly eight hundred times a year, cannot, taken in moderation, with cream and ſugar, be ſo injurious as certain writers have deſcribed it.

The eloquence of an ancient on the ſubject of wine, has been often remarked; perhaps a partiality equally ſtrong, may be excuſed in a man, whoſe morning ſolace, and whoſe evening pleaſure, is the tea table; delicious nectar! which diſſipated the melancholy of Dr. Johnſon, and after the fatigues of travelling, and the fiery ray of an Italian ſun, afforded to Mr. Brydone, a cordial reſtorative, beyond all that wine or cookery could afford.

Who has not experienced the ſalutary dilution of a cup of tea, after a dinner, which, tempting him beyond the bounds of moderation, has ſtupified and debilitated his faculties; on theſe occaſions

ſions it is a ſovereign remedy for what a French author calls *the horrors of digeſtion.*

Where is the man who has not frequently felt thankful for a ſummons to tea, which, in exchange for execrable wine, and converſation more abominable than its dregs, gave him female ſmiles, lively company, a fragrant beverage, and intereſting beautiful objects? Yet I have heard the call to tea, *lamented*, by thoſe who preferred bumpers, toaſts, and other topics, equally revolting to taſte and common ſenſe.

Tea and cards may have introduced *ſome* evils, but we certainly are indebted to them, for that general moderation, ſo deſirably oppoſite to the filthy exceſſes of the laſt century. They have effected a revolution in our manners, which divines and ſatiriſts long, and vainly attempted; they have abridged a period too often devoted to intemperance, and are temptations ſufficiently powerful to ſeduce the bon vivant from his bottle, and the vices attached to it. Whether they have rendered us more trifling, effeminate, and inſipid, and whether in certain particulars, we are quite ſuch ſafe characters, as companions, friends, and inmates, I will not determine.

"I was ſinking into all the unmanlineſs of intoxication, ribaldry, and nonſenſe," ſaid the late Lord Lyttleton, in a letter to a friend, who ſinned and repented more than moſt men, "when the goddeſs of prudence, in the two-fold ſhape of a tea-pot and a pack of cards, reſcued me from a night, which commencing in drunkenneſs, would have terminated in infamy and degradation."

In the enjoyment of ſuch benefits, let us not be too ſcrupulouſly nice in examining the motives which incite us.

But I have wandered from the circumſtance which firſt led me to the ſubject of my preſent article; it was the immenſe quantity of bullion annually ſent out of the kingdom, for the purchaſe of this faſcinating vegetable. I ſpeak not of one, of ten, or of twenty thouſand pounds being yearly remitted, it would be no more than a drop out of the ocean, a grain of ſand from the deſarts of Arabia.

It is a more weighty, a more ſtupendous maſs of out going, of which I wiſh to ſpeak; enormous cheſts, cart and waggon-loads of ſolid hard money, monthly or yearly exported, and ſent to the Chineſe market, without a poſſibility of a ſingle penny-weight of the precious metal, ever again returning to England; the produce of a few trinkets, and half a dozen

a dozen hundred weight of tin, are ſcarcely worth mentioning.

I rejoice, that an expenditure, injurious in every political and commercial view, (for the crafty mandarin would reject and mock our bank notes) I rejoice, that an annual drain, which perſevered in, would exhauſt Potoſi and Golconda, has attracted the ſerious notice of government, and as I am informed, was the original ſtimulus to Lord Macartney's embaſſy; the purpoſes of which were evidently defeated by the inſidious arts of a commercial rival.

I ſhall feel happy if my little effort at all contributes to rouze public attention to the object in queſtion; all poſſible methods ſhould be tried to tempt the cunning Chineſe, to alter or improve in our favor, an intercourſe, which, continued in its preſent mode, *muſt* be ruinous and fatal.

Is there no intrepid genius, who could be prevailed on by fame, and a vaſt reward, to plunge into the heart of their empire, to wind into the core of their myſteries, and diſcover their modes of cultivating and preparing tea?—Would it not be poſſible, in ſome of our ſettlements, in a ſimilar latitude, to find a ſpot in which the tea-tree might be planted, and thrive?

The buſineſs of which I ſpeak is ſo important, I had almoſt ſaid, ſo eſſential to our exiſtence, as a commercial kingdom, that art, fraud, or violence, if all other means fail, muſt be uſed to attain our purpoſe.

Could not a ſufficient number of natives, acquainted with the proceſs, be prevailed on to accompany our Eaſt India commanders on their return? if enticing will not do, ſuch is the neceſſity of the caſe, that I would at all riſks, and in any manner, ſeize ſix or ſeven properly qualified, bind them hand and foot, and after telling them that liberty and ample reward ſhould immediately follow, a candid and real communication; I would detain them priſoners till the truth of what they ſaid had been confirmed by repeated trials.

If the Emperor of China ſhould reſent ſuch conduct, I would tell him, in an audible voice, and with a Britiſh ſquadron at the mouth of the Canton, to give effect to my words, I would tell him, that the whole world is a collection of ſocieties, each in ſome way connected with, and to a certain degree controuled by the intereſts of another; that in private, as well as public intercourſe, mutual accommodation

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is a paramount law, that he muſt find out or create wants and wiſhes, amongſt his ſubjects, in *our* power to ſupply, and equal to our demand, for the production of his kingdom.

In a word, after confeſſing the importance of the tea-trade, as a conſiderable branch of revenue, and the ſhipping as undoubtedly a great national object; in every point of view, political or commercial, we muſt not perſiſt in wafting by every wind, and every wave, ſuch cargoes of the precious metals, and pouring them profuſely into the lap of a haughty, ſuſpicious, fantaſtic nation; whom it is difficult, if not impoſſible to perſuade to take even the ſmalleſt proportion of Engliſh articles in exchange.

Pocketing our money with affected gravity, but inward contempt, they graciouſly permit us to load our ſhips with their magic leaf; we quaff the delicious infuſion, and forget the ſtate of beggary to which a continuance of this trade, in its *preſent form*, will inevitably reduce us, if perſevered in for another century.

Conſiderable pains were taken, for a long time, to convey the ſeeds of the tea-plant to Europe, but in vain; it was found, that the oil in which they abound, becomes rancid, and deſtroys their vegetative power.

A Swediſh captain, aware of the circumſtance, or inſtructed by ſuperior ſagacity, planted ſome freſh ſeed in a garden pot, previous to his quitting China, in ſeventeen hundred and ſixty-three, and the experiment was found to ſucceed.

The plant exhibited as the tea-ſhrub, before that time, in Engliſh gardens, was the Caſſine.

The lively Vivant Denon, a traveller and writer, worthy *better companions and a better cauſe*, deſcribes A TEA-POT among the ornaments repreſented on the walls of an Egyptian ruin.

The utenſil he mentions, might have been employed in infuſing, and in pouring forth the infuſion, of other vegetable ſubſtances: the ſimple art of extracting by *maceration*, the flavor or the virtue of plants, I ſhould apprehend has been practiſed in moſt countries, at an early ſtage of civilization.

TEMPLE OF THE DRUIDS, an ancient ſtructure, and an invaluable ſpecimen of aboriginal architecture, diſcovered at Jerſey, on throwing up ground for the new works erected in defence of that iſland.

Struck

Struck with the magnitude of ſtones, which puzzle the calculator of mechanic power, to gueſs how they were moved; and deeply impreſſed with a conviction of how much they owed to the meritorious exertions of their worthy Governor, General Conway; the inhabitants of Jerſey ſent the fabric piece-meal, as a durable and proper preſent to the honorable military veteran, who, with conſiderable taſte, and much propriety of poſition, placed it at his country reſidence; thus happily converting the altar of barbaric rites, and bloody ſuperſtition, into a monument of public gratitude, and perſonal affection.

It would be injuſtice to the tranſlator of the French inſcription, which accompanied this bulky, but highly appropriate preſent, not to inſert his verſes.

For ages buried from all mortal eyes,
Again this fane points purely to the ſkies!
For here, vain homage to rude rites has led,
And nature ſhudder'd while the victim bled,
But bleeds no more; for now this pile ſhall ſhow,
Unmix'd emotion, and refining glow;
An iſland fav'd—a ſhore no longer griev'd,
For Conway came, and Jerſey was reliev'd;
Then go, fond fabric, where our hearts attend,
The guardian chief, and the indulgent friend,
Go then, fond fabric, and recording prove,
Firm as his truth, and laſting as our love.

TERM TIME, a poetical ſketch ſo called, by a hand, which I wiſh would more frequently favor the public with its productions.

This outline, though ſevere, I am ſorry to ſay is drawn from the life, and is a correct deſcription of a moſt incorrect race of young men, frequent in the preſent times, of prodigious wants, great expectations, and very ſmall deſerts, who by puerile caprice, and the folly or vanity of parents, are in an ill-ſtarred moment ſent to the univerſity; that rock on which ſo many adventurers are ſhipwrecked, in conſequence of becoming their own maſters, at an age of ſtrong paſſions and weak judgment, and ſent into *the land of temptation*, without ballaſt, lead, line, or compaſs.

Excluded by ſituation, and a narrow

narrow fortune, from mixing with the joyous circles, by which they are surrounded; pining, dejected, unwilling, or unable to apply to books, they either *ſpit ſixpences* in ſolitude, indulge in groſs ſenſuality, or to alleviate diſappointment and chagrin, ruſh incontinently to the preſs, where they pour themſelves out in effuſions of ſplenetic poetry, and exaggerating ebullitions of ſatire.

TERM TIME.

To college once more the young ſtudent repairs,
With a ponderous head and a pair of light pockets,
To ſlumber o'er books, for which nobody cares,
'Till his eyes like his candles, grow dim in their ſockets.

Like a veſſel becalm'd in an indolent ocean,
At life's buſy ſcenes, he raves and he rails;
While the wind that ſhould give the adventurer motion,
Gets into his ſtomach inſtead of his ſails.

No miſtreſs to chat to, no play to ſolace,
He in ſolitude ſighs for his bottle and punk,
And pants for a *chaſte meretricious* embrace,
A Madona to baniſh the gloom of a Monk.

In his flights to Parnaſſus the ſame indiſcretion,
Attending the hero in all his miſdeeds;
With ſcurrility, ſatire, lampoon and digreſſion,
A perfect poetical rhapſody breeds.

Of his tutor quite tir'd, and teaz'd with his taſk,
He maddens and raves round his deſolate cavern,
'Till he *ticks* for another oblivious flaſk,
And imports a freſh cargo of fun from the tavern.

Then at night ſtealing out in his cap and his gown,
Exhauſted in fruitleſs purſuits after knowledge,
He roams like a fugitive all round the town,
And returns like a bacchanal, drunk to his college.

Thus immur'd where a conſtant inanity reigns,
Which alternately ſeizes his purſe and his ſcull,
When his pocket is empty he puzzles his brains,
When one becomes vacant, then the other is full.

Yet thoſe who in the irritation of diſappointment, or the anguiſh of wounded feelings for a ſon, a brother or a friend, ruined and miſled

miſled, mention with aſperity our univerſities, ſhould recollect, that in theſe ſeminaries were foſtered, the Hebraic erudition of Lowth, the vigorous acuteneſs of Warburton, the argumentative energy of Biſhop Butler, the oriental learning of Jones and White, the polemic acuteneſs of Porſon, the taſte of Tom Warton, and the claſſical genius of Crowe, with a long liſt of names, which would convert my pages, into a literary directory.

TERRIFIC DESCRIPTION

The following Hymn, uſed by a modern religious ſociety, ſeems wonderfully calculated to produce ſtrong impreſſion ; and if the doctrines of any ſet of men, are to be eſtimated by the lives they lead, I am enabled by local poſition, to anſwer for the general correct conduct and moral rectitude of the aſſociation in queſtion ; I could alſo produce among them, *many* examples of flagitious enormity, and abandoned profligacy, called to repentance and melioration by the powerful motives here employed.

I am well aware of the arguments which may be offered, in favor of the more deſirable mode of appealing to the reaſon and gratitude, rather than to the fears of mankind, and I would in all caſes, prefer and try *the way of pleaſantneſs* firſt. But I am clearly of opinion, that there are certain ſtubborn, ſtupid, and ſavage diſpoſitions, which can be prevailed on, by terror only ; and if temperaments like theſe can be rendered tame and harmleſs by no other means, I ſee no cauſe, why they are not to be reſorted to.

The conduct and treatment of ſick perſons of different deſcriptions, afford a caſe in point : a prudent man often prevents, frequently remedies, and always alleviates diſeaſe by regimen and an abſtemious diet ; *other patients,* perhaps nine out of ten, not poſſeſſing ſufficient reſolution to mortify their appetites, muſt be bliſtered, bled, and undergo other harſh and unpleaſant operations, before they can be reſtored to a ſtate of good health :—but to the compoſition in queſtion.

THE PORTION OF THE WICKED AT THE LAST JUDGMENT.

I ſaw and trembled, down they fell,
Into the pit of flaming hell,
Dire Satan's dread abode ;
The thunders roar, the light'nings flaſh,
Earth from its centre felt the craſh,
WHICH SHOOK THE THRONE OF GOD.

A long

A long vibration jarr'd the Poles,
Hell clos'd its jaws, on guilty
souls,
Who their own torments plann'd;
A' pause ensu'd, when strait the
sound
Of silver trumps and harps rebound,
To greet the chosen band.

The arch of heaven opens wide,
The just ascend from every side,
And reach the throne of grace,
At God's right hand they take
their seat,
Their Saviour and their friend
they meet,
For Christ hath made their
peace.
He pleads their cause, doth all
their frailties know,
His blood atoning, makes them
white as snow.

Speaking of the various modes of working on the hopes and fears of mankind, by denunciations of divine vengeance, and by repeatedly pressing the awful subjects of heaven, hell, death, and a future judgment, it hath been observed by one of the antagonists of the late John Wesley. "that a heart convinced by reason, and warmed by the beauty of holiness, is surely a more acceptable sacrifice in the sight of the Almighty, than one wrought on by terror, and subdued by abject fear."

Such a theory is creditable to the heart of this ingenious writer, and soothing to every well informed rational man, but there is strong reason to doubt, if such an influence only, without other aids, would be likely to succeed, or indeed *has* been found to succeed with the multitude, the majority of whom, are of a very different description.

The fact is, that such trials have been long and repeatedly made, and that the instruments this gentleman recommends, in ten thousand instances have been found to fail.

THEATRICAL INSOLENCE.

The unbecoming conduct of those individuals who supported by public patronage, frequently treat their benefactors with rudeness and insult, hath been often remarked and severely censured in this publication; an instance of this species of ingratitude which took place at Athens, is recorded by a Greek historian.

A tragedy having been announced for public representation, the Athenians, on the day appointed, assembled in crowds; but just as the piece should have commenced, a popular actor, who,

who, according to the cuſtom of that age, was to have played a principal female part, refuſed to act, unleſs he was immediately furniſhed with a more ſplendid dreſs, and a greater train of attendants.

The inſolent upſtart was told, that if he had communicated his wiſhes at an earlier period of the buſineſs, they ſhould certainly have been complied with, but that his expecting a new dreſs and additional attendants, at a moment when the people were impatiently expecting the tragedy to begin, was inconſiſtent and abſurd. The player obſtinately perſiſted in his reſolution not to act unleſs his terms were complied with; the delay, altercation and confuſion exaſperated the manager ſo much that he forcibly puſhed the ſtubborn blockhead on the ſtage, at the ſame time obſerving to him in an audible voice; "How can you be ſo ridiculous as to wiſh to make a parade and ſhew, when you ſee among the audience, the wife of Phocian, the greateſt of our commanders, the plaineſt dreſt of all the audience, and attended only by a ſingle ſlave.

This well timed reproof excited a loud and univerſal applauſe; the corrected offender, who deſerved to have been hiſſed from the theatre, felt he was wrong, apologized for his prepoſterous conduct, and immediately performed his part.

THEMISTOCLES, a Grecian commander, who, being engaged in a naval expedition with Euribyades, a Lacedemonian, ventured to differ in opinion with that hot-headed chief, on the manner of conducting their enterprize.

During the diſcuſſion, which, on the part of Euribyades, was conducted with unwarrantable violence, he forgot himſelf in the tranſport of paſſion, and raiſed his arm, as if in the act of inflicting on his aſſociate, a blow.

Themiſtocles, inſtead of being deterred from ſupporting his opinion by this groſs violation of decorum, ſuppreſſed or ſubdued his feelings, and, with a ſtrength of mind not often exhibited on ſuch occaſions by military men, heroically ſacrificed private reſentment to zeal for the ſervice of his country.——"Strike," ſaid our public-ſpirited Athenian, "ſtrike, but hear what I have to ſay."

A gallant Engliſh admiral, who never fled from a Frenchman, in conſequence of a profeſſional diſpute, received a challenge from an inferior officer.—"As ſoon as I have performed the

the duty in which I am engaged, I am ready to meet the gentleman, at any place, in any manner, and at any time, he pleaſes;" was the anſwer, in which the claims of his country, and the etiquette of a Britiſh officer, were not neglected; an anſwer equally creditable to his ſpirit and his ſenſe of duty.

Themiſtocles, on a certain occaſion, demanding of a conquered country, a large and immediate contribution; and not meeting with prompt obedience, made uſe of the following ſtrong language; "I bring with me two powerful deities, PERSUASION AND FORCE."

"And we," replied the exhauſted Provincials, "bring againſt them, two opponents equally powerful, WANT AND IMPOSSIBILITY.

THEORY AGAINST FACT.

It is I underſtand an eſtabliſhed opinion of the preſent day among profeſſional men, that impreſſions made on the mind of a pregnant woman, cannot in any way affect her unborn infant. Yet numerous and well authenticated relations have ſtrongly inclined many perſons to think differently. Malbranche relates, that a Pariſian female of his day, tempted by unamiable curioſity to ſee a public execution, was ſo ſtruck with horror, that ſhe was ſoon after delivered of a child, with bruiſes and fractures on different parts of its body and limbs; ſimilar to thoſe of the malefactor, who had been broken on the wheel.

A friend of the editor's, to whom this circumſtance was mentioned, and an orthodox thinker on the ſubject, raiſed a long and loud laugh againſt the relater of it, a venerable divine: "Nothing," ſaid the humoriſt, who when he has any thing to ſay, thinks the wit a ſufficient apology for the rudeneſs of his interruptions, "nothing is eaſier to account for; the poor terrified woman, who by the way, ought to have been at home mending her huſband's ſtockings, would naturally endeavour to get away from a ſight which affected her ſo diſagreeably; and in the preſſure of a rude and unyielding crowd, which generally collects on ſuch occaſions, might very probably be ſqueezed and bruiſed, herſelf as well as infant, in the manner you deſcribe, without having recourſe to any ſupernatural means."

He who is laughed at, will not long be liſtened to; the quoter of Malbranche, attempted to reply, but every word was overpowered by the noiſy mirth

of his companions. Yet ſimilar accidents of pregnant women alarmed by mutilated beggars, monkies, monſters, &c. &c. have frequently come under the notice of the writer of this article, and many perſons of undoubted veracity.

The common-place ſcientific anſwer to facts like theſe, is as follows: "the poſition you wiſh to ſupport is impoſſible and untenable, for a nervous intercourſe and communication between the mother and fœtus *hath never yet been diſcovered*, by the moſt accurate diſſectors and diligent anatomiſts and phyſiologiſts: and till ſuch nervous connection, *hath* been pointed out, it is impoſſible for a man at all acquainted with the animal economy, to be of your opinion.

"The circumſtances you mention, and the monſtrous births you point out, I do not mean to doubt; but be aſſured, they were mere *luſus naturæ*, and would have taken place preciſely in the ſame way without the previous and intervening accidents. Such appearances take place every day in plants, herbs, and trees, and I hope you do not attribute it in them to the effect of a thinking principle."

It has been obſerved in reply, that to allow that impreſſions of the mother *may* affect her child, is no more difficult to account for, than thoſe ſtriking reſemblances between them in form, countenance and diſpoſition.

Thoſe reaſoners on this ſubject, who cannot relinquiſh their opinions, becauſe the nervous communication *hath not yet been diſcovered*, have been told, that this is no proof of its non-exiſtence; their mode of arguing has been compared to that of an ingenious gentleman recorded in a former volume, who denied the circulation of the blood, becauſe it was incompatible with the received notions and doctrines of Ariſtotle.

THINGS FORBIDDEN.

Of the various kinds of food prohibited by the Moſaic ritual, many conſcientious perſons have doubted whether the poſitive injunctions againſt the uſe of blood, as an article of diet have ever been formally and effectually revoked by the Chriſtian diſpenſation.

Thoſe who would ſee this ſubject learnedly handled, may conſult an elaborate diſſertation of Curcellæus, a Geneva divine, written profeſſedly on the ſubject, which, *having no other book, and during the gloom of a November day*, I once peruſed; perhaps few readers will imitate my example; it however grati-

fied

fied my appetite for information, and innocent occupation.

This writer inſiſts that animal food, of courſe blood, was not allowed to man before the fall of Adam; the following, is one of the texts by which he ſupports this opinion; "I have given you every herb bearing ſeed, and the fruit of every tree bearing ſeed, TO YOU IT SHALL BE MEAT;" the dominion given in a ſucceeding chapter, "over the fiſh of the ſea, the fowls of the air, and every living thing that creepeth on the earth;" Curcellæus conſiders as meaning only, that they ſhould be made uſe of for the advantage and comfort, but not ſlain for the food of man.

Other reaſons given by this author againſt making uſe of blood as an article of diet, are, that the prohibition extended to all mankind, and not to the Jews ſpecifically; that mention is made of it by the apoſtles; and laſtly, that two very ſerious ſins are forbidden in the ſame precept, and it muſt be confeſſed, that whatever latitude as Chriſtians, we may allow ourſelves, in this and other reſpects, in conſequence of the abrogation of the Moſaic law, it muſt be confeſſed, that feeding on blood, thought by ſome, a dainty diet, is a practice contradictory to correct taſte, unſeemly, diſguſting, and if not poſitively denied in the New Teſtament, frequently ſpoken of with diſapprobation.

I am aware, that abſtaining from the vital fluid, recommended and practiſed during the early ages of the Chriſtian church, has been generally conſidered as a *temporary injunction*, to render the change from Judaiſm to Chriſtianity gradual; and to accommodate the new ſyſtem in ſome degree, to the innocent prejudices of Jewiſh converts.

Yet whether from affectation, falſe delicacy, conſtitutional, peculiar antipathy, or early parental impreſſion, I ſhould find it very difficult to entertain a friendſhip for, or to be intimate with a blood-eater; indeed a whimſical, but facetious writer of the laſt century, inſiſts, that by indulging ourſelves in this "ſanguinary and unhallowed diet," we ſhall acquire the qualities and diſpoſitions of the animals whoſe blood we ſubſiſt on.

Could this fanciful theory be once ſatisfactorily eſtabliſhed, ſome important improvements might be made in the treatment of a claſs of diſeaſes or defects, which have been generally conſidered as out of the reach of medical aſſiſtance.

Stupid, dull and inanimate characters, might quaff enli-

vening draughts from the veins of the elephant, the fox and the monkey; ferocious, ſavage, unmanageable tempers might be ſweetened or lowered into mildneſs, by the blood of turtle doves, fawns, and lambs; and certain conſtitutions deficient in firmneſs, and courage, might acquire thoſe deſirable qualities, by a ſupply from lions, tygers, and wolves.

THUANUS, an hiſtorian, generally reſpected for fidelity and candor.

I honor my compilation with the name of an author, who is the fountain head from which modern hiſtorians have drawn their moſt valuable materials, for the purpoſe of producing the following paſſage from his works, which excited and deſerved the well-directed munificence of Dr. Mead, the ſpirited exertions of Buckley, a ſenſible and public-ſpirited bookſeller, and the laborious accuracy of Carte, a learned, judicious, and well informed compiler.

"To other evils," ſays Thuanus, "we add intolerance, we harraſs mankind with violence, fire, ſword, and confiſcation, for matters of opinion, inſtead of applying the healing lenitives of inſtruction, which gently inſinuate themſelves into the mind.

"We forget, that religious fortitude, like the ſtoicism of antiquity, deſpiſing pain, torture, and death, is only confirmed by perſecution. *If we are certain that men err on important points*, and it ſhould at laſt be found neceſſary to work on their fears, let the denunciations be inconteſtibly founded on ſcripture, and extend only to the offenders incurring divine puniſhment.

"The primitive church was ever averſe to ſhedding human blood. Auguſtine interceded with the Proconful of Africa, that Proculianus, a leader of the Donatiſts, might not ſuffer death, thus overcoming evil with good. We prefer, ſays Gratian, inſtruction to command; we love admonition better than threats. Compulſion is not a legal method of removing ſchiſm from a church.

"The proteſtants whoſe power and numbers daily leſſen in times of peace, have always increaſed amidſt arms and contention. The concluſion of all the arbitrary puniſhments, which have marred the benign precepts of the goſpel, and, at different times, diſgraced France, Germany, England, and the Netherlands, has been an entire ſeparation from the religion of their forefathers, of a conſiderable portion of mankind; the richeſt, the moſt active

active and ingenious, who have been either marked at home, by hateful diſtinctions, or driven to foreign realms.

"Theſe things are ſpoken of, not with a view of again canvaſsing the long debated queſtion, on the propriety of puniſhing ſectaries; but to ſhew, that thoſe have ever acted moſt prudently, who, according to the maxims of the primitive church, thought that religious differences ſhould be concluded rather by amicable inveſtigation, than terminated by force of arms.

"Away, then," concludes the excellent Thuanus, "away with thoſe bloody, thoſe unſeaſonable exclamations, that peace can never be made with heretics; let ſuch irrational declarations be treated with the contempt they deſerve; let the advocates for religious perſecution dread *an imitation of their own intolerance, in thoſe they oppreſs:* let them recollect the deſtructive commotions, the cities and provinces laid waſte, the outrages, the animoſities in families, and the aggravated ſuſpicions, produced on both ſides, from zeal, embittered by rancour."

THUNDERING LEGION: for a ſhort account of the controverſy on this ſubject, ſee MOYLE, WALTER.

TICKLE, RICHARD, author of Anticipation, a pamphlet, in which the peculiarities of many members of parliament, of all parties, are humorouſly and ſucceſsfully rallied, without ill-nature; he has alſo been honored with the ſuſpicion of having written that excellent piece of ſolemn irony, the Heroic Epiſtle to Sir William Chambers, but no acknowledged production of Mr. Tickle's gives probability to ſuch a ſuppoſition.

My reaſon for introducing his name in this work, is, to point him out as an example to young men of genius, who mean to derive from their literary talents notice, patronage, and preferment.

With a rare union of ingenuity and prudence, he diſplayed his powers, and preſented himſelf to the public, without offending any man. After ample applauſe and ample compenſation, he retired unmoleſted, to domeſtic tranquillity and affluence, the general favorite and the general friend; an enviable lot, which the tempers of Pope, Akenſide, and Churchill, unfortunately would not ſuffer them to enjoy.

In the preſent day, I could mention names, high in the walks of polite literature, criti-

ciſm,

ciſm, hiſtory, and ſcience, but unbleſſed with this invaluable ſpecies of political prudence, who, in the virulence of party rage, having overleaped the bounds of moderation, and wandered into the land of invective, have found themſelves ſurrounded by a thouſand admirers, but not a ſingle friend to diſſipate the gloom of a melancholy hour, or aſſiſt them in a moment of diſtreſs; who, after the applauſe of the multitude has been forgotten, have paſſed the remainder of a life which promiſed better things, in the ſties of ſenſuality, in hopeleſs inactivity, or the debaſing ſtruggles of pecuniary embarraſſment.

This gentleman's death, ſince my former impreſſion, is ſaid to have been attended with circumſtances unpropitious to the theory in ſupport of which I had produced him; but his having yielded to the torrent of diſſipation which overwhelms the wiſeſt and beſt of us, does not overſet one of my aſſertions. He had certainly attained eminence and preferment, by exhibiting his literary powers without offending either cotemporaries or competitors; his wanting prudence and reſolution to reſiſt the fools or the rogues who ſurrounded him, was wholly out of the queſtion; his conduct, as a literary man, may ſtill be held up as a ſalutary leſſon, however we may lament the errors or the misfortunes of his private life.

TIMELY INTERCESSION.

Two inſtances are recorded, in which an effectual appeal was made; in one caſe to the fears, and in another, to the religious prejudices, of conquerors, who, had never before ſhewn any propenſity to feeling, or humanity.

Yet on theſe occaſions, their extravagant fury was arreſted, by the cool expoſtulation, admirable preſence of mind, and well-timed dexterity of individuals, neither exalted by rank, nor eminent for intellectual abilities; individuals whom, in any other point of view, they would have cruſhed as worms beneath their feet.

The firſt was ſoon after the conqueſt of China, by Zingis, who, enraged by ſome real or imaginary oppoſition to his ferocious deſpotiſm, iſſued an order for exterminating, by an indiſcriminate maſſacre, the whole of the miſerable natives, men, women, and children.

The murder of millions was already on the threſhold of perpetration, when Yelutchouſay, an honeſt and intrepid Mandarin, who

who poſſeſſing (what honeſt men frequently deſpiſe, and will not always exert) the valuable art of adapting himſelf to the circumſtances, and neceſſity of the times in which he lived, without forfeiting his integrity; this worthy, and what is of more importance, this *uſeful* man, ruſhed into the preſence of the haughty and exaſperated Khan.

Having acted as interpreter, and being a favorite; in an erect attitude and elevated voice, he thus addreſſed the conqueror: "Is it thy intention to deſtroy thy faithful Tartars, as well as the Chineſe?" "Should the hair of the head of a ſingle Tartar be injured," replied Zingis, "I will deſolate the face of the earth." "Then re-call the order thou haſt given," ſaid the Mandarin; "for the utter deſtruction of both nations will be the inevitable conſequence of its being carried into execution."

"Doſt thou mean, by the reſiſtance the Chineſe will make?" ſaid the Khan, with a mixture of indignation and contempt; "Know, raſh man, that I condemn thy menace, as much as I deſpiſe their power: they *have* fled, and *will* fly before my hardy bands, as ſheep from the tyger, or as duſt diſſipated by the northern blaſt." "I entertained no ſuch thought," ſaid the Chineſe, "and after hearing what I have to ſay, thou wilt be at liberty to follow thy own inclinations; but of this thou mayeſt reſt aſſured, that if thy commands be literally executed, peſtilence and famine will ſoon deſtroy thy troops.

"Who can, or who will inter ſo many millions of dead bodies, which if unburied, will infect the air you breathe.

"Another object, is alſo worthy of thy conſideration; the indiſcriminate deſtruction propoſed, will not leave a ſingle artiſan, or a ſingle ſlave, to adminiſter to the comforts, to ſharpen the weapons, or to till the ground for their Tartar lords.

"But *ſhould* a few of the miſerable natives be ſpared from the general havoc, by policy or by intereſt, who can inſure thee and the companions of thy conqueſt, from the ſecret conſpiracies, the midnight dagger, and the poiſoned bowl of the ſurvivors.

"I appeal to thy own ſenſe and feelings, if it is poſſible for any human creature to ſerve with complacency or attachment, the aſſaſſin of a parent, a brother, or a child? It is contrary to nature, and to reaſon; whatever may be their profeſſions, blood for blood, the eroſions of cruelty, and revenge, the moſt faſcinating

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ing and moſt inextinguiſhable of all our crimes, will lurk in the ſecret receſſes of their hearts.

"I therefore pray," concluded the excellent Yelutchouſay, conſcious of the impreſſion he had made, and the ſtrong ground on which he ſtood, "I humbly pray, that the rebellious and the guilty may be ſeverely puniſhed, but that the induſtrious citizen, the inoffenſive ruſtic, the hardy laborer, their wives and their children, may continue to ſerve thee unmoleſted: *that Zingis and his faithful Tartars may live likewiſe.*" The conqueror liſtened with attentive obedience, to his pacific counſel, and inſtantly re-called the ſavage mandate he had iſſued.

The ſecond example of influence happily exerted, was during the predatory expedition of Nadir Sha, into Hindoſtan, in the middle of the eighteenth century. As ſoon as the mercileſs tyrant entered Delhi, he ordered every gate in the city to be ſhut, and cloſely guarded; and it was proclaimed by ſound of trumpet, that no one ſhould enter, or go forth, on pain of death.

The proviſions within the walls being inadequate to daily conſumption, famine was ſpeedily the conſequence of this ſevere decree; and the unfeeling monſter ſaw thouſands periſhing from hunger, or devouring ſubſtances, at which nature revolts, without pity or regret.

Surrounded by death, in its moſt hideous and agonizing forms, and with the ſhrieks and groans of ſtarving wretches aſſailing his ears, he directed martial muſic to be conſtantly played, and indulged himſelf with apparent unconcern, in the pleaſures of the table; aggravating injury by inſult, he ordered the theatre to be magnificently illuminated, and a play to be performed for his amuſement.

At this muſical and dramatic exhibition, Tucki, an actor and a ſinger, pleaſed the barbarian ſo much, that he exclaimed in his tranſports, he would grant the player any favor he ſhould aſk, confirming his declaration with a ſolemn oath.

The hero of the piece, who amidſt all the aſſumed gaiety and ſplendor of an Oriental drama, ſtrongly felt for, and warmly ſympathized with the ſorrows of his countrymen, inſtantly proſtrated himſelf before Nadir, and taking a fair advantage of his voluntary offer, immediately ſaid: "Command, O king, that the gates of the city may be opened."

The cruel invader, thus ſurpriſed into an act of humanity, pauſed

pauſed for a moment, but recollecting his oath, and uniting ſuperſtition with enormity, he granted the prayer of Tucki, but retired frowning and diſappointed to the palace.

A ſimilar appeal was made in the reign of King Henry the eighth, King of England, by Willaim Sommers, the court buffoon.

TITLES OF BOOKS, names of places, and of perſons, a ſubject, the treating of which, in good hands would admit of a conſiderable diſplay of learning and ingenuity.

The title of a book, though apparently of little conſequence to readers who ſeek only amuſement or information, is of more importance to authors and booksellers, than may at firſt be imagined, and were the editor of this collection to deſcribe the pains and anxiety it coſt him, *to compoſe* his title page; his readers would probably enjoy a laugh at his expence.

The great difficulty in this caſe, was to avoid promiſing too much, a ſpecies of impoſture too frequently occurring, and generally productive of future diſappointment; but although a name ſufficiently deſcriptive of light ſuperficial reading, was found, it did not ſhelter the work from cenſure, nor is it altogether ſatisfactory to the reſtleſs caprice of its editor.

But independent of policy or real utility, in this and a thouſand inſtances of far higher import, how much are we the ſlaves of our ears and our eyes. Friendſhip, affection, and intereſt are perpetually ſacrificed to the whims of delicacy and the affectation of finer feelings; I have obſerved in another part of this collection, that however I might reſpect abilities and a good heart under a rugged exterior, I found it difficult if not impoſſible to aſſociate with and be friendly towards a perſon of a harſh, guttural voice, a naſty or a vulgar name, goggling eyes, black teeth, or a deformed perſon; and I could point out numerous inſtances in theſe pages, where a culpable and ridiculous weakneſs of a ſimilar kind has often miſled me.

In the article Olympia, a favorite article with the man who compiled it, I have wholly ſuppreſſed mentioning the name of a worthy individual, her huſband, merely becauſe it was Gruntler; and the poor city where they lived is alſo dropped in the narrative, becauſe forſooth it was called Swinefurd.

Yet, however my diſlike of inharmonious and unſeemly names,

names, may have occaſionally led me aſtray, I hope and believe that it has never cauſed me to diviate from truth and common ſenſe. If I chuſe in relating a miſhap, to ſay that a traveller knocked me down, inſtead of relating that it was Tom Long the carrier, who did me that favor, I do not depart from fact, however deficient I may be in particularly identifying the perſon; ſuppreſſing names, and for *ſuch* reaſons, is I acknowledge, abſurd, ſilly, and ridiculous; but it is very different from diſtorting facts, and violating hiſtorical truth, which would deſervedly draw down on my head hatred, contempt, and puniſhment.

This brings to my mind a place in Ireland of a denomination ſtrange and uncouth, Swandlingbar, which attracted the notice and raillery of Dr. Swift; on enquiry, he found, that it derived its origin from a combination of the two initial letters of the names of ſeveral commercial men who had eſtabliſhed a mart or manufactory on this ſpot.

It was, I believe, during the American war that a volume called Caſpipina's Letters, was publiſhed, not ill written, but which conſiderably excited the curioſity of the public, till the myſtery was developed by a literary traveller, who informed us that the writer of the book in queſtion was Mr. Jacob Duchè, *curate at Saint Peter's in Philadelphia, in North America*, and that the curious title prefixed to his book, was compoſed of the initial letters of the words printed in Italick; this ſame Mr. Duchè, if I miſtake not, was a perſonal enemy, and a literary antagoniſt of the excellent Waſhington.

After ſo much has been ſaid and written againſt *puffing* title pages, it is ſurprizing, that men in other reſpects of good ſenſe, ſhould fall into ſo prepoſterous an error; as the reſentment of the public, on ſuch occaſions is always proportionate to the expectation raiſed, and the diſappointment produced. That good wine *needs no buſh* is an adage equally applicable to the productions of the pen, as well as the vine; this proverb is laughably illuſtrated by a little ſtory in one of Mr. Garrick's Theatrical Trifles.

To turn a penny, once a wit,
Upon a curious fancy hit;
Hung out a board on which he boaſted,
"Dinner for two-pence, boil'd and roaſted."
The hungry ſee, and in they trip,

With

With eager eye and ſmacking lip;
"Here, bring this roaſt and boiled, pray"
Enter potatoes dreſt each way.
The gueſts at once the houſe forſook,
They damn'd the dinner, kick'd the cook;
The landlord found, poor Patrick Kelly,
There is no joking with the belly.

TITUS, POMPONIUS, ATTICUS, an eminent and wealthy Roman, the correſpondent of Cicero, the friend of Cæſar, of Brutus, and of Pompey, who, in the various contentions of a corrupt and declining republic, verging rapidly, and perhaps neceſſarily into an abſolute monarchy, avoided taking a *deciſive* part, either on the popular or the Patrician ſide. The common friend of *all*, he was ready on every occaſion, with his pen and purſe, to comfort and conſole greatneſs in adverſity, or virtue in diſtreſs.

Few men have dexterity and reſolution enough to ſupport ſo arduous a character, a character in which neither perſonal malignity, nor political hatred, could find out a blemiſh or a weakneſs.

During the ſtorms and tornadoes of the French revolution, the experiment was tried by many, but the majority fell a ſacrifice to unfounded ſuſpicion, democratic ferocity, or their own unguarded conduct.

I once heard one of the firſt characters in this country, make the following declaration: "Were a revolution to take place in Great Britain, or a civil war to break out in England to-morrow, I have ſo many, and ſuch valuable friends of all parties, ranks, and denominations, that I ſhould prefer ſuffering the cruelleſt of deaths, to drawing the ſword againſt any of my countrymen:" a ſentiment in which the compiler of this collection warmly joined, and has not yet found any reaſon to change his opinion.

TITUS, COLONEL, a commander in the parliamentary army, which dethroned King Charles the firſt, and deſtroyed the Engliſh conſtitution; he was alſo author of a maſterly pamphlet, called, Killing, no Murder, and firmly oppoſed the deſpotiſm of Cromwell; reſiſting oppreſſion and uſurpation, whatever name they aſſumed.

Part of one of his ſpeeches has been quoted againſt quakers and others, who, when the ſafety of their

their country depends on martial energy, preach the pacific doctrines of moderation and non-reſiſtance; doctrines, under our preſent circumſtances, much more miſchievous than treaſon or rebellion, as the language they hold to murderers and robbers, is this, "You may ſecurely attack and plunder us, for we will not repel you."

"We are adviſed to be *moderate*, and I think we ought to be ſo; but I do not take moderation to be a virtue in *all* caſes. If I were fighting to ſave my life, ſhould I do it *moderately?* If I were riding on horſeback, and robbers purſued me, would it be adviſeable to trot *moderately*, leſt I ſhould ſpoil my horſe? Were any of us in a ſinking ſhip, would it not appear ſtrange to recommend *moderate* pumping to the ſailors, leſt, forſooth, a fever ſhould be brought on by the violent exerciſe?"

Another ſpeech of Colonel Titus has been produced againſt thoſe who, in the preſſure of war, are perpetually bringing forward the ruinous ſtate of the nation, and proclaiming our inability to continue it; a mode of proceeding, the moſt likely of all others, to encourage our enemies to perſevere.

"We are in a dangerous condition," ſaid this public-ſpirited member of parliament, whoſe conduct holds forth a uſeful example to all parties; and during a reign, to whoſe corrupt ſupineneſs, France is ſo much indebted, "we are in a dangerous ſituation, a powerful enemy abroad, and diſſatisfied ſubjects at home: I cannot help comparing the ſtate to the houſe of a gentleman, very much out of repair, and he calls his friends to conſult what ſhould be done.

"One finds fault with the wainſcot, another complains that the windows are broken, a third is for new ſtuffing the cuſhions of the chapel, a fourth inſiſts, that thieves have ſtolen the plate and valuable furniture. The ſurveyor preſently enters in haſte, tells the proprietor his timbers are rotten, and that without immediate ſupporters, the houſe will directly tumble down. In the mean time, *his ſervants are drinking and carouſing in the butler's pantry, and the few ſober-minded perſons he has about him, are diſputing about non-eſſentials.*

TOAST, a ſtrong ariſtocratic one, given at a corporation dinner, in the weſt of England, after many loyal and conſtitutional ſentiments had burſt forth.

"*May the Tree of Liberty be tranſplanted from France into Hell,*

Hell, and eternally bear, as fruit, the ſouls of all Republicans."

A wag in company, from whom I relate the circumſtance, obſerving the temper of his aſſociates, and eſtimating their talents by their converſation, was ſoon after called on for a ſentiment.

At the moment the chairman addreſſed him, a recent creation of peers, was the topic of converſation, and he ventured on the following ambiguous reply; in which he concealed the wiſhes of a jacobin, under the ſemblance of ariſtocracy.

"May all men be made peers:" it was drank with *three times three.*

TONTI, LAURENTIO, an Italian projector, the firſt inventor of a ſcheme for annuities with benefit of ſurvivorſhip, which ſtill retain his name.

Meeting, like other adventurers, with little encouragement in his native city, he quitted Naples, and, on the ſtrength of a recommendation to Cardinal Mazarine, went to Paris. He ſoon became a favorite with that unpopular miniſter, who liſtened to his plans with approbation, and, aware of the attachment of mankind to whatever reſembled a game of chance, thought it a likely method of ſoothing general diſcontent, by enabling the diſſipated, the needy, and the avaricious, to become rich without manual labor, and wealthy without the toil of invention.

But the French parliament of ſixteen hundred and fifty-three, with ſtrong prejudices againſt every thing of Italian origin, refuſed to regiſter the edict. The fortunes of Tonti were ſhipwrecked with thoſe of his patron; and it was the fate of his invention, to be afterwards adopted by Lewis XIV. who, in the urgency of his diſtreſſes, produced by the league of Augſbourg, created, what he called, a Tontine Royal.

This propoſal, the people affected by the ſituation of their ſovereign, or from caprice, liberally encouraged; and each perſon, on paying three hundred livres, was entitled to ten per cent. per annum; the intereſt due to any ſubſcriber who died, being divided between the ſurvivors.

The annuitants were regularly paid; and in the year ſeventeen hundred and twenty-ſix, the widow of a French ſurgeon, whoſe father had ſubſcribed for her in her maiden name, of Charlotte Bonamie, was the laſt ſurviving ſubſcriber. For two ſhares, which,

which, with the incidental expences, had coſt little more than thirty pounds, this lady was, for ſeveral years, in the actual receipt of a ſum, equal in Engliſh curreney, to three thouſand pounds a year.

Since that period, different nations have adopted Tonti's expedient, with various ſucceſs; and this luxuriant exotic, was flouriſhing with rapid vegetation in England, till the commencement of the war of the French revolution.

"Of all the phantoms," ſays a late writer on reverſionary payments, "of all the phantoms, to entice and deceive the multitude, none are more miſchievous than Tontines; they have excited a ſpirit of gambling and idle ſpeculation, in a claſs of people, whoſe ſcanty income of three or four pounds a year, is already inadequate to the ſupply of their wants. This folly has involved many of them in diſtreſs, and others finding themſelves unable to proceed in their weekly payments, have loſt the money they had already advanced.

"To moderate expectations, and leſſen diſappointment, it may not be improper to ſtate the circumſtances which will probably take place, at the final diviſion of their ſtock.

"The increaſe of money, when improved by compound intereſt, and the continual mortality of the human race, are the principles upon which all Tontines are evidently founded, and from which they derive all their encouragement. But in the ſhort term of ſeven years, the accumulation of money, and the diminution of the human ſpecies, are ſo inconſiderable, as to produce little or no effect; and the contributor of ſixpence per week, will hear with ſurprize, and probably with diſappointment, that, at the end of ſeven years, his contribution, at four per cent. compound intereſt, will amount only to ten pounds five ſhillings and three pence; that after the expences of management are deducted, the greateſt probable number of deaths, will augment it to little more than eleven guineas, not forgetting, that during the whole period, a man's family is expoſed to the hazard of loſing the whole of his payments, by death; to perſons of the deſcription I have mentioned, a heavy, and ſometimes a ruinous loſs."

Another conſideration may alſo be added, to generous and feeling minds, a powerful one; the profits of thoſe whoſe circumſtances enable them to perſevere in their payments, will increaſe exactly in proportion to the number of ſeceders. Thus a good part of what they are to receive, will be formed

formed of many a miſerable pittance, from the pockets of the widow and fatherleſs, from the loweſt, the moſt diſtreſſed, and unfortunate portion of mankind.

TOO NICE FOR A STATESMAN, was the objection made to a gentleman often mentioned in this collection.

With reſpect to the ſtubbornneſs of moral and religious principles in thoſe perſons, who fill official ſituations, it was obſerved by a late writer, *that they muſt not be too ſcrupulous*; that if they carry with them into place that tenderneſs of conſcience, ſo highly deſirable in private life, it will be impoſſible for public buſineſs to be carried on.

In proof of this aſſertion, he produced the example of a gentleman, whom it is impoſſible to name without praiſe, Sir Charles Middleton.

Certain papers having been preſented to the worthy baronet, for his ſignature as a commiſſioner of the navy, he declined, in a moment of inexpedient reluctance, he honeſtly declined doing it, declaring, "That he conſidered himſelf as reſponſible in another world, for his conduct in this."

The country loſt a meritorious and faithful ſervant.

TOPLADY AUGUSTUS, a learned enthuſiaſt, and a popular preacher.

To this eminent Calviniſt, a member of the church of England, and an unaccommodating ſtickler for the doctrine of predeſtination; one of his antagoniſts, on a certain occaſion, made a memorable reply, "Thoſe whom you cannot convince by the ſtrength, you confound by the ſubtlety of your arguments."

It has been obſerved by *one* of his biographers, that Mr. Toplady's ſyſtem of divinity, was more the offspring of paſſion than of reaſon; that his devotion was governed by the ebb and flow of fancy and affection; that he was one day in a land flowing with milk and honey, the next famiſhed in a barren wilderneſs; now tiptoe on Mount Piſgah, in all the tranſports of enthuſiaſm; and anon, groaning in the valley and ſhadow of death.

"The religion of ſuch perſons," continues the ſame writer, "deformed by whim, caprice, and eccentricity, loſes the character of Chriſtian purity and peace; it partakes, at times, of the jealouſy and confidence, the freedom and the diſtance, the turbulence and impotence of a love

love adventure; now rapturous, enterprizing, ſoaring, and irreverend; the next moment paralyſed by deſpair, trembling as it were in nervous and hyſteric convulſions, and baſely creeping into every thing that is unmanly and abſurd."

It is degrading the Almighty Creator of the univerſe, to ſuppoſe he can be pleaſed with ſuch extravagancies.

Yet, in ſpite of fanaticiſm, and a large ſhare of vanity, there was a portion of liberality in his temper, which the bigots by whom he was ſurrounded, regarded with a ſcowling and ſuſpicious eye; he mixed in ſocial intercourſe with perſons of all perſuaſions and all denominations; he did not conſider orthodoxy as incompatible with civility; and heared, with a ſuppreſſed ſmile, the declaration of a well-known character, who, being cenſured for his avoiding thoſe who entertained opinions different from his own, replied, *that it was not in his nature, to hold any intercourſe with thoſe who he knew were in the high road to hell.*

But, *as a writer*, Mr. Toplady deſcended to an acrimony of ſtyle, not conſiſtent with his uſual deportment, which, generally ſpeaking, was that of a well-bred man; it has been obſerved, I know not how truly, that few inſtances occur of rigid Calviniſts, who are not ſoured in their tempers, and deficient in good manners.

Although *much followed in London*, his country pariſhioners, at Broad Hembury in Devonſhire, of which place he was vicar, do not appear to have cordially or generally embraced the opinions of the ſubject of our preſent article; after taking conſiderable pains, he laments, in one of his pamphlets, that in the whole of his pariſh, which was large and populous, there were only three perſons on whom he had reaſon to think, the work of grace was begun; Dame Hutchins, Farmer Taylor, and Joan Venn.

It is recorded as a favorite ſaying of Mr. Toplady, or one of his friends, that, "in religious difficulties, *reaſoning is of no avail*, the only effectual ſtep a ſinner can take, is, ſimply to caſt anchor on God's naked promiſe."

In his *ſpiritual experiences*, or what he calls, a Journal of God's gracious Dealings with him, the irregularity of his fits of devotion is ſingularly deſcribed by himſelf.

"Before I left my chamber, I held ſweet converſe with the Father of ſpirits; and *for a few minutes*, my comforts were of the moſt exalted kind; but in leſs

leſs than an hour, I was grieved with the bubblings up of indwelling ſin, and was for ſome time in a moſt trying ſtate of temptation; but the Lord preſerved me from falling, and towards the evening, "*I ſenſibly enjoyed the preſence of my heavenly Father:*" Such was the language of a perſon of deep learning, ſtrong ſenſe, and whom I once called a man of genius, in the preſence of one well able to decide on ſuch a queſtion, and ſtrongly diſpoſed to contradict my aſſertion, had he been of a different opinion.

In another place he thus proceeds; "But for the fear of expoſing myſelf, and diſturbing the family, I ſhould this day have roared out through the diſquietude of my heart; my heavenly pilot diſappeared, I ſunk deep in the mire, the winds and waves overwhelmed me;" the next day his conſolations were "inexpreſſible."

He relates in one of his letters the ſubject of a long and ſharp debate he once carried on with Mr. Burgh, the ingenious and public-ſpirited author of the Political Diſquiſitions. In this diſpute, if the evidence of Mr. Toplady may be relied on, he drove, (to uſe his own expreſſion) he drove his antagoniſt into this dilemma, "that God doth all he *poſſibly* can, to hinder moral and natural evil; but ſuch is the perverſeneſs of mankind, that they will not *permit* the Almighty to have his wiſh."——I uſed to ſuſpect this paſſage, ſelected from a long converſation, to be ſomething like that ſpecies of wire-drawn evidence, ſometimes procured by counſel, learned in the law, who, by means of a long ſtring of ſkilful interrogatories, will undertake to make a man ſay whatever they chuſe.

Mr. Toplady was a good part of his life engaged in controverſy with John Weſtley, whom he uſed to call the Biſhop of Moorfields; in this conteſt, they did not exhibit any portion of the meek ſpirit of Chriſtianity; the little I recollect from a tranſient peruſal of their pamphlets, at ſo remote a period, (almoſt thirty years ago) inclines me to think, that Toplady had been ill uſed, and was on the right ſide of the queſtion.

Their firſt diſagreement, though afterwards extended to other points, originated from the ſubject of our preſent article tranſlating into Engliſh, ſome Latin work on predeſtination, with which he accuſed the apoſtle of the methodiſts, of unfairly interfering.

In that ſpirit of predominancy which Weſtley was too apt to affect,

fect; but to which he was evidently entitled by superior sanctity and indefatigable zeal, he hinted at Toplady's being a young translator; the latter replied somewhat warmly; "That it was better to be a young translator than an old Plagiary;" and accused John of uniting in his character, "the sophistry of a Jesuit, the dictatorial authority of a Pope, and the craft of an attorney;" he concludes with calling him, "a restless Arminian, the Bell-wether of deluded thousands."

It has been frequently remarked as a singular circumstance, that the long contested doctrine of necessity, so strenuously supported by Mr. Toplady, and others who professed themselves friends to revelation, should be generally maintained by sceptics and unbelievers.

Yet, on this intricate question, he argued with confidence, and, as he imagined, with success; he saw not, or would not see, that agency, virtue, moral retribution, and responsibility, are inseparably connected; that the pangs of a guilty conscience, or the pleasure which arises from reflecting on a good action, without liberty, are mysterious, and paradoxical, if not contradictory.

It may however be amusing, if not instructive, to hear some of his arguments; this is one of the many instances, in which a skilful sophist, master of his tools, deludes others as well as himself; it appears to me, that the rock on which he splits, is, proving too much.

"A self-determining power, infers absolute independence; it is not easy to conceive, that a being who is lord of himself, should be accountable to any other; he can neither believe, nor dread a judgment day; he who has no superior, can never hold up his hand at the bar as a felon; Paul was a knave for asserting such an improbability, and Felix a fool for trembling at it."

The doctrines of Calvin have generally been considered as comfortless and gloomy, and I believe have often been so called in this collection; Mr. Toplady defends them in the following words.

"Why are Calvin's doctrines represented as gloomy? Is it gloomy to believe, that the far greater part of the human race are created for endless happiness? For I conceive no reasonable doubt can be entertained concerning the salvation of very young persons; and it is computed by persons conversant in such calculations, that more than half

half of the human ſpecies die in their infancy, and that a very conſiderable number of the remaining half, are cut off in early childhood.

"If then, as there is the ſtrongeſt reaſon to think, many millions of thoſe who live to mature years, in every ſucceſſive generation, have their names in the book of life; how very ſmall, comparatively ſpeaking, how very ſmall is the portion of thoſe who periſh everlaſtingly.

"For my own part," concludes Mr. Toplady, in an elevated tone, "for my own part, I ſolemnly profeſs before God, angels, and men, that I am not conſcious of being endued with that ſelf-determining power, which Arminianiſm would aſcribe to me as a human creature; I am *clearly certain* that I have it not, and that I do not wiſh to have it.

"Were my all-wiſe and all-powerful Creator, to make me an offer of transferring the determination of any one event from his own will to mine; I would earneſtly entreat, that the ſceptre might ſtill remain with him, and that I might ſtill continue to have nothing to do in the direction of a ſingle incident.

"Joy in heaven over one ſinner that repenteth," was another ſubject which exerciſed his ingenuity and eloquence, but expoſed him to the irreligious banter of one of his antagoniſts, who accuſed him of begging the queſtion. "This joy," ſays Mr. Toplady, "ariſes from a certain proof, that the new convert is *one of the elect*, the angels know, and are well aſſured, that he could not have repented, had he not been previouſly elected.

"A contrary belief would have untuned the harps, and chilled the praiſes of the inhabitants of the realms of bliſs; there are no election-doubters, no denyers of predeſtination, and free grace in the kingdom of heaven; they are all as orthodox as the ſun is bright, in thoſe happy regions."

In another of his works, he aſſerts, that "there is nothing abſurd or unphiloſophical in the metaphyſical theory of apparitions; that his opinion is confirmed by ſcripture authority, in two inſtances; the transfiguration of our Saviour, and the caſe of Eliphaz."

He further inſiſts, "that Satan is incomparably more orthodox, than nineteen in twenty of our divines, for that devils believe and tremble." Addreſſing his hearers or his readers in a ſtring of interrogatories, he proceeds; "Do you think there is ſuch a being as an Arian devil, a Socinian devil, or a Sabellian

devil? Is there an Anti-Trinitarian, an Arminian, or a Pelagian among them? No; depend on it none; there are no Heretics neither in heaven, nor in hell; it is only on earth, that men have the dreadful prerogative of out-sinning the very devils themselves."

But it is time to finish an article, which has considerably swelled beyond my first design, and has probably awakened the impatience of my readers; but I cannot conclude without venturing my opinion, that Mr. Toplady, with all his parts, all his vigor, and all his learning; injured the cause he meant to defend.

In too many instances he treated sacred things, if I may be allowed the term *profanely*; he dived fearlessly and with levity, into depths where angels tremble with awe; he ought to have recollected, that the subjects he so confidentially discussed *and settled*, can never be finally determined on, in our present state of existence, that the deepest thinker, and the clearest reasoner of us all, MUST WAIT THE GREAT TEACHER, DEATH.

The mode in which he treated those (I mean his mode *as a writer)* who differed from him, was equally opposite to Christianity, propriety, and good sense; he converted religion into a system of metaphysics, and explained the pure and simple precepts of Christ, by the casuistry and syllogisms of a doctor of the schools.

As to the doctrines he professed, they *may* ultimately be right or wrong, but in either case, his zeal overleaped the boundaries prescribed by that Saviour whose gospel he preached; he argued more like a combatant, ambitious of shining as a disputant, than a Christian pastor, anxious only to do good.

Spirits like his, armed with powers adequate to their zeal, would erect a Calvinistic inquisition on a protestant basis, stain our reformed church with the blood of martyrs, and set the world on fire.

I am led to these conclusions, not from there being any thing peculiarly or prominently intolerant in Mr. Toplady; but the points he inculcated, and the enthusiastic and fanatic spirit with which he enforced them, would have led him and his followers, *in spite of themselves*, to persecution, on this incontrovertible principle, which has been exemplified in different ages of the world; at London and Geneva, Lisbon and Madrid, at Constantinople, Mexico, Peru, Paris,

Paris, and Rome; I TORTURE YOU IN THIS WORLD, TO PREVENT YOUR EVERLASTING DAMNATION IN THE NEXT.

To ſuch doctrines, *ſo defended*, I impute the rapid progreſs of deiſm and infidelity; but although I cannot rejoice with a modern writer, becauſe "the wild-fire of religious fanaticiſm, has met with ſo *uſeful* an extinguiſher;" it is ſeriouſly to be lamented, that mankind will not find in good ſenſe and moderation, a remedy for ſuch diſorders, without having recourſe to deadly poiſons, by way of antidote.

TOWNSHEND, MARQUIS OF.

This nobleman, when Viceroy of Ireland, had, as may naturally be ſuppoſed, many unſucceſsful candidates for court favors, but all who recollect the noble lord in that exalted ſtation, cannot but remember his unwillingneſs to let any man leave the caſtle diſſatisfied.

Thoſe perſons who had been making requeſts, which it was out of his power to grant, he generally conducted to a certain room, where he ſhewed them a caricature of himſelf, as Lord Lieutenant, *with his hands tied behind him*, and ſaid to be ſketched by his own hand. Though diſappointed in the object of their purſuit, the parties generally went away in good humour, and often with a hearty laugh.

It cannot be denied, that to be thus *tranſported to Ireland handcuffed*, muſt be humiliating to a man of ſenſe, and independent ſpirit; yet even that ſtate of vaſſallage, diſguiſed in the ſilken drapery of court fineſſe and ſoft words, is far preferable to the perſonal and pointed indignity of being ſent over the water, a repreſentative of royalty, with ſoothing language and fair promiſes; and to be ordered by the next meſſenger, to act directly contrary to, or wholly diſavow them.

TRAVELLING. The following has been thought, not a bad deſcription of *a good man and true of the city of London*, the firſt time he takes his ſeat in the York Fly, on a journey to the north; and whoſe excurſions have never before extended beyond Richmond, Staines, or St. Albans; obſerving that the ſketch was taken more than forty years ago.

"A thouſand apprehenſions fill his mind; the farther he is wheeled, the greater is his trouble; and counting the mile-ſtones, which to many is an amuſement, only ſerves to heighten *his* embarraſſments.

"At

" At the end of fifty miles, he begins to think, what a terrible thing it muſt be, *to die in a ſtrange country*; he is ſurprized to ſee other paſſengers ſwallowing the coffee, grounds and all, and calling luſtily about them for more buttered toaſt, while *he* cannot touch a morſel; a raſher of bacon and a tankard of ale, is recommended by a fellow traveller, but his ſtomach heaves at the bare mention of it; he at laſt ſwallows a glaſs of ſpring water, with a few hartſhorn drops in it.

" They proceed on their journey, the poor gentleman grows worſe and worſe; he is ſure a fever is coming on, and no James's powder can be had; how happy would he be to loſe a few ounces of blood; but what man in England can open a vein like Mr. Keen, who has bled him and his father before him.

" One of the company taking pity at his deſponding condition, offers a few carraway comfits, or ſome gingerbread nuts; he is inſtantly ſeized with a violent tooth-ach, and having no Greenough's tincture at hand, fears he ſhall go diſtracted with the pain.

" His apprehenſions of the coach breaking down, or overturning; a fractured ſcull, broken limbs, highwaymen, piſtols, and footpads, continue to harraſs his mind; perſons ſo void of feeling as not to be ſenſible of ſuch dangers, after a jumble of four ſcore miles, may be able to eat their dinner, for his part he cannot ſo eaſily ſit down and fall to; a little bit of bread pudding, for nature requires ſomething, and a glaſs of wine and water, after much perſuaſion, he at laſt *forces* down.

" He now begins to find there is much wind in his caſe, and would gladly expel it, and at the ſame time comfort the bowels with a little Daffy's Elixir, but unfortunately he forgot to bring a bottle with him.

" At night a warmed bed and a little ſack whey, diſpoſe him to ſleep but not to reſt; his affrighted imagination again is buſy; he beholds in one confuſed ſcene, his beloved wife weltering in her blood; his ineſtimable ſet of China broken into a thouſand pieces; ſtocks tumbling, his banker in the Gazette, his houſe in flames, and his children in the workhouſe.

" Who can ſupport ſuch miſery? he wakes in agonies, as real as if theſe evils had actually befallen him; and can hardly perſuade himſelf it is a dream; he would give a thouſand pounds to be that inſtant in London; this is impoſſible, but for a thouſand pence, he might ſoon be tranſ-

tranſported thither, but the ſhame of returning without having accompliſhed his journey, deters him.

The ſecond day he finds himſelf more tolerable; reaches York in the afternoon, and wonders how he was able to go through ſuch fatigues."

TRERET, a learned Frenchman, under the regal government, who, on ſome unfounded pretence, was taken out of his bed, at two o'clock in the morning, and carried to the Baſtile.

After a confinement of ſeveral weeks, and in perfect ignorance of the cauſe of his impriſonment, the lieutenant of police at laſt called to take his examination: "Will you have the goodneſs," ſaid Treret, as that officer entered his room, "will you have the goodneſs to tell me, for what crime I am ſhut up in this place?" The lieutenant replied with great coolneſs, "I think you have a great deal of curioſity."

TRIPLE ASSESSMENT, a ſubject, which at the moment one of my former editions was ſent to the preſs, was a ſubject of general complaint.

Yet when the urgency of the times, and the difficulties which preſent themſelves to a national financier, in taxing real property are conſidered, I ſtill am of opinion, that the aſſeſſed taxes, with a few exceptions, offer a fair and probable criterion of ability to pay.

Yet the arguments of thoſe on the oppoſite ſide of the queſtion, ought to be heard; they inſiſt, that the greateſt number of perſons affected by this meaſure, are the middle claſs of tradeſmen, the majority of whom, being ſpeculators with the borrowed property of others, are not able to bear additional burthens.

They further inſiſt, that this tax, as it aſcends to the more elevated and wealthy ranks of ſociety, is not levied in an augmented ratio, proportionate to their ability to pay.

If a tradeſman, they ſay, ſcarcely raiſed above mediocrity, is taxed an additional ten pounds a year, the wealthy tribe of accumulators, whether in cottages, inns of court, counting houſes, or palaces; whether in alleys, or in ſquares; in drawing-rooms, or garrets; and up to their ears in rouleaus, India bonds, and bank-notes, ſhould pay their fives, their tens, their twenty thouſand pounds a year.

Thus equitably modified, I can-

cannot think it right that ſo copious and ſo fair a ſource of revenue ſhould be abandoned.

But if it is of importance to procure general confidence and content, not a living creature, from the king to the beggar, ſhould be exempted; *all* enjoy protection, therefore *all* ſhould contribute towards paying for it.

No man ſhould be repoſing at his eaſe, on a bed of down, while flints, thorns, and briars, are lacerating and wounding his neighbours; many of whom are fighting his battles, or buffeting with winds, with waves, and embattled foes, in his defence; thoſe who do not ply the oar or ſhoulder the muſket, ſhould not grudge ample contribution, for the reward and ſupport of thoſe who do.

In a former impreſſion, I ſpoke of *a politician who roared too loud to be heard,* but who now can roar no more.

He inſiſted, on my mentioning a claſs of men, who are lightly, if not wholly untouched by public and parochial burthens; THE GROUND LANDLORDS OF LONDON AND WESTMINSTER.

While their tenants and under-tenants are ſinking into the earth under the iron rod of taxation, he uſed to deſcribe theſe wealthy individuals, as enjoying princely revenues, and ſubject to no outgoings; yet I apprehend, their property, whatever it may be, is ſubject to the inquiſitorial power of the income tax.

TRUE POLITENESS, a ſketch by a female hand, to which this collection hath been already indebted.

"Politeneſs is a juſt medium between formality and rudeneſs; it is in fact good-nature regulated by quick diſcernment, which proportions itſelf to every ſituation and every character; it is a reſtraint laid by reaſon and benevolence on every irregularity of temper, of appetite, and paſſion. It accommodates itſelf to the fantaſtic laws of cuſtom and faſhion, as long as they are not inconſiſtent with the higher obligations of virtue and religion.

"To give efficacy and grace to politeneſs, it muſt be accompanied with ſome degree of taſte, as well as delicacy; and although its foundation muſt be rooted in the heart, it is not perfect without a knowledge of the world.

"In ſociety it is the happy medium which blends the moſt diſcordant natures; it impoſes ſilence on the loquacious, and inclines the moſt reſerved to furniſh their ſhare of converſation; it repreſſes the deſpicable, but common ambition of being the moſt

moſt prominent character in the ſcene; it increaſes the general deſire of being mutually agreeable; takes off the offenſive edge of raillery, and gives delicacy to wit; it preſerves ſubordination, and reconciles eaſe with propriety; like other valuable qualities, its value is beſt eſtimated when it is abſent.

"No greatneſs can awe it into ſervility, no intimacy ſink it into coarſe familiarity; to ſuperiors, it is reſpectful freedom, to inferiors, it is unaſſuming good-nature, to equals, every thing that is charming; ſtudying, anticipating, and attending to all things, yet at the ſame time apparently diſengaged and careleſs.

"Such is true politeneſs, by people of wrong heads and unworthy hearts, diſgraced in its two extremes, and by the generality of mankind, confined within the narrow bounds of mere good breeding, which is only one branch of it.

TYRAWLEY, LORD, a pleaſant reply he made to a Liſbon merchant, who was complaining how very much the balance of trade was againſt his countrymen, in their commercial intercourſe with Great Britain.

"The whole of our bullion is carried to England," concluded the Portugueſe, I believe a Mr. Solomon da Coſta, "and as long as this continues to be the caſe, we cannot but be a poor and miſerable people."

"I can point out to you an eaſy way of preventing it," replied the noble lord. "How?" "Never eat, and wear no clothes."

This hint, ſaid an ingenious relater of Lord Tyrawley's reply, might be uſefully applied in moſt caſes of deranged finance, whether public or private; one diſh and one coat, inſtead of ten, will, in moſt inſtances, be found a ſovereign remedy for this ſpecies of *complaint in the cheſt*, in the preſent day ſo generally prevalent.

TYRTÆUS, a Greek poet of very remote antiquity, who, like inſpired perſons of another deſcription, is ſaid to have been of little conſideration in his own country.

He is deſcribed as a deformed, poor, and almoſt blind old man, and ſomewhat diſordered in his ſenſes; at the ſiege of Meſſene, the Lacedemonians, being directed by the oracle, to employ an Athenian general, the ſarcaſtic citizens of Athens, ſent them, in mockery, this crazy old ſchoolmaſter, who, however contemptible and forbidding his appearance

ance might be, rouzed them by the magic of his numbers, or the energy of his recitation, to victory and renown; he appears to have poſſeſſed a conſiderable portion of that valuable art, which many have in vain endeavoured to acquire,

Ære ciere viros, martemque accendere cantu.

This fact, ſupported by indiſputable cotemporary evidence, has exerciſed the wit, and excited the doubts of ſeveral modern writers; yet the French revolution, which has taken place before our eyes, if we may believe one who was a powerful aſſiſtant in the buſineſs, the French revolution would never have taken place, but for the popular airs of Ca Ira, the Marſelloiſe Hymn, and the Reveille du Peuple.

In England, the electric effect of "God ſave the King," and "Rule Britannia," has been ſeen, heard, and probably *felt*, by many of my readers; particularly if they omitted ſtanding up, or uncovering their heads, while *one* of theſe popular tunes was playing.

To the ſtimulating effects of the war-ſongs of Tyrtæus were added, a firm reliance on oracular prophely, and the irreſiſtible phrenſy of ſuperſtitious enthuſiaſm.

Ciel pour les Grecs a pave le chemin.

Of the following fragment, which is rather *after the manner of Tyrtæus*, than preciſely his, and recently publiſhed, I can only ſay with a lively writer, often quoted in this collection, *s'il n'eſt pas veritablement Tyrtee, il merite bien de l'etre.*

Halcyon peace has fled the land,
Hoſts embattl'd crowd the ſtrand;
Spartans rouze to Spartan toil,
Strangers tread fair freedom's ſoil.

Life to human kind is ſweet,
When life and precious freedom meet;
When they part, the charm is gone
To ſweeten death, is honour's boon.

Death when time or chance may call,
Is nature's ſtern award to all;
Death, our native land to ſave,
Is honour's bounty to the brave.

Then ſpare not toil, then ſpare not life,
In the peril-braving ſtrife,
Then

Then Spartans ruſh on Sparta's foes,
Fierce with your invaders cloſe.

O how glorious 'tis to fight
For freedom, country, children, wife;
O what honors deck his grave,
Whoſe death thoſe deareſt ties can ſave.

UNACCOUNTABLE ATTACHMENTS.

The numerous inſtances we ſee of women without beauty, ſenſe, or accompliſhment, exerciſing a wonderful influence over the moſt capricious rakes, and what is more, ſecuring it during life, hath often excited ſurprize: the following paſſage, in a Roman author, who is ſpeaking of Caligula, may ſerve to throw ſome light on the ſubject.

"Cæſoniam neque facie inſigni, neque ætate integra, matremque ex alio viro, trium filiarum, ſed luxuriæ ac laſciviæ perditæ, et ardentius et conſtantius amavit; ſæpe chlamyde et galea ornatam, militibus oſtendebat, amicis nudam."

"He long and ardently loved Cæſonia, though ſhe poſſeſſed neither youth nor beauty, and was the mother of three children, by a former huſband; the conſtancy of his attachment was attributed to her dreſs and manners, which were in the higheſt degree, irritating and voluptuous; proud of poſſeſſing ſuch a prize, he was fond of gazing at her, as ſhe paraded before the ſoldiers dreſſed in armor; to his more intimate friends he introduced her *without armour.*"

The tyrant, by a ſpecies of ſelf-deception, which in one way or another, we all of us practice, uſed to inſiſt, that the children ſhe had borne, long before he knew her, were his; to corroborate his aſſertion, he adduced a curious proof, which is no bad ſpecimen of the character and ſpirit of the man. It was, that they were from early life, ſo naturally ſavage, that they expreſſed this hereditary diſpoſition by ſcratching, biting, and gnawing the fingers and faces of their little play-fellows and companions.

Was it a Pope who ſeeing a young man that very much reſembled him, aſked the ſtranger if his mother had not formerly viſited Rome, "No, Sir," ſaid the youth, "but my father has."

A few reflections connected with the ſubject of unaccountable attachments, may be ſeen in the latter part of MANON L'ESCAUT, and in the article, MARY MANCINI.

UN-

UNEQUAL MATCHES.

Volumes have been written, on the prepoſterous abſurdity of old age expecting comfort and happineſs, by uniting itſelf in wedlock with youth and beauty; yet, although ſuch unions have in many inſtances led to miſery and murder, decrepitude *will* have its frolic, dotage *will* be dangling its doll.

An old gentleman made a good reply to a friend who adviſed him to marry a young wife, becauſe it would be ſo comfortable to be *coddled* or *cuddled*, I forget which was the word, during the cold winter nights, by a pretty woman.

"I am greatly obliged by your kind attention, but it is my wiſh to reſerve the little ſtrength and ſpirits which remain, to ſupport the pains and infirmities of old age.

"I have beſides contracted ſo many habits, and have ſuch a number of peculiarities in my humor and way of life, which are by long uſage become a ſecond nature, that if I were put out of them, it would make me very unhappy.

"But, theſe conſiderations out of the queſtion, I have too much pride to ſubmit to be regarded *only as a convenience*; for you may reſt aſſured, that an old fellow will never be accepted, as a huſband, by a young woman, in any other light.

"I determine to live and die as I am, leſt my forehead ſhould be expoſed to a certain diſgraceful appendage; if young men are not always exempt from this misfortune, how can an old man hope to eſcape; and if he does, he may be haunted with the idea of it, he may *ſuſpect that he is a cuckold*, though he is not; this perhaps is a greater evil than really to *be* one without ſuſpecting it."

But in the decline of life, all men are not ſo prudent, a few months only have elapſed, ſince the following curious and delicate reply was made, by a hardy veteran of ſeventy-four, obſtinately bent, on *committing the ſin of matrimony* with twenty-two. It was in anſwer to the editor of this article, who preſuming on a long friendſhip, had diſſuaded him from taking ſuch a ſtep, and had ſtrongly inſiſted on the impoſſibility of a pretty young woman loving an infirm, peeviſh, diſeaſed old man, and on the great probability of her proving unfaithful to his bed.

"All you can ſay," anſwered this worthy member of the epicurean ſtye, "All you can ſay, will have no effect, in influencing my conduct; I am reſolved to marry, at every riſk: and as to what

what you obſerve of the impoſſibility of the tender paſſion, under certain circumſtances, being mutual, it *may* be true, but in that reſpect I am wholly indifferent; let me but poſſeſs and enjoy, it is all I aſk, reciprocal affection, *in my opinion*, is not eſſential to pleaſure.

"Do I expect from the turtle and the veniſon I ſwallow with ſuch a zeſt? am I ſuch a fool as to expect that there ſhould be any partiality and attachment, ſubſiſting between thoſe dainties and the palate of my mouth? No, no, depend on it your notions on the ſubject are chimerical; let every man enjoy himſelf in his own way; I am not ſuch a fool as to ſpoil *my* enjoyments as ſome of you reflecting cautious folks do, by examining them too cloſely, and refining too much on the nature of them."

After *ſuch* an argument, and from one nearly approaching the threſhold of the houſe of death, I did not feel inclined to urge perſuaſion further, but as deſperate diſeaſes ſometimes require deſperate remedies, and as I had ſtrong claims to be heard, as well as ſome intereſt in the happineſs of his intended wife; he permitted me to take down a book from one of my ſhelves, and I read to him the following narrative FROM THE RECORDS OF A COURT OF JUSTICE.

Monſieur D'Eſcombas, a wealthy inhabitant of Paris, reſolved as old age came on, to marry; after taking ſome pains to find a proper woman, at leaſt *one he liked*, his choice at length fell on a woman, who was in fact, the laſt he ought to have choſen; ſhe was the daughter of his jeweller, not more than nineteen, very handſome, giddy, vain of her perſonal accompliſhments, and already attached to Monjoy, an officer in the corps of engineers, young, well made, gay, and gallant, but pennyleſs, and deeply in debt.

The military man's viſits had been forbidden for ſome months before old Mons. D'Eſcombas made his offer, which was at firſt received with a mixture of horror and contempt on the part of the lady; but the pecuniary diſtreſſes of her father, his reſolution in caſe of refuſal, to ſhut her up in a convent, and the ſplendid equipage, preſents, and ſettlement of the grey headed lover, at length prevailed on the young lady to accept his hand.

From the moment ſhe became Madam D'Eſcombas, ſhe was a miſerable woman; love in an old man has been called, what in fact it is, *a troubleſome diſeaſe*; ſhe had

had always disliked her husband, but his fretful temper and unceasing suspicions made her detest him; Monjoy soon discovered the state of her mind, and procured interviews, in which she forgot her marriage vow. But he declared that he would not permit another, however sacred and unalienable his title, to share that beauty, to which, according to the theory of prior attachment, he considered himself as fairly and legitimately entitled. He made no scruple of declaring repeatedly in the presence of this unfaithful wife, that he would take the first opportunity of dispatching her husband. That which we familiarize by perpetually thinking and speaking of, we are soon ready and eager to commit; Monjoy soon after perpetrated this crime, at midnight, in a dark walk of the garden of the Luxembourg palace, to which under some false pretence, he had decoyed the unhappy old man.

In consequence of several suspicious circumstances, Monjoy was taken into custody and committed to the Chatelet; the miserable, the guilty wife, visiting her lover in prison, was detained as an accomplice.

After a certain time, the offender was tried before the parliament of Paris, found guilty, and condemned to be broken alive on the wheel; this sentence had partly been put in execution, when the offender, who had been religiously educated, demanded absolution of his confessor; this the holy father refused, unless the criminal would point out his accomplices, or confess whether any one was privy to the murder, or his design of committing it.

The mangled, mutilated wretch, in the agonies of pain and guilt, desired that Madam D'Escombas might be sent for; when brought into his presence, he charged her with a previous knowledge of his designing to commit the murder; exhorting her at the same time, to speedy repentance. She immediately fainted, and was taken back to prison; the coup de grace was soon given to the tortured wretch, and the faithless wife, a few weeks after was hanged at the Place de Greve.

The jeweller died of a broken heart, declaring in the anguish of parental despair, that by urging his daughter to so preposterous and fatal a union, he considered himself as in fact the murderer of Monjoy, D'Escombas, and his wife.

A little attention, on the part of D'Escombas to the voice of nature, propriety, prudence, and

and common ſenſe, would have wholly prevented ſo fatal a complication of folly, misfortune, and crime: old men inclined to take young wives, ſhould call to mind a famous Spaniſh proverb; *Donna ignuda manda l'uomo ſotto la terra.*

UNFAITHFUL LOVER, an effectual method of recovering one; not often made uſe of by the fair ſex, and omitted by Mrs. Woolſtoncroft in her enumeration of the rights of women; indeed, few forſaken damſels, if they felt the inclination, poſſeſs reſolution, power, or opportunity for putting it into practice.

The heroine of our little tale, was the daughter of a king of the Eaſt Angles, during the Saxon Heptarchy, between the fifth and ſixth century of the Chriſtian æra; her father was conſidered as a powerful king, although his dominions comprehended only the preſent counties of Norfolk, Suffolk, and part of Cambridgeſhire.

Having been betrothed to Radiger, a young prince, whoſe father was King of the Varnes, a people who at that time inhabited a country near the mouth of the Rhine; from ſome motive of policy, paſſion, or caprice, the lover violated his plighted faith, and married Regintrude, one of the daughters of Theodebert the firſt, a Gallic King of Metz, or Auſtraſia, a territory ſwallowed up, and almoſt undiſtinguiſhed in the enormous acquiſitions or uſurpations of France, and now called Lorrain.

Some women, under ſuch circumſtances, would have thought no more of a man who had thus proved himſelf wholly unworthy of her regard; but the Saxon princeſs, from the ardor of her attachment, or the irritation of wounded pride, acted differently.

Procuring ſhips and troops, ſhe croſſed the ſea, attacked Radiger, defeated his forces, and after a bloody engagement, he himſelf became the priſoner of the woman he had forſaken.

Ordering the royal captive to be brought before her, he appeared loaded with chains, and expecting death in its moſt cruel form.

The princeſs, after firſt reproaching him for his perfidy, demanded his reaſons for not performing the promiſe he had ſo ſolemnly made?

"I was compelled," replied the priſoner, "I was compelled by my father, and induced by the intreaties of his counſellors, to take Regintrude to wife; filial obedience, and a regard to the intereſt

intereſt of my country, tempted me to perjure myſelf, contrary to my own inclinations; but it is not now a time for words; I am your priſoner, and prepared to endure the bittereſt tortures you can inflict."

"You know too well, falſe man, the ſtate of my affections, to expect any ſuch ſeverities," replied the lady, "inſtantly diſmiſs the pretender to that heart which muſt be wholly mine, and place me on that throne to which I am entitled."

Radiger cheerfully complied with theſe conditions, ſent home the Auſtraſian princeſs, and the victorious heroine, proved herſelf worthy of his bed, his heart, and his throne.

UNION WITH IRELAND.

At a moment when this great queſtion was agitated with acrimonious violence on both ſides of the water; when propheſies of ruin and ſlavery, were thundered out by patriotiſm, and ſighed forth by deſpondency, it was thought uſeful and entertaining, to peruſe the ſpeech of Lord Belhaven, a Peer of Scotland, in the reign of Queen Anne, previous to the union of that kingdom taking place, with England; the ſhort anſwer to his declamation, is, "Compare the preſent ſtate of Scotland with what it was before that period."

"When I conſider this affair of a union," ſaid his lordſhip, "my mind is weighed down with melancholy thoughts, which I think it my duty to lay before this honorable houſe.

"A free and independent kingdom, is delivering that, which all the world hath been fighting for, ſince the days of Nimrod; I mean the power of managing their own affairs; a national church founded on a rock, and fenced about by law as well as goſpel, is deſcending into a plain, and levelling itſelf with Jews, Papiſts, Socinians, Arminians, and Anabaptiſts.

"The noble Peers of Scotland, whoſe anceſtors led armies into the field at their own proper coſt, are now to be diveſted of their followers and vaſſals; are treated with no more reſpect, than a petty Engliſh exciſeman, and muſt wait in the court of requeſts, like ſo many ſoliciting attornies.

"Our learned judges muſt now ſtudy the common law of England, or they will be perpetually gravelled with appeals, certioraris, ejectments, injunctions, and demurrs; our manufacturers will hang down their heads in the deſolate ſtreets, and

and be wormed out of all their trade, by unkind neighbours; our gallant ſoldiers will be ſent to the plantations, our old corps be broken, and left to beg, whilſt the junior Engliſh regiments will be retained flouriſhing and complete.

"Our induſtrious tradeſman, loaded with new taxes and impoſitions, muſt drink water inſtead of ale, and eat his pottage without ſalt: the huſbandman's corn will ſpoil upon his hands for want of ſale, he will curſe the day of his birth, dread the expence of a family, and debate whether he ſhould marry or do worſe. Our common mother, Caledonia, ſitting the while, like Cæſar in the midſt of the ſenate, looking ruefully around her, covering herſelf with her robe, receiving the fatal blow, and breathing out her laſt ſigh with Et tu quoque mi fili.

"Are not theſe, my lords, very afflicting thoughts? Are our eyes blinded, our hearts hardened, and our hands bound; do our tongues faulter? that we do not mind the things which ſo highly concern us in this our day?

"The Lord forbid; man's extremity is God's opportunity, he is a preſent help in time of need; ſome unforſeen Providence will yet caſt the balance in our favor, none can deſtroy Scotland but Scotland herſelf; hold your hands from the pen, and you are ſecure; I ſay with Judah, 'Let not our hands be upon the lad, he is our brother;' there will aſſuredly be a Jehovah Jirah, ſome ram will be caught in the thicket, ere the bloody knife reach the throat of our mother.

"There are many wiſe and prudent men among us, who think it not worth their while to open their mouths; can there be a more important occaſion, when a monarchy, founded more than two thouſand years, ſupported by valor, wiſdom, and experience, is on the eve of being diſſolved?

"There are others among us, who are able to ſpeak well, and to good purpoſe, but dread the frowns of great men; I ſolemnly call on ſuch perſons, as they ſhall anſwer to God, to remember their oaths; if at this criſis they hold their peace, THEY AND THEIR HOUSE SHALL PERISH.

"It is of importance, under our preſent circumſtances, to enquire concerning the nature of the parties into which we are divided, Whigs and Tories; names as obſcure, my lords, as Guelfs and Ghibilines, and each of a different deſcription in the two king-

kingdoms; a Whig in England is a heterogeneous creature, in Scotland he is all of a piece; a Tory in England is a ſtateſman, and often a placeman; in Scotland he is quite otherwiſe, he is there an anti-courtier.

"A Whig in England is like Nebuchadnezzar's image, made of different metals, different principles, and different deſigns; the Whigs, take them altogether are like a piece of fine mixed drugget, of various threads, ſome fine and ſome coarſe, but altogether making a comely appearance. The Tories are like a piece of loyal made Engliſh cloth, the true ſtaple of the nation, all of a thread; yet if we look narrowly into it, and place it in different lights, we ſhall perceive a diverſity of color.

"The Tories are ſometimes like the moon at the full, as appeared in the affair of occaſional conformity; at other times they ſeem under a cloud, eclipſed as it were by a greater body; this was evidently the caſe in the meditated project of calling over the Princeſs Sophia; this we may however clearly ſee, their deſigns are to out ſhoot the Whigs with their own bow.

"The Whigs in Scotland, are the genuine *true blue preſbyterian*, who, without conſidering time, intereſt, or expediency, will venture *all for the kirk*; but ſomething leſs for the ſtate; to deſcribe a Scotch Tory, is more difficult.

"Of old, when I knew them firſt, a Tory was an honeſt-hearted companionable fellow, who, as long as he was protected in his perſon and property, was not very anxious by what hands the government was adminiſtered; but ſince divinity has become the faſhion, and that Chriſtianity and ſalvation depend upon epiſcopal ordination, I profeſs I know not what to make of the Tories.

"My lords, if theſe diviſions are not prevented by her majeſty's royal endeavours, the whole iſland will be ſplit in two; while we are under the afflicting hand of Providence, all diſſention ſhould ceaſe; I hope we may yet arrive at proſperity and happineſs: and if the preſent propoſal for a union, were ten times worſe than it is, I will not deſpair, if we do but hold together, and bury old animoſities; I deſire that an AGAPE, a feaſt of love, may take place, where every man ſitting down, may forgive every one his neighbour, and eat his meat with gladneſs.

"The circumſtances of the two countries, as hath been already obſerved, are indeed very dif-

different; the ſituation of England is great and glorious; their affairs prudently managed both at home and abroad; their armies victorious; the greateſt generals of their enemies, their priſoners; and their fleet the terror of the world; their commerce pervading the univerſe; their capital the emporium of Europe; their wealth, that great ſinew of war, immenſe; and their national treaſures expended with ſtrict fidelity.

"It is quite otherwiſe with us, my lords, we are a poor obſcure people, though formerly of better account; placed in a remote corner of the globe, without name and without alliance; let us therefore ſet aſide diviſions and bickerings, when Hannibal is at the gate; he is at the end of this table, he is at the foot of this throne, his hands are on theſe Regalia."

UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE, a rock on which many modern politicians have ſplit; a point on which, after making every allowance for argumentative evaſion, and political legerdemain, I have ſcarcely found two perſons exactly agree.

In a former volume, an article was aſſigned to Thomas Paine, whoſe opinions on this ſubject have been diffuſed by the zeal of his friends, and more by the induſtry of his opponents, who in their diligence to counteract the poiſon, have, I fear, propagated ſome of the moſt miſchievous of his tenets.

This unlucky effect has been produced in a manner ſimilar to, but with principles and purpoſe very different, from the villainous proprietor of a certain deteſtable preparation, once famous in its way.

After expatiating on its efficacy, the quack uſed to conclude with an inſidious caution, in capitals, by way of N. B. Perſons in ſuch and ſuch ſituations, muſt not, *on any account*, make uſe of the medicine, as it will infallibly procure ********, the very effect for which the raſcal wiſhed the public to underſtand it was meant, and pointed out, and for which he ought to have been ſuſpended on a gibbet, twenty years ago.

Amongſt the moſt violent ſupporters of the doctrine of Univerſal Suffrage; I have obſerved, an equivocal, if not a contradictory conduct; a blending of oppoſite ſyſtems, an Amalgama of republican and monarchical ingredients, which cloathed the nauſeous pills of democracy, in an ariſtocratic gilding.

By theſe dexterous artiſts the

violent inflammatory *ocklocratic* (is that the right way of ſpelling your confounded hard word Mr. A—n) the *ocklocratic* ſpirit has been lowered by explanatory ſuperfuſion and the virulence of the gas has either wholly evaporated, or been rendered by theſe means, inert and harmleſs.

I attribute theſe phœnomena to a ſtruggle in the human breaſt, a natural ſtruggle between a fondneſs for popularity, and the ſtrong impulſe of internal conviction.

Hopeleſs of, though not deſpiſing popularity, if I could honeſtly attain it, and fearleſs of cenſure for declaring my opinion on any ſpeculative point, I have ventured to give it towards the concluſion of the preſent article; but I firſt preſent to my readers, part of a ſpeech of Thomas Paine's, on our preſent ſubject, read in French to the Convention, by Lanthenas, on account of the author's deficiency in the Gallic language.

"Perſecuted in England, and weakened by long confinement in the Luxembourg, for defending the people; I could not reſiſt the deſire I felt to give my opinion on the important ſubject, which now occupies your attention; principles depend not on circumſtances, they are elaſtic, and beyond the reach of controul, they flouriſh when the man who promulgated them, is cruſhed to atoms.

"The plan which has been preſented to you, will alienate from you the affections of the laborious claſſes of ſociety. The conſtitutional act preſcribes, among other conditions, of being claſſed among your citizens, that of *paying contribution*; this is clearly a violation of the three firſt articles of the declaration of rights; I wiſh to know what name you will give to thoſe who pay no contribution?

"You acknowledge, that the common good is the end of all ſociety, and that government is inſtituted for the purpoſe of guaranteeing to all, the enjoyment of their rights; but according to the article in diſcuſſion, the end of ſociety is only the happineſs of thoſe who pay contributions. If the article be decreed, the rich will ultimately be the only citizens; an inconſiſtent line of demarkation will be drawn between the rights of man, and the rights of the poor."

My readers will perceive, that the author of this ſpeech has not abandoned his principle, though he has quitted his country; as it contains more of argument, and leſs of virulence, than *ſome* of his productions, I was tempted to preſerve it in the pre-

preſent collection; and becauſe it is the foundation of a great portion of the oppoſition, which has been raiſed againſt Thomas Paine, by his adverſaries in this country.

It would, however, be difficult in any civilized ſtate, to point out a claſs of men who do not, in ſome way or other, contribute to the exigencies of the government under which they live; if they do not pay viſibly and avowedly in aſſeſſed taxes, they conſume ſome neceſſary article of life, which at the Cuſtom-houſe, or Exciſe-office, helps to augment the public revenue.

Beſides, as hath been often obſerved, every man's labour is his property; and he who exerts his faculties in any conſtant occupation, manual or mental, pays his quota, and often in a ſpecies of bullion, the moſt valuable of all others, to the public treaſury.

In ſolid argument, and debated as a queſtion of right, I confeſs I cannot ſee the ſhadow of a doubt with reſpect to the equity of univerſal ſuffrage; but tried on the touchſtone of general expediency, and ſocial utility, I am compelled to heſitate on the propriety of eſtabliſhing it.

Every form of government hitherto eſtabliſhed, has, in a longer or ſhorter ſpace of time, lapſed into abuſe and corruption;—theſe have at length called forth the correcting hand of melioration and reform, and no eſtabliſhment yet invented, has been found powerful enough to reſiſt the interference of ſuch a controul, when guided by truth, zeal, and good ſenſe.

But if once a government was eſtabliſhed on the broad baſis of univerſal ſuffrage, it would be compoſed of materials ſo imperiſhable, its ſtrength ſo enormous and omnipotent, that nothing on earth would ever be able to check or correct it.

It would be a Briareus with ten thouſand hands, an Argus with millions of eyes; and however oppreſſive, miſchievous, or miſtaken it might prove, there would remain no *dernier reſort* to appeal to; the only mode of reſiſting or amending ſuch a government, would be to ſubvert it; and this from its enormous power would be almoſt impoſſible. We are convinced by the experience of paſt ages, that governments purely democratic, are ſubject to the ſame evils, infatuations and errors as other forms.

To univerſal ſuffrage, therefore, as tending to eſtabliſh a deſpotiſm which no power could amend or controul; to univerſal ſuffrage which places the peo-

people,

people, that moſt formidable and irreſiſtable of all weapons, in the hands of artful, ill-deſigning men, I give without reſerve, an unqualified negative.

With the ſame hand, and preciſely on the ſame principles, that I would plant a dagger in the heart of an oppreſſive blood-thirſty tyrant, who trampled on all laws, human and divine, I would apply the lighted match to a culverin loaded with grape ſhot, againſt democratic or republican tyranny,

URBAIN GRANDIER, a canon in the church of Loudun in the Orleanois, during the early part of the ſeventeenth century, and a popular preacher, who by virtue of a handſome face, and an agreeable delivery, drew after him large congregations, over whom, particularly the females, he was accuſed of exerting an improper influence.

Having excited the envy of his cotemporaries by his excellence, or deſerved their cenſures by his miſconduct, for they told ſtrange ſtories of his converting the cloyſters of the cathedral into a place of aſſignation; he was cited before the official of Poictiers, who after a real or pretended examination of witneſſes, pronounced againſt him a ſentence of degradation, but the canon appealing to a ſuperior juriſdiction, was pronounced innocent.

In the courſe of the proſecution, provoked by ill uſage, he treated with the contempt they deſerved, the monks of a convent of capuchins, in the neighbourhood, conſidering them as promoters of the vexatious and expenſive ſuit he had experienced. Although the object of their malice eſcaped, they vowed vengeance againſt him; he had alſo been ſo imprudent as to ſpeak and to write againſt celibacy, making uſe of an argument not eaſily anſwered, 'that thoſe who have no wives of their own, are very apt to make uſe of the wives of other people.'

A few years after, certain weak headed women inflamed with zeal, or overcome by vapors and Eau de Vie, fancied themſelves bewitched, and the circumſtance reaching the enemies of Grandier, they thought it a favorable opportunity for revenging the inſult they had received, and perſuaded the ſilly people that the canon of Loudun had brought them into their preſent condition, by magic art.

The unlucky Urbain was again taken into cuſtody, and an abuſive but witty ſatire, called the Cobler of Loudun, having been written a year before, the capuchins

chins found means to perſuade Cardinal Richlieu, who was groſsly abuſed in it, that their priſoner was the author. The enraged ſtateſman immediately appointed a commiſſion for carrying on a proceſs againſt Grandier for witchcraft; a proceeding which reflects diſgrace on the miniſter's memory, as he muſt himſelf have laughed at the ridiculous charge, but thought it a good opportunity to cruſh an enemy, without appearing at all to intereſt himſelf in the buſineſs; an abominable mode of proceeding, too frequently practiced by perſons who are neither cardinals nor prime miniſters. If Richlieu had conſidered the ſubject of our preſent article as actually the author of the defamatory libel, it was his duty as a gentleman to have proceeded openly againſt him.

The commiſſioners appointed to try Grandier, met, and were ſo credulous or ſo devoted to the wiſhes of Richlieu, as to give the matter a ſerious hearing; a number of fooliſh or malicious perſons made oath, that they had at different times and at the inſtigation of the canon, been poſſeſſed by devils; they mentioned the name of each infernal ſpirit which had by means of Urbain's ſpells, entered into them, Aſhtaroth, Aſmodeus, Uriel, and many others, with which I will not defile my page.

I bluſh for the folly or the malignity of human nature, when I relate that the unfortunate man was found guilty and condemned to die; when he heard the ſentence, without diſcovering any emotion, he only deſired a ſhort time to prepare for another world. In the autumn of the year ſixteen hundred and thirty-five, and in a Chriſtian country, he was actually BURNT ALIVE, for a crime he could not commit; a tranſaction which will brand the name of Cardinal Richlieu and the wretches he employed with eternal infamy, as it is impoſſible that any of them could believe in the truth of the charge they brought againſt him.

Urbain Grandier was a man of good ſenſe and vivacity, ſurrounded by crafty knaves, and cunning fools, (for however contradictory the term, many ſuch there are) who envying and hating a man in *every* reſpect their ſuperior, took advantage of his want of prudence to work his ruin. On this occaſion, his enemy Richlieu employed the baſe paſſions, and abſurd prejudices of mankind as apt inſtruments to murder the man he hated; if there was any *witchcraft* in the caſe, it was

was evidently of that ſpecies, by which the editor of this collection, and nine out of ten of his readers, have often been led aſtray.

VAILLANT, JOHN, a French antiquary, of acute intellect, and indefatigable application, who, becoming an orphan early in life, might have ſuffered the various evils entailed on that helpleſs ſtate; but the loſs of parents was amply ſupplied by a maternal uncle, who receiving the infant into his houſe, reared it with tenderneſs and affection; and as the boy grew up, ſaw, with delight, his efforts more than re-paid, by the gratitude, correct conduct, and literary progreſs of his nephew.

At the age of twenty-four, he took his degree as a doctor in phyſic; this ſcience he practiſed a few years as a profeſſion; but returning to Beauvais, the place of his birth, for the purpoſe of recovering his health, after a violent fever, a circumſtance happened, which preſented a new, an intereſting object to his mind, and determined his future deſtination.

Soon after his arrival, the tenant of a little farm he inherited from his uncle, called, and on being told that Mr. Vaillant was in bed, and indiſpoſed, inſiſted earneſtly, that wherever he was, he muſt directly ſee him; after a ſhort delay, and many urgent entreaties, he was admitted.

Deſiring the attendant to with draw, and carefully locking the door, the peaſant drew forth a bag, from which he poured on the bed, in which the aſtoniſhed Vaillant was lying, a number of gold and ſilver coins, which he had diſcovered in tilling the ground; "I conſidered them as my landlord's property, and ſhall now be able to ſleep in peace, ſince I have got rid of ſuch dangerous commodities." Uttering theſe words, he immediately quitted the houſe.

Surprized at the ſingularity of this addreſs, and affected by the honeſty of the ruſtic, whom he properly rewarded, Vaillant paſſed ſeveral days in examining the ſubterraneous produce of his farm; a branch of ſcience which had never before occupied more than a caſual portion of his time and attention.

The precious relics afforded an agreeable relief to the tedious hours of a convaleſcent; his curioſity was irritated, and as his health improved, the pre-diſpoſing ſparks of genius were gradually drawn forth.—That which accidentally offered as a temporary relaxation, became, by a union of habit and inclination, the leading point of his ſtudies; and,

and, finally, the principal occupation of his life.

Similarity of purſuits, brought him acquainted with Seguin, author of ſeveral ingenious Diſſertations on Medals; by this gentleman he was introduced to the Miniſter Colbert, to Meſſrs. Lamoignon, and Harlay. He was ſent by the firſt into Italy, Sicily, and Greece, for the purpoſe of enriching a collection which had been preſented to the King of France, by Gaſton, Duke of Orleans.

A perſon better qualified could not eaſily have been found; nor, had he been permitted to chuſe, could Vaillant have ſelected an employment more exactly conſonant to his own wiſhes; he had acquired the enthuſiaſm of an antiquary, an enthuſiaſm, which abſorbing the faculties of its votaries, has been often ridiculed, but to which we are indebted for much valuable knowledge, and the ſolution of many important doubts.

In the courſe of his travels, he viewed with delight the matchleſs remains of ancient art, in that ſtore-houſe of antiquities, from which ſuch conſiderable exportations have been made by French marauders.

Having procured large additions for the royal cabinet, collected information, and improved his taſte, Vaillant returned with impatience to France; and ſoon after publiſhed his Coins of the Roman Emperors, from Julius Cæſar to Poſthumus, a uſeful referential work, and an indiſpenſable article in the library of every collector.

This publication eſtabliſhed his reputation; and the miniſter was ſo well ſatisfied, that he diſpatched him in ſixteen hundred and ſeventy-four, on a ſecond miſſion.

His reſearches on this occaſion, were eminently ſucceſsful; but the ſhip in which he returned, was unfortunately taken by a Corſair, and poor Vaillant, with a valuable cargo of medals, and heavy laden with hopes and fears, was plundered, and carried into Algiers.

As France was then at peace with theſe pirates, and the uſual contributions, which civilized ſociety ſubmits to be levied on them, had very lately been ſent, there could be no poſſible pretence for this outrage, but downright robbery.

The collector was detained ſeveral months in this neſt of thieves, which is a reproach to the ſupineneſs, the impotence, or the jealous ſpirit of the maritime powers of Europe. Notwithſtanding the repeated reclamations of the French Conſul, he

he might have paſſed his life in captivity, had not his friends, by a well-applied preſent, prevailed on the barbarians to ſet him at liberty; and he was permitted to *re-purchaſe* the moſt valuable of his coins.

Eager to return, and anxious to leave a country hateful to God and man, he ſeized the firſt opportunity of embarking in a veſſel bound to Marſeilles; but two days after his departure from Africa, a Sallè rover bore down, and in ſpite of all their efforts, gained faſt upon them.

Our traveller now experienced that blaſting of renewed hope, ſo peculiarly galling, and which has been deſcribed as making the heart ſick; but being determined not to be deprived of thoſe treaſures which he had taken ſuch pains to procure, and bought at a double price, he retired to the cabin, and ſelecting his moſt valuable coins, proceeded to ſwallow them, conſidering his ſtomach as the ſafeſt and moſt inacceſſible of all repoſitories.

He had ſcarcely finiſhed his unpleaſant repaſt, when the ſavages approaced, hailed, and were in the act of preparing to board them; when a briſk gale ſuddenly ſpringing up, effectually ſeparated the ſhips, a violent ſtorm came on, the waves rolled mountains high, and after running before the wind ſeveral days, in a tempeſtuous ſea, they were driven on the coaſt of Spain.

Drenched with ſea-water, half dead with fatigue, terror, and cold, and extremely incommoded with what he had taken into his ſtomach, Vaillant was carred on mens' ſhoulders through the ſurf; and, but for the well-timed hoſpitality, of a friendly Spaniard, would have periſhed under his ſufferings.

The moment his health permitted, he returned to Paris, and conſulted ſeveral medical friends on the ſubject of his *hidden treaſure*, which he had reaſon to fear would be productive of injurious effects on his conſtitution.

Leaving, by their advice, his cure to nature, he was gradually reſtored to health; an Otho, a ſcarce piece, and I believe an unique, proved the moſt obſtinate and troubleſome, as well as the moſt valuable of his inmates.

So keen was our adventurer in purſuit of knowledge, or ſo earneſt were his patrons in employing him, that after a ſhort interval, he viſited the remoteſt parts of Egypt and Perſia.

Without experiencing the perils of his former voyage, he conſiderably augmented the royal cabinet, added to his own intellectual ſtores, and imparted the fruit

fruit of his labors to the public, in a Medallic Hiſtory of the Syrian Kings; a work replete with ſound erudition, and (what is rare on ſubjects of antiquity) with new information.

Scantily furniſhed with materials, and obliged cautiouſly to pick his road through intricacy and obſcurity, but occaſionally aſſiſted by Joſephus, and the book of Maccabees, he has filled a chaſm in a perplexed dynaſty of kings who reigned from the death of Alexander, till Syria, finally ſubjugated by Pompey, became a Roman province.

On the unerring evidence of inſcriptions and medals, he has produced the names, and accurately fixed the duration of the reigns of ſeveral kings, concerning whom hiſtory is wholly ſilent.

It is not my intention, in the preſent article, to mention every work for which the republic of letters is obliged to Vaillant; his life appears to have been wholly occupied by ſcientific travels, and literary reſearch.

He was alſo as much valued for the qualities of his heart, as his antiquarian knowledge, and became the perſonal favorite of Coſmo the third, Great Duke of Tuſcany, who annually ſupplied him with the beſt wine his dominions could afford.

Generally reſpected, and ſo fortunate as to paſs through life without experiencing that envy and oppoſition, which eminence, particularly literary eminence, ſo often excites, he died at the age of ſeventy-five; and I conclude this haſty outline with a little trait in his domeſtic hiſtory, not generally known.

When a young man, he had been introduced, in his medical capacity, to a reſpectable family, of which two amiable daughters formed a part.

The beauty and good qualities of the youngeſt, made an impreſſion on the phyſician, who flattered himſelf that his attentions were not diſagreeable.

But the delirium, the delicious delirium of a firſt paſſion, was interrupted by Vaillant's perceiving that he had undeſignedly attracted the regards of the elder ſiſter; who, imprudently yielding to an impulſe, which ſo few of us are able to reſiſt, ſeriouſly alarmed her parents, but particularly the lovers, when they found there was no alternative for the unhappy woman, but hopeleſs death, or Vaillant's ſacrificing his inclinations to benevolence and pity.

With a laudable ſelf-denial, which few men in ſuch a ſituation would imitate, he led to the altar the ſiſter of his firſt love, who, nobly ſuppreſſing the ſtruggles

gles of contending paſſion, repeatedly aſſured him, ſhe ſhould conſider his ſaving her ſiſter's life, as the moſt convincing proof of his attachment to her.

He ſurvived the object of his duty, rather than choice, whom he treated with tenderneſs and attention; but again a ſingle man, found it impoſſible to prevent the recurring tide of his earlieſt hopes, which, though yielding to the honorable impulſe of pity, had never ſubſided.

He ſtill ſaw, and ſtill loved the ſiſter of his deceaſed wife; this lady alſo felt the pureſt, and moſt ardent affection for a worthy man, who in obedience to *her* earneſt, oft repeated, but heart-breaking entreaties, had yielded the firſt wiſh of his heart.

Such circumſtances, not often paralleled in real life, promiſed to render two excellent perſons miſerable for life; ſacrifices to canonical regulation, the innocent victims of ſevere deſtiny.

Their ſituation powerfully awakened the ſympathy and feelings of all who knew them; the affair was ſubmitted to the good ſenſe of Julius Roſpigliosi, who, at that time preſided in the chair of St. Peter, under the title of Clement the ninth. The rigor of the eccleſiaſtic was conquered by the feelings of the man; a diſpenſation was granted by the pontiff, and the authority of the church ſanctioned a union, prompted by nature, and hallowed by mutual inclination.

VANINI, a miniſter of the goſpel in the latter part of the ſixteenth century, and in the opinion or the declarations of his enemies (for opinion and profeſſion ſometimes are at variance) a reputed atheiſt, for which he was BURNT ALIVE.

Yet, after a revolution of two hundred years, a cool and unprejudiced enquirer, will hear with horror and ſurprize, that a man ſo unmercifully ſacrificed on the bloody altar of irritated ſuperſtition, was a poor Neapolitan prieſt; a preacher, and a fierce diſputant on the entities, the quiddities, and the univerſalities of the ſchools, againſt whom a charge of nonſenſe, rather than infidelity, might have been brought with conſiderable propriety.

We may form an opinion of the innocence, the depth, or the unintelligible nature of *ſome* of his diſquiſitions, from the following ſentence, which was the ſubject of many an elaborate diſcuſſion, and occupied a number of his pages: for he was an itinerant divine, who compoſed, travelled, and held public diſputations, for a ſubſiſtence.

The

The extract of which I speak, were it in my power, I would willingly translate:—"UTRUM CHIMÆRA BOMBINANS IN VACUO POSSET COMEDERE SECUNDAS INTENTIONES."

Yet when he dropped scholastic jargon, and ventured on the *terra firma* of reason and common sense, he *could* be clear, explicit, and philosophic, as appears from the following description of the Almighty Creator of the universe, in which the *atheist* Vanini is pious, rational, and almost sublime; it is not easy to quote the passage, without indignation against the wretches who so cruelly destroyed him.

GOD EXISTED FROM ALL ETERNITY, HE CREATED ALL THINGS, AND GOVERNS ALL THINGS; OMNIPOTENT, IMMUTABLE, AND INFINITE, TO WILL, WITH HIM IS TO DO.

To prevent any suspicion of this being only a time-serving compliance, in order to make his peace with the church, it may be necessary to observe, that the passage I produce, was written several years before he was accused of irregular opinions, and at a time, when it was impossible to suspect him of heterodoxy.

The work from which it is taken, was published with the privilege and approbation of the university of Paris, and the following eulogy, written by a doctor of the Sorbonne, prefixed.

Vaninus, vir, mente potens sophiæque magister
Maximus, Italiæ decus, et nova gloria gentis.

He indulged and openly avowed the visionary theory of Plato, 'that there was a regular chain of created beings, from the greatest to the least,' from Jehovah to a mite, forming an unbroken link between the Creator and his creatures; an idea perhaps more beautiful than true, but as far from atheism, as existence is from nonentity.

Vanini appears to have been a man of strong sensibility, and in the warmth of dispute, often lost his temper; on these occasions, overleaping the bounds of moderation and propriety, he lapsed into culpable grosness and rude personal invective. In one of these unfortunate disgraceful paroxysms of passion, to which the best and wisest of us are sometimes liable, he quarrelled with Franconi, a furious bigot, with more zeal than good sense, but, as in such persons is frequently the case, with a considerable share of low cunning.

His arguments were ridiculed by

by Vanini, not only as weak, but as contradictory to the very positions he wished to establish.

Unable to cope with his adversary on the fair ground of truth and rational deduction, the cowardly Franconi, determined to be revenged in an unjustifiable, but more cruel and effectual way.

Recollecting that his opponent had created many enemies, by the freedom of his discourses, and taking advantage of certain unguarded expressions, he cited him before an inquisitorial tribunal, on a charge of atheism.

Vanini appeared, and being asked by the judges, his opinion concerning the existence of a God, answered, "that he believed and adored as the church did, a God in three persons.

"The very straw on which I have been treading," said the priest, or rather the philosopher, taking one from the ground, "the very straw on which I have been treading, is a proof if any proof were wanting, that there is one great, superintending Almighty Creator of the universe."

He then proceeded to expatiate on vegetation, the laws of gravity and motion, and the indispensable necessity of ONE SUPREME GREAT FIRST CAUSE, WITHOUT WHICH, NEITHER MOTION NOR VEGETATION COULD TAKE PLACE.

Religious persecution in this, as in other instances, was converted into an engine for gratifying private malice; on any other principle, it is difficult to conceive how a man *professing* such tenets, (for the Almighty only can read the human heart) it is difficult to say how a man, avowing such sentiments, could be considered as an atheist. Yet this was his fate, and he expired in the devouring flames; his unrelenting and exasperated persecutors insisting, that the declarations he made before the judges, were to be imputed to fear, and not to conviction.

They also alledged against him, the criminal indecorum of keeping a mistress, and what in *their* eyes was a still more heinous transgression, the practice of witchcraft: in proof of the latter charge, a large toad was produced, which, Vanini, having a turn for experiments in natural history, and being a dabbler in physic, kept alive in his room several years. His judges denounced the poor toad as a dæmon he worshipped, and sentenced it to be committed with him to the flames.

Much stress hath been laid on the *manner* in which Vanini died; by one party he hath been de-

described as expiring with exemplary firmness, and in the calm dignity of injured innocence; by others he is said to have acknowledged the justice of his sentence, and to have perished in the agonies of contrition, uttering dreadful shrieks, and piteous groans.

I consider the point in question, as wholly unconnected with, and independent of the truth or falsehood of the cause in which he suffered: it seems to me a business entirely depending on constitution, and strong nerves; I can easily conceive, a Newton or a Lock, enduring pains, tortures and burnings, with a secondary degree of fortitude, in cases where they would be eminently excelled in this species of decisive argument, by a coal-heaver, or the fire-eating associate of an exhibiting conjuror.

The theory I wish to establish, with respect to considering death as a test of truth, is strongly exemplified, and remarkably elucidated by three articles in this collection, ENGELBERGER, EPICHARIS, and FELTON.

VASSENT, CATHERINE, the daughter of a French peasant, who, at the age of seventeen, and, in the humble capacity of a menial, exhibited a spontaneous, benevolent intrepidity, which entitles her to a place in this collection.

A common sewer of considerable depth having been opened at Noyon, for the purpose of repair, four men passing by, late in the evening, unfortunately fell in, no precautions having been taken to prevent so probable an accident.

It was midnight, before their situation was known, and in addition to the difficulty of procuring assistance at that unseasonable hour, every person who came was intimidated, from attempting to rescue the suffocated men, for fear of a similar fate.

Fearless of danger, and irresistably impelled by the cries of their wives and children, Catherine Vassent, a servant of the town, insisted on being lowered without delay into the noxious opening; and, fastening a cord, with which she had furnished herself previous to her descent, round two of their bodies, assisted by those above, she restored them to life and their families; but, in descending a second time, her breath began to fail, and, after effectually securing a cord to the body of a third man, she had sufficient presence of mind though in a fainting condition, to fix the rope firmly to her own hair, which hung in long and luxuriant

riant curls round a full and well-formed neck.

Her neighbours, though they felt no inclination to imitate her heroiſm, willingly contributed ſuch aſſiſtance as they could ſafely afford; in pulling up what they thought the third man's body, they ſaw with ſurprize and concern the lifeleſs body of Catherine, ſuſpended by her hair, and ſwinging on the ſame cord.

Freſh air, with proper remedies, ſoon reſtored this excellent girl; and I know not whether moſt to admire her generous fortitude in a third time exploring the peſtilential cavern, which had almoſt proved fatal to her, or to execrate the timidity of the bye-ſtanders, for not ſharing in the glorious danger.

In conſequence of the delay produced by her indiſpoſition, the fourth man was drawn up an irrecoverable corpſe.

Her conduct did not paſs unnoticed; a proceſſion of the corporation, and a ſolemn Te Deum took place on the occaſion; Catherine received the public thanks of the Duke of Orleans, the biſhop of Noyon, and the town magiſtrates; an emblematic medal, with conſiderable pecuniary retribution, and a civic crown were alſo beſtowed upon her; to theſe were added, the congratulations of her own heart, that beſt reward to a benevolent mind.

Perhaps I may be blamed for declaring, that I ſhould have concluded my little narrative with more pleaſure, if the workmen, and ſurveyors, whoſe neglect occaſioned this accident, had been thrown into the ſewer.

A baker is occaſionally put into a hot oven, when the pernicious adulteration of bread irritates the Emperor of the Muſſulmen; the *ſuſpenſion* of a few agents and contractors, it is ſuppoſed, would have a ſalutary influence in our army and navy; and half a dozen waywardens, ſurveyors, and poſt boys, careleſs and intoxicated, annually breaking their necks, would probably prevent many fatal accidents, and untimely deaths, to uſeful members of ſociety.

VENTRILOQUISM, the *gift* of modifying the voice in ſuch a manner, as to make it appear, literally ſpeaking, to proceed from *the ſtomach*; but this art, which I apprehend can only be attained by perſons poſſeſſing a peculiar organization in the muſcles of ſpeech and deglutition, applied in a general ſenſe, qualifies the practiſers of it, to make their words ſeem to proceed from any diſtance, or in any direction they may chuſe.

Various

Various authors have written on this curious ſubject, Euſtathius, Biſhop of Antioch in the fourth, his tranſlator, Leo Allatius at the beginning of the ſeventeenth, and Brodeau, a learned critic of the ſixteenth century; it is alſo mentioned by our countryman Dickenſon in his Delphi Phœnicizantes, Oxford, 1653; but no writer hath entered on it in ſo full, and, but for his eternal digreſſions, ſo entertaining a manner, as the ingenious De La Chapelle, in a work, publiſhed at Paris nearly thirty years ago.

By theſe writers, the ſingular narrative of the interview of Saul, King of Iſrael, with the Witch of Endor, has, *in their opinions* been ſatisfactorily explained; they conſider the ſpeech addreſſed to the unfortunate monarch, as actually proceeding from the mouth of the reputed ſorcereſs.

To corroborate this opinion, they obſerve, that in the whole of this tranſaction, the king appears to have been overwhelmed by guilt and almoſt ſenſeleſs with deſpair, without fortitude of body or of mind; "he had eaten no bread all the day, nor all the night, and there was no ſtrength in him," he thus became the eaſy dupe of an artful woman, who reaped every advantage of time, place, and a diſturbed imagination. As Saul, proſtrate on the ground, and in the agonies of a wounded mind, truſted wholly to the account of *the familiar ſpirit*, and to his ear; for it does not appear that he himſelf actually *ſaw* all that is related in the twenty-eighth chapter of the firſt book of Samuel; the moment "he perceived that it was Samuel, he ſtooped *with his face to the ground.*"

The reputation acquired and the influence eſtabliſhed by the antient oracles, have alſo been *ſuppoſed* to be derived from the ſame ſource; as the prieſt, poſſeſſing this valuable acquirement, might himſelf deliver forth the reſponſes, without incurring any riſk of diſcovery, from an unfaithful accomplice, a ſubterraneous communication, or the aid of a hollow tree.

Of this wonderful talent, which, like the *Ars Divinitoria*, the ſubject of another page in theſe volumes, ſeems to depend on ſome peculiarity of ſtructure in the animal machine, an inſtance occurs in this collection, in which Ventriloquiſm was applied to forward the purpoſes of a rejected lover. See Brabant, Lewis.

VERSAILLES, a ſplendid palace, built at an enormous expence by Lewis the fourteenth, King of France, who when it was finiſhed, and what ſome palace-builders forget, *paid for*, burnt every paper that could furniſh an eſtimate of the expenditure.

The king was one of thoſe common characters we meet with at the corner of every ſtreet; his feeling and good ſenſe made him aſhamed of a bad action, but did not prevent his committing it; for ſurely to build a palace which coſt more than a million of money, at the expence of his ſubjects, and when he already had more houſes than he could make uſe of, cannot be defended.

Verſailles, from an obſcure village, became a large town, and, although the ſeat of a court, the inhabitants of it during the late revolutionary mania, were remarked as the moſt furious and ſanguinary enemies of the king.

This has been accounted for in the following manner by the democratic writers; becauſe they were near the ſeat of the diſeaſe, and daily eye-witneſſes of the degraded ſtate to which ariſtocracy had reduced itſelf; its moſt violent enemies being often found among the reptiles who feed on its corruptions.

I recollect the words, but not the name of ſome writer in the reign of King Charles the firſt, who makes the unhappy monarch exclaim as follows:

The fierceſt furies that do daily tread
Upon my griefs are thoſe,
Who from my bounty gain'd their daily bread.

VERTHAMON DE CHAVAGNAC, a French eccleſiaſtic, Biſhop of Montauban, during the reign of Lewis the fourteenth, an intrepid catholic, and as far as his authority could be exerted, a zealous perſecutor of the proteſtants, againſt whom he produced an argument, which in a triumphant moment, he called deciſive.

"A certain nation," ſays the biſhop, "our enemies by hereditary antipathy, afford a ſtriking example of the Almighty's manner of dealing with a people that caſt off the yoke of the true faith.

"Once ſeparated from the ſupreme pontiff, the ſtate was toſſed about in an ocean of troubles and calamities; the various ſects collected together and formed a chaos; the ſpirit of faction and party got the upper hand; nothing

thing remained fixed, divine or human; and amidſt the thick darkneſs which aroſe on every ſide, all things ſeemed to become uncertain or indifferent, except the ſacrilegious dogma of ſupremacy in ſpirituals, attributed to the ſecular power.

"The enemies of epiſcopacy having prevailed, true religion was utterly annihilated, and the regal dignity ignominiouſly deſtroyed; then it was, that for the firſt time, the world ſaw revolted ſubjects forcibly ſeizing and dragging to priſon, a king, whoſe only crime was his having borne too patiently their firſt act of ſedition: a parliament ſhaking off all ſuperior authority; with one hand ſtriking at biſhops, and lifting the other againſt the head of their ſovereign; indecently accuſing, impudently ſlandering, and unjuſtly condemning him; they at laſt led their monarch to the ſcaffold, like beaſts of prey."

The people, in the mean time, aſtoniſhed and giddy at this execrable parricide, continued to drink large draughts of the inebriating principles of fanaticiſm and independence, running like madmen after a phantom of liberty, whilſt like ſlaves they paid to a tyrant that obedience which they refuſed to their lawful king. What a ſeries of crimes! here a king *murdered in his bed*; there, another tumbled from his throne, and all the royal family baniſhed."

I will not deny to this animated writer the praiſe of religious zeal and impreſſive eloquence indeed I have often compared the late Mr. Burke to him; a compariſon, conſidered as a compliment by the friends of that highly endowed writer, who appears to have inherited the biſhop's mantle, and actually made uſe of many of his phraſes: they alſo ſtrongly reſembled each other in unaccommodating ariſtocracy, ſtrong paſſions, and exaggerating miſrepreſentation.

Chavagnac's deſcription of the ſtate of England previous to and during the uſurpation, is correct in many facts, although a king defeated, impriſoned, tried, condemned, and put to death after a long and bloody civil war, cannot properly be ſaid *to have been murdered in his bed*, without one of Mr. Burke's poetical licences.

But the ingenious biſhop's attributing the evils he deſcribes, to the Engliſh nation's *forſaking the true religion*, and aboliſhing epiſcopacy, is one of thoſe miſtakes into which the moſt ſenſible men are often hurried by ſore

feelings, and warm imaginations.

Every one acquainted with the hiſtory of that period, could have told him that the Independents, who after the defeat of King Charles the firſt, ruſhed in and trampled down the monarchy and conſtitution, had little to do with the firſt cauſes of diſſenſion between the king and parliament; cauſes, at firſt, purely political, and evidently founded on the miſtaken and overweaning opinion of the royal prerogative on the part of the king, and the exaſperated paſſions of the parliamentary leaders.

I have occaſionally wiſhed in different parts of this collection, for the power of working a miracle; I hope and truſt I ſhould not abuſe the important gift.

Were I really poſſeſſed of it, I would re-call to life the remains of the biſhop of Montauban, from their long repoſe on the banks of the Garonne, for the purpoſe of ſhewing him his country; that country which he uſed to deſcribe with ſo much complacency, as the ſeat of uncontaminated orthodoxy, and pure catholic Chriſtianity.

The miſtaken, but ſenſible eccleſiaſtic, would ſee with ſorrow and indignation, that the enormities under which he ſo pathetically deſcribes the Engliſh as labouring, were practiſed with circumſtances ſtill more ſhocking, although France externally and apparently, was ſtill attached to the *true religion*; he would confeſs with a ſigh, that cauſes very different from thoſe he enumerates, had precipitated a powerful and well-meaning monarch from his throne, deſtroyed a wealthy, and powerful religious eſtabliſhment, and deluged a country with blood at a moment, when the Catholic Faith reigned triumphant, and when a conſiderable number of its inhabitants were ſincerely and ardently attached to its religious inſtitutions, as they have amply and ſignally proved by facing death, impriſonment and exile, rather than violate integrity of principle, and ſacrifice the independency of private opinion.

The following apoſtrophe, addreſſed to Mr. Burke, by the late Dr. Tucker, Dean of Glouceſter, is equally applicable to the Biſhop of Montauban, and the member for Briſtol.

"I find it rather difficult to ſtate your meaning with accuracy and preciſion; not that you are *unable* to expreſs your own thoughts with the utmoſt clearneſs and energy; but you are *unwilling*. You excel in the art of ambiguous expreſſion, that is, you give one ſenſe to your readers, and reſerve another for

for yourſelf, in caſe of being called upon to defend what you have ſaid.

"Sometimes you expreſs more than you mean, and at other times leſs; but at all times you have one general end in view, which is this; *to amuſe with tropes and figures, and great ſwelling words, your audience or your readers*, taking at the ſame time good care, not to let them ſee your drift and intention, till you have drawn your net around them."

VERÜE, JOHANNA BAPTISTA, daughter of the Duke de Luynes, and a much loved wife of the Count de Verüe; a woman of extraordinary beauty, intellect and accompliſhment, but an unfaithful wife; to this defect in duty, her huſband undeſignedly contributed.

Not content with poſſeſſing ſuch excellence, joined to a love of retirement and domeſtic life; the thoughtleſs and imprudent count, was perpetually ſpeaking of her charms to his royal maſter, Victor Amadeus, King of Sardinia and Duke of Savoy, the ſubject of an article in this volume; a ſovereign, who with many good qualities, was alternately a prey to female art, capricious infatuation, and unavailing repentance.

Hearing ſo much of the Counteſs de Verüe, and her huſband frequently boaſting how much ſhe excelled all the ladies he ſaw, the king aſked why he did not bring her to Turin. As if impatient of the happineſs he enjoyed, and in an unlucky moment, he introduced her at court, ſhe became a favorite with the queen, who little ſuſpected that ſhe was encouraging a rival in the affections of her huſband.

Amadeus ſoon became paſſionately fond of her; princes and kings it has been ſaid make rapid ſtrides in love; the counteſs faſcinated by royal attentions, irritated by ſome real or imaginary neglect on the part of her huſband, forgot her duty, and forfeited her reputation.

A ſeparate eſtabliſhment, guards, and other accompaniments of royalty, ſoon proclaimed to the indignant public, her ſplendid infamy.

The injured queen, was for a long time unacquainted with their amours, till with a deſign of ſhewing the height of his regard for the fair favorite, and in that peculiar fatality, which often accompanies guilt, Victor actually invited his royal conſort to a public entertainment, given in honor of the birth of a child he had by the counteſs.

It

It was not till the company ſat down to table, that the eyes of the unhappy wife were open to the cruel and unfeeling conduct of her huſband. The guilty counteſs was adorned with ſome of the moſt valuable of the jewels, which had been preſented to the queen on her marriage; naturally provoked at ſuch indecorous and unfeeling treatment; after reproaching them for thus adding inſult to injury, the queen immediately quitted the room.

For the honor of the count, it ought to be recorded, that the moment he perceived the conſequences of his folly approaching, he could not reconcile it to himſelf, to remain a ſilent and contented ſpectator of domeſtic diſhonor; he repented a thouſand times, as we all do, of our indiſcretions, *when it is too late*.

Having demanded an audience of the king, which as guilt is always a coward, was denied; in a ſhort interview with his infatuated wife, he pointed out the ingratitude and baſeneſs of her conduct; ſpoke of the frail texture of royal attachments, and unlawful love; profeſſed himſelf ready to forgive what had paſſed, if ſhe would directly ſeparate from her ſeducer, and with her huſband, that huſband whom ſhe once profeſſed to love, quit Turin for ever.

Their converſation was interrupted by a meſſage from the king, who probably dreaded the reſult of ſo trying a ſtruggle; but the lady ſhewing no ſymptom of returning duty, the count left her in agonies; and after indignantly rejecting a penſion of two hundred thouſand livres, ſettled on him by the king, whom had I been the injured huſband, I would inſtantly have put to death; the count quitted Turin, and repaired to Paris.

In the blandiſhments of unhallowed pleaſure, and forgetful of her nuptial vows, three years paſſed quickly away. At length, perceiving a diminution of royal favor, ſtimulated by compunction, and a return of ſuppreſſed affection for her abſent huſband, and probably diſguſted, as every ſenſible and delicate woman muſt be, at her degraded condition, which excepting the thin veil of ſplendor, differed in no one eſſential, from the odious and obſcene ſituation of a proſtitute, with the additional character of a foul and ungrateful adultreſs; the counteſs determined to leave the king.

Taking advantage of his abſence, on a journey to Chambery, and aſſiſted by her brother, who

who reſided at Paris, with whom ſhe had correſponded on the ſubject, relays of poſt-horſes were provided at ſhort diſtances; ſhe departed from Turin, and was half-way to Paris before Amadeus was apprized of her departure.

The queen's jewels, with a letter for the king, were found on her toilette; ſhe apologized for her conduct, imputing it to the anguiſh of repentance for her ſinful life; ſhe expreſſed the warmeſt ſenſe of his kindneſs and attentions, and concluded with earneſtly entreating his majeſty to be reconciled to the queen, as it would add conſiderably to her peace of mind to hear that, ſhe was no longer the occaſion of ſeparating him from ſo good and worthy a woman.

Victor, chagrined at her abrupt departure, and apparent want of tenderneſs, bitterly curſed the whole ſex, in a tranſport of rage, but impelled rather by neceſſity than inclination, reluctantly followed her advice.

The counteſs, unhappy, although conſiderably enriched, and ſtill feeling the impreſſions of her firſt love, that love, which however faithleſs or unworthy the object of it, or we ourſelves may prove, we never recollect without regret; the counteſs, in the hope of being able to compenſate for her failure, by future good conduct, and probably wiſhing to emerge from the infamy of her condition, planned a reconciliation with her huſband.

This purpoſe ſhe wiſhed to accompliſh without ſubjecting herſelf to the mortification of a notorious refuſal; an opportunity ſoon offered of putting her ſcheme into execution, and in her own way.

A public entertainment, with a grand maſquerade, being announced to be given by a prince of the blood; a few louis d'ors to his valet, enabled the lady to find out, that the Count de Verüe was to be preſent, and the dreſs he was to wear.

While the unfaithful wife was making theſe enquiries, ſhe could not help detaining the ſervant, an old and faithful domeſtic of the family, to aſk him a few queſtions concerning his maſter; the life he led, and the company he kept.

The feelings of the counteſs may be gueſſed at, when the valet informed her, that his maſter had neither enjoyed health nor ſpirits ſince he left Turin; that his ſiſter, alarmed at the ſtate of her brother's health, had inſiſted on his conſulting a phyſician, who deſcribed the diſeaſe as an affection of the mind, entirely

out

out of the reach of medicine, and recommended company and diſſipation.

On this principle, the unhappy man had been prevailed on to promiſe his ſiſter that he would accompany her to the maſquerade. The valet added, that the count ſaw little company, but ſpent the greateſt part of his time alone in his room; that his chief attention ſeemed occupied by a picture, on which he fixed his melancholy eyes for hours together. "A picture," replied the counteſs, with augmented emotion, "a picture, and of whom?" "Of yourſelf, ma'm," ſaid the valet, in an emphatic expreſſive manner, and immediately quitted the apartment. The adultreſs, as if a dagger had pierced her vitals, inſtantly ſunk on the floor, in the agonies of bitter repentance.

Whilſt ſhe had been paſſing her unhallowed hours in chambering and wantonneſs, her deſerted huſband, the object of her earlieſt love, and for whom, even in the moments of infidelity, ſhe was not able wholly to ſuppreſs her affection, her deſerted huſband had been ſolitary, diſconſolate, comfortleſs, and unhappy; ſtill doating on the unfaithful blaſter of all his joys.

Such reflections ſtimulated the counteſs to purſue her purpoſe with augmented eagerneſs; ſhe prepared for the maſquerade, and reſolved to appear in the aſſumed character of Diana.

The day which was to decide her fate at length arrived; and as midnight approached, being conveyed to the feſtive ſpot, ſhe was literally what ſhe appeared to be, the goddeſs of the night. Her ſplendid and expenſive dreſs, ornamented with jewels, which were not within the reach of common finances, and her ſuperior air and deportment, attracting general attention.

It was ſome time before the count appeared; when at laſt he entered the room, ſupported by his ſiſter, his debilitated appearance, and ſlow pace, ſoon caught her eye, HE WAS THE GHOST OF DEPARTED JOY.

Having ſeated himſelf near where ſhe ſat, the counteſs ſoon contrived to enter into converſation with him, in that kind of audible whiſper, which, on ſuch occaſions, is the general vehicle of folly or of crime. From the ſtate of her feelings, ſhe was unable to exhibit external gaiety, while diſcontent ſat heavy on her heart.

Affecting, or actually experiencing indiſpoſition, and hinting a wiſh to retire, ſhe mentioned, with regret, that her carriage was ſent home, with orders not to return

return till a late hour. The count, feeling intereſted in the fate of the fair ſtranger, offered to attend her home in his own coach, which he had ordered to wait, deſigning to make a ſhort ſtay; with apparent reluctance, but inward ſatisfaction, ſhe accepted his offer; and they were driven to a houſe, in magnificence, nearly approaching to a palace, in the Fauxbourg St. Germaine.

The count, though ill able, inſiſted on handing the lady from his coach; as ſhe deſcended, the maſk, by accident or deſign, dropped from her face, and diſcovered that countenance he had ſo often looked on with tenderneſs and rapture, drowned in tears.

He pauſed for a moment, diſtracted by love, which was ſtill ardent, and reſentments proportionately keen; the latter predominated, and, in the anguiſh of a huſband, irreparably injured, he turned from the woman he once adored, without uttering a word.

The miſerable counteſs, ſinking under the horrors of her ſituation, was conveyed by the attendants to her apartment; and de Verüe, notwithſtanding the ſtate of his health, ſoon after joined a regiment on actual ſervice, and met with that death, he had long and ardently deſired.

This is *another* of the numerous inſtances daily occurring, in which a little prudence, and a little common ſenſe, would have prevented irretrievable calamity.

The Count de Verüe had too high an opinion of his wife's chaſtity, and thought ſhe would, like gold, be more pure for paſſing through the fire; I repeat on this occaſion, what I have ſo often ſaid; poor human nature is not made of materials for ſuch trials; LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION, is a ſafe axiom, laid down by one who well knew, becauſe he made us what we are.

VICIOUS EXTRAVAGANCE.

Of this tendency, which I have been told, *is the burthen of my ſong*, the diſtreſſing effects have been frequently pointed out in different parts of this collection; but I would wiſh, in my endeavours to inculcate the leſſons of a generous economy, I mean that economy which curtails its own enjoyments, to enable it to provide for the wants of others, I would wiſh to diſtinguiſh between that faſhionable meanneſs, that actual poverty

poverty produced by selfish gratification, and two other apparently similar, but very different systems of economy.

The first may be described as an habitual love of money, a mechanical attraction of the fingers and palm of the hand towards guineas and bank-notes, accompanied with a reflection so soothing to human pride, that the possessor excells nine in ten of the persons he meets in the number and value of these precious rouleaus, and fascinating pieces of paper.

The other is a laudable system of self-denial and moderation, an abstinence from superfluous pleasure and indulgence, for the purpose of affording comfort and relief, to misfortune and distress, but more particularly to a useful class of individuals in the middle ranks of society, who above parochial relief, struggling with calamity, and concealing want by decent effort, too often escape the rapid but benignant glance of modern charity.

How delightful the task to assist, privately, and without the pain of public acknowledgment, such worthy characters, while the sturdy beggar, or the worthless, shabby-genteel mendicant, throwing themselves on the public without exertion, should whine and lament, unpitied, but not unscourged.

I have ventured to censure, on two occasions the neglected discipline of our universities, in the business of superfluous expenditure, and I rejoice to hear that on this point and in other respects they are considerably improved; in another article, I have given to royal munificence and princely generosity its *proper name*; but my reader shall be no longer fatigued by repeated references; a page, a far more interesting page, the book of human life is open before his eyes.

In how many of the faces he meets in this over-grown metropolis, absorbed in business or in pleasure, in how many faces will he see, eroding care, and distorting vexation, ill-disguised and lurking behind the assumed mask of gaiety and unconcern? How few the countenances which exhibit an easy heart and the calm composure of innocent content?

Such are the inconsistencies, and if they were not tragical in their effects, the ridiculous inconsistencies into which we are seduced by pride and affectation; on ill-founded hope and chimerical expectations, on a twenty thousand pound prize, or the death and legacy of a forty-eighth

eighth couſin, we erect a cob-web fabric of doubtful poſſibilities, and indulge in habits which render us at once poor and ridiculous.

At a ſingle touch of the wand of time, of truth, of accident or common ſenſe, the ſilken pavilion vaniſhes, the building diſappears; we ſtart from the diſgraceful *walking ſleep* in which we *pretended* to be, and find ourſelves undone.

But the evils entailed on vicious extravagance fall more heavily on the innocent than on the guilty; in the urgency of embarraſſment, we loſe ſight of moral rectitude, adding fraud and inhumanity to crimes which have already undone us; whole families, friends and aſſociates are ruined by ſuretyſhip or by loans procured in the unſuſpecting hour of ſocial merriment; humble induſtry is taxed to feed the cravings of pride, and enormous charges made in every ſpecies of traffic we follow.

Children educated in habits, which, even in proſperous times, it is impoſſible for them to continue, and, on the firſt approach of diſaſter, thrown on ſociety, helpleſs and unhappy, with all the tendencies of luxurious indolence, falſe refinement, and morbid ſenſibility.

But notwithſtanding theſe and a thouſand ſuch ſpectacles hovering or howling around us, crowding the hoſpital and ejected from the jail, we ſtill perſiſt in the miſerable ſyſtem *of living a little like other people*; and are heard at intervals complaining of taxes, times, and tardy rents; forgetting that ECONOMY IS THE PARENT OF EVERY VIRTUE, and that we create the evils we lament, or aggravate them by folly and perverſeneſs.

When we are at laſt borne down by the preſſure of calamity, and irrecoverably ſinking into the abyſs of deſpair, it will afford us little conſolation to reflect, that we lived *genteelly*; that our wives and daughters excelled their neighbours in the elegance and ſplendor of dreſs; that, of our ſons, Tom was a jolly dog, George a wit, and Edward a fine gentleman.

VICTOR AMADEUS, King of Sardinia, and Duke of Savoy, a warrior and a ſtateſman, who after reviſing the laws and improving the revenues of his country, reſolved, in the decline of life, to quit his throne.

Having ſecured to himſelf a houſehold and an income, which he thought equal to all his wants; in a moment of deſpondence, caprice, or vexation, which

which thoſe who have worn a crown are beſt able to deſcribe, he ſigned an act of abdication, and his ſon, with the uſual ceremonies, was declared his immediate ſucceſſor.

But Amadeus exhibited a melancholy proof of the difficulty in deſcending from ſupreme authority to private life; with all his attainments, he had neglected to qualify himſelf for that which half the world ſo ardently pant after, but which a kind diſtribution of Providence has fortunately put out of their reach, a ſtate of abſolute leiſure. Thoſe hours which had been agreeably and uſefully occupied by important enterprize, intereſting diſcuſſion, or ſplendid enjoyment, dragged heavily on in the ſtillneſs of inactive retreat.

Let profeſſional and commercial men, exhauſted by the conflicts of competition, and inflamed by the ardor of getting money, who wiſh to retire to their ſeats; let them pauſe before they ſign and ſeal, and conſider the caſe of the royal ſufferer I record.

It may teach them a uſeful leſſon, "that the worſt importunities, the moſt embarraſſing perplexities of buſineſs, are ſoftneſs and luxury, compared with the inceſſant cravings of vacancy, and the unſatisfactory expedients of idleneſs;" occupation is the only preventer of chagrin, and employment the grand ſpecific for ſuppreſſing the anxieties of an active mind, which for want of ſalutary avocation, will too often torment itſelf.

The ſubject of my preſent article, irritated by the rapid and unfeeling transfer of kindneſs and attention in thoſe, who, when he was king, had profeſſed themſelves the humbleſt and moſt faithful of his ſubjects; and ſtimulated by the ſolicitations of an ambitious miſtreſs, who ſighed for the attendance of a court, and the pomp of a drawing room, demanded, in a fatal moment, to be reſtored to his crown and ſceptre.

From the peculiar ſituation of European politics, and, probably, from that love of power and pre-eminence, which reigns triumphant in the moſt republican breaſt of us all, his requeſt could not be granted. The harſhneſs of refuſal was ſoftened by delay, and by referring ſo momentous a point to the council.

The adviſers of the young king deliberated, but were not likely to recommend a proceeding, which would have occaſioned their own diſmiſſion; in conſequence of the reſtleſsneſs of Amadeus, and the intriguing ſpirit of his favorite, *the*

young

young king was under the neceſſity of impriſoning his father for life!

Fatal neceſſity; Miſerable parent! and, in ſpite of his elevation, unhappy ſon!

But, before we decide on the conduct of one or the other, let us not be too ſure, after having reſigned ſupreme power, in a moment of viſionary philoſophy, or impatient inquietude; let us not be too ſure, that finding it neceſſary to our happineſs, we ſhould not make a ſimilar attempt to recover it. Fathers probably will think, that a ſon ought to have refuſed to a parent nothing in his power to beſtow.

Thoſe who may charge the young prince with a want of affection, ſhould recollect the fondneſs for ſceptres, natural at his age; they ſhould alſo conſider, that the wiſh of Amadeus, to recover that which he had coolly and unrequeſted, given up, with all legal formality, was in itſelf, according to the laws of civilized ſociety, treaſon and injuſtice; that in caſe the young prince *had* prevailed on himſelf to make the ſacrifice, and ſurrender that which he lawfully poſſeſſed, to an old man governed by a woman, it would, in all probability, have been fatal to himſelf, and highly injurious to the peace and intereſt of the people he governed.

This was, in ſhort, one of thoſe ſituations, in which no good man, or feeling ſon, would ever wiſh to be placed; and the emotions excited in the young man's breaſt, muſt have equalled or ſurpaſſed, in poignancy, the pangs of wounded ſenſibility and mortified ambition, felt by his wretched father.

Perhaps, after all, the haughty favorite of the old man's heart, was alone to blame. There *is* a period of our lives, when if we liſten not to the voice of reaſon and religion, when corrupted by vicious habits, we are too apt to yield ourſelves to the impotent imbecility, of our paſſions, and become the deſpicable tools of artful, unprincipled females. Deſperate is the condition of that man, miſerable are his friends and relations, who, in his declining life, exchanges conſiſtency, honor, and juſtice, for the vapid dregs of impurity.

It would be no bad addition to our ſtatutes, were they not already too voluminous, to fix a period when tottering old age ſhould ceaſe to have the power of marrying, or diſpoſing of its property, to the injury of a lawful deſcendant.

Certain right honorable legacy hunters

hunters would probably be disappointed in the illicit objects of their artful attentions; but misery, distress, shame, and mortifying ridicule, would be prevented in many a family, deprived of a support to which it was entitled by law and nature; and ruined by hoary decrepitude listening to the plausible, but selfish suggestions of some splendid jesuitic declaimer, or fascinated by the meretricious glances of a mercenary beauty, angling for an old man's heart; an old man indecorously *affecting*, in December, the inconsistent and exhausting frolics of May.

VIGNOLES, STEPHEN, commonly called Lahire, the valiant associate of the brave Dunois, who raised the siege of Montargis, with a comparatively small number of men, in the fifteenth century, when France, so often doomed to popular or regal despotism, was alternately ravaged and re-conquered by the English invaders, the amorous Charles the seventh, and the martial Maid of Orleans.

A short article is assigned to this gay and gallant Frenchman, for the purpose of noticing a singular prayer, which, on the faith of an old, but pleasant French historian, he is said to have made use of previous to his marching to battle.

As Lahire approached the enemy, seeing accidentally a regimental chaplain, he demanded of him absolution. "You must first confess your sins," said the priest. "I cannot spare time at present," replied the captain, "for we are this moment preparing to fight, and as to sins, I hope I have not demeaned myself worse than my neighbours."

His request being granted, he drew his sword, and raising his eyes to heaven, exclaimed, "Deal with me, I beseech thee, O Lord, this day, as I would with thee, if I were God, and thou wert Lahire." He then led on his troops.

We are not sufficiently acquainted with the period in which he lived, to determine whether the lively, the characteristic, but irreverend idea of Vignoles, was precisely his own; but the thought, natural in a man ambitious of showing gaiety and unconcern in the hour of danger, cannot be comprehended in the short list of those things which have been said but once. After travelling through many a page in various forms, ascribed to different persons, but its origin acknowledged by none; it has been seized by an English humourist,

mouriſt, and poet, I believe Matthew Prior, who has put it into the mouth of Martin Elton Brod, a Dutchman, yet a wit.

VILLACERFE, MADAM, a French lady, of noble family, dignified character, and unblemiſhed life, whoſe death was diſtinguiſhed by a greatneſs of mind, not uſual in her ſex, and when we conſider *all* its circumſtances, unequalled by the moſt renowned heroes of antiquity.

The ſhort hiſtory of this excellent woman, is, I believe, generally known, and will probably be recognized by many of my readers, but ſhe is ſo ſtriking an example of Chriſtian fortitude, philoſophic ſuffering, generous forbearance, and angelic love, without the leaſt alloy of vanity, ſelfiſhneſs, or ſenſuality, that the affecting narrative cannot be dwelt on too long, nor repeated too often.

An early, a mutual affection, had taken place between the ſubject of our preſent article, and Feſteau, an eminent ſurgeon of Paris; but from the inſurmountable obſtacles which in thoſe days (1700) ſo ſtrictly guarded ſuperior rank, all further intercourſe was prevented than animated civilities, when opportunities offered, and ſoft but ſecret wiſhes.

The lover would have periſhed, rather than by a raſh proceeding, degrade the object of his affections in the eyes of her family and the world; and his miſtreſs, taught by love, the omnipotent leveller of all diſtinctions, though ſhe felt too powerfully the merit of Feſteau, who, in the ſcale of unprejudiced reaſon, far outweighed a thouſand pretenders to frivolous accompliſhment and ſuperficial attainment; ſhe nobly reſolved

To quit the object of no common choice,
In mild ſubmiſſion to ſtern duty's voice,
The much-lov'd man, with all his claims reſign,
And ſacrifice delight at duty's ſhrine.

Several years paſſed in this honorable conteſt with the paſſions; in which duty and honor triumphed over wild wiſhes and ſelfiſh appetites. Madame Villacerfe, from an indiſpoſition which confined her to her chamber, but not to her bed, was, by the preſcription of a phyſician, ordered to be bled.

Feſteau, as ſurgeon to the family, being ſent for, his countenance as he entered the room, proved the ſtate of his mind. After gently touching her pulſe, and

and a few profeſſional queſtions, in a low voice, he prepared for the operation, by tucking up that part of a looſe dreſs which covered her arm; an intereſting buſineſs to a man who had long labored with the moſt ardent attachment to his lovely patient, whoſe illneſs diffuſed an irreſiſtible ſoftneſs over her features, and lighted up the embers of an affection, ſuppreſſed, but never extinguiſhed.

Preſſing the vein, in order to render it more prominent, he was obſerved to be ſeized with a ſudden tremor, and to change his colour: this circumſtance was mentioned to the lady, not without a fear, that it might prevent his bleeding her with his uſual dexterity. On her obſerving, with a ſmile, that ſhe confided entirely in Feſteau's ſkill, and was ſure he had no inclination to do her an injury, he appeared to recover himſelf, and ſmiling, or forcing a ſmile, proceeded to his work, which was no ſooner performed, than he cried out, "I AM THE MOST UNFORTUNATE MAN ALIVE, I HAVE OPENED AN ARTERY INSTEAD OF A VEIN."

It is not eaſy to deſcribe his diſtraction, or her compoſure; in leſs than three days, the ſtate of her arm, in conſequence of the accident, rendered amputation neceſſary, when ſo far from uſing her unhappy ſurgeon with the peeviſh reſentment of a little mind, ſhe requeſted of him not to be abſent from any conſultation on the treatment of her caſe, and ordered her will to be made.

After her arm was taken off, ſymptoms appearing, which convinced Feſteau and his aſſociates, that leſs than twenty-four hours would terminate the exiſtence of one who was an ornament to her ſex; the voice, the looks, the anguiſh of her lover, as well as her own feelings, convinced her of the ſolemn truth.

This opinion, her earneſt and ſolemn entreaties, entreaties, on a death bed, not to be diſregarded, obliged her friends to confirm, and a few hours before that awful moment, which none can eſcape, and which bold bad men only *affect* to deſpiſe, after deſiring the attendants to leave the chamber, Madam Villacerfe addreſſed her diſconſolate ſurgeon in the following words:

"You give me inexpreſſible concern for the ſorrow in which I ſee you overwhelmed, notwithſtanding your kind efforts to conceal it. I am removing—to all intents and purpoſes, I am removed from human life and all that relates to it, it is therefore highly incumbent on me to begin

gin to think and act like one wholly unconcerned in it.

"I feel not the leaſt reſentment or diſpleaſure on the preſent occaſion. I do not conſider you as one by whoſe error I have loſt my life; I regard you rather as a benefactor, who have haſtened my entrance into a bleſſed immortality.

"But the world may look on the accident, which, on your account alone, I can call unfortunate, and mention it to your diſadvantage, I have therefore provided, in my will, againſt every thing you may have to dread from the ill-will, the prejudices, or the ſelfiſh miſrepreſentations of mankind"

This pattern for Chriſtians, this example for heroes, ſoon after expired. A judicial ſentence, devoting his fortune to confiſcation, and his body to exquiſite tortures, could not have produced keener ſenſations of miſery and horror, than Feſteau felt during her addreſs, which was an emanation of celeſtial benignity, an anticipating revelation, a divine ray from the ſpirit of that God who inſpired and loved her, and in whoſe preſence ſhe was ſhortly to triumph and adore.

But when he contemplated her exalted goodneſs and unparalleled magnanimity in ſuffering pain and mortal agonies, inflicted by an unhappy man, who, of all others, loved and doated on her moſt; when he ſaw her dying look, and heard that groan which is repeated no more, ſick of the world, diſpirited with human life and its purſuits, angry beyond forgiveneſs with himſelf, he ſunk into the ſettled gloom and long melancholy of deſpair.

This is one of the many inſtances in which a little forethought, and a ſmall ſhare of prudence, would have prevented much ſerious evil; and irretrievable calamity.

I have ſaid, in a former article, that love, though not curable by herbs, may be prevented by caution, and as it was impoſſible that Madam Villacerfe's relations could be entirely ſtrangers to the partiality of Monſieur Feſteau, they ſhould induſtriouſly have prevented all intercourſe between the young people.

The agitated frame and deranged appearance of her lover, obſerved previous to the cataſtrophe, by a gentleman nearly related to the lady, and from whoſe letter I derive the materials of my narrative, pointed him out as the moſt improper man for medical or ſurgical aſſiſtance, which requires coolneſs, dexterity, a ſteady hand, and a collected mind.

In the ſudden and diſaſtrous acci-

accidents to which human life is, on every ſide, and at every moment, expoſed, it will frequently be found, that thoſe connected to us by the neareſt and deareſt ties of blood, friendſhip, or affection, are often, by thoſe very circumſtances, diſqualified from affording us prompt and effectual relief.

The fond mother, whoſe infant is a conſtant ſource of toil, which only a mother would willingly ſubmit to, and of delight, which all muſt envy, on ſeeing it ſuddenly ſpring from her arms into a deep and rapid ſtream, would probably ſink to the ground in a fainting fit, or an hyſteric convulſion; thus would ſhe be rendered, by the ardor of affection and the violence of her feelings, wholly unable to ſnatch her child from death.

A by-ſtander, perhaps a reprobate and a ſcoundrel, uninfluenced by philanthropy, love, or a ſenſe of duty, and amply repaid by half a crown, would, with all his ſenſes about him, directly plunge in, and, a ſtranger to the unmanageable eeſtacies of a mother, reſtore the darling to her arms.

VILLENA, MARQUIS OF, a Spaniſh Grandee, and a ſubject of Charles the fifth, Emperor of Germany. In his conteſts with Francis the firſt, King of France, Charles had received conſiderable aſſiſtance from Bourbon, a Gallic rebel, and a near relation of the unfortunate monarch, who was defeated, and taken priſoner at the battle of Pavia.

In the adverſity of his rival, a generous mind would have mitigated the calamities of war, by mildneſs and affability; but in the rancour of a vindictive heart, the emperor endeavoured by every means in his power, to mortify his priſoner, while he treated the faithleſs Frenchman with marked attention and reſpect.

The Spaniards, though elated with victory, beheld this inſulting behaviour with concern.

"It becomes us," ſaid the inſidious Charles to the ſubject of this article, at a moment when he thought him off his guard; "it ſurely becomes us to treat the illuſtrious Conſtable of France, from whom we have received great and effectual aid, with all poſſible honor and hoſpitality: it would pleaſe me very much, if he were invited to reſide in the Villena Palace, during his ſtay at Madrid."

"Sire," replied the marquis, whoſe juſtifiable pride overpowered

ed all dread of the ſubtle deſpotiſm of the emperor, "I can refuſe nothing to my ſovereign; but your majeſty muſt not be ſurprized, if, immediately on Bourbon's departure, I level my palace to the ground. Once contaminated with the preſence of a traitor, it never can be a fit habitation for a man of principle and honor."

VIRGULA DIVINITORIA, or Divining Rod, a forked branch of hazel, and occaſionally of other wood, in the form of a Y, by the aſſiſtance of which, dexterouſly or myſteriouſly placed in the hand, certain adepts have diſcovered, or have pretended to diſcover, mines and ſprings of water under ground.

This ſingular phœnomenon, inveſtigated by the extenſive knowledge, and atteſted by the diſintereſted probity of Monſieur Thouvenel, has alternately excited the wonder, and provoked the doubts of mankind, who, from the earlieſt times, have conſidered it as the prerogative of human reaſon, to deny what cannot be explained.

Yet philoſophy is not without its prejudices, and often rejects, as impoſſible, that which afterwards proves to be fact.

The incomprehenſible attraction of the magnet, if it did not challenge ocular demonſtration, would be conſidered equally miraculous, and by many, be ſtoutly denied. Two centuries ago, who would have believed in the exiſtence of the electric fluid, which, realizing the fictitious tales of enchantment and romance, enables the modern artiſt to point out, and almoſt to call down thunder from the ſkies, and to conduct, without injury, the forked lightning along the preſcribed magic path of a ſlender wire.

Had a mind, ſufficiently vigorous, preſented itſelf at that period, to explore theſe æthereal wonders, could they have been publiſhed with ſafety? Would the age have liſtened to the preſumptuous reaſoner, without conſigning him to diſgrace, impriſonment, or death?

The faculty, or genius for ſubterraneous diſcovery, which is the ſubject of my preſent article, is referred by thoſe who aſſert its exiſtence, to the theory of effluvia or emanation, which, acting powerfully on the nervous ſyſtem of perſons endued with high ſenſibility, produces, in the practiſer of the divining art, as he approaches a ſpot under which ſprings ariſe, internal ſenſations, nearly approaching to morbid affection, and an external motion, which is communicated to the hazel rod.

Theſe ſingular emotions, none of which are obſerved to take place over *ſtagnant* waters, are followed by head-ach, fatigue of body, debility of mind, and other ſymptoms of nervous irritation.

That warm dry ſtate of the atmoſphere, ſo favorable to electric experiments, is alſo obſerved to render theſe impreſſions, more powerful and unerring; while a full meal evidently diminiſhes the capacity; an inflammatory fever, which confined a profeſſor of this art for a fortnight to his bed, deranged his ſyſtem, and interrupted his practice for three months.

Theſe facts have been examined, and apparently ſubſtantiated by Thouvenel, and the cautious profeſſor Sigaud de la Fond, two reſpectable foreigners; by Pryce, the well-informed, but dry hiſtorian of the Corniſh mines, and by Cookworthy, á credulous Devonſhire chemiſt; by Ribeira, a captain, who deſerted from the Spaniards in Queen Anne's reign, and was appointed commandant of the garriſon at Plymouth, who diſcovered in this manner a mine at Oakhampton.

"From my natural conſtitution of mind and body," ſays Pryce, "I was not capable of co-operating with the influence of the divining rod;" but he has not undertaken to deſcribe the particular conſtitutional defects of himſelf or others, unbleſſed with this myſtic quality, which, from his words, ſhould ſeem to depend on a peculiar nervous ſenſibility, an harmonious diſtribution of animal ſpirits, on ſtrong faith, or a warm imagination.

The cautious Spaniard, mentioned by Cookworthy, made no difficulty in ſuffering perſons to ſee him uſe the rod, but he never could be prevailed on to diſcover the *modus agendi*, without which, the mere ſight of an adept, ſtalking along the ground in meaſured ſteps, with a ſtick in his hand, could be neither uſeful nor ſatisfactory.

The ſecret has been pronounced by many, to be one of thoſe oſtentatious nothings, which, under various deſcriptions, have for ages defied or inſulted the reaſon and curioſity of mankind, and muſt long ſince have been divulged by vanity, indiſcretion, or avarice, had there been in fact any thing to diſcover.

"The practiſer of the divining art," according to the directions of Cookworthy, who ſeems to depart from the theory of Thouvenel, and attributes the phœnomenon to attraction, and a previous

vious preparation of the rod, by incloſing metal in its ſubſtance; "the practiſer of this art muſt ſlowly advance, holding the rod in his hand, with his arm half extended, and one foot placed forwards, obſerving to depoſit a guinea under one, and an half-penny under the other foot, and the rod will be drawn down; ſhift the pieces of money, and then the rod will be drawn towards the face, or backwards towards the gold, which is thus proved to poſſeſs the ſtronger attraction."

It ſurely is a diſadvantage, that the rod dips with equal vigor to a poor as to a rich mine, that it will incline as ſtrongly to a ſilver penny, as the mines of Potoſi; and that a projector, implicitly depending on the information of the divining rod, might be hurried into endleſs and ruinous expence, and ranſack the bowels of the earth, in conſequence of a ſtray farthing, or a few yards of copper wire, placed by a roguiſh boy, beneath the path of an unſuſpecting diviner.

After a pauſe for ſuſpence, a rational, unprejudiced enquirer, may venture to ſuggeſt, that the aid of the rod has been generally called in on occaſions, where, from previous enquiry, or collateral circumſtance, ſprings or mines were ſuppoſed really to exiſt. In ſuch caſes, the dexterity of experience and obſervation, the caſual advantages of local knowledge, and a thouſand hints to be gathered from ruſtic information, aſſiſted by mineralogical ſkill, have contributed to its credit, when in truth the whole of its miraculous powers, originated from the exertions of common ſenſe.

Another circumſtance ought alſo to be conſidered, that remarkable diſpoſition in the majority of mankind, to indulge the chimæras of enthuſiaſm, the dreams of imagination, and the tale of wonder, rather than liſten to the ſober dictates of reaſon, becauſe they ſometimes convey unwelcome tidings to the human heart.

We need not, I fear, make a long ſearch in the pages of hiſtory, for frequent inſtances of men, highly gifted in ſcience, learning, and, till then, of unſuſpected integrity, who, in an unguarded moment, a moment fatal to wiſdom, as well as beauty, having been ſeduced into the by-roads of impoſition, have afterwards obſtinately remained the firm avowers of viſionary ſyſtems, and facts notoriouſly falſe and unfounded.

Should however the credibility of theſe phœnomena be confirmed

firmed by future experience; ſhould the attempts, to eſtabliſh materialiſm, ultimately ſucceed, the improvement of the divining ſcience, may be rendered ſubſervient to medical purpoſes, as well as to mental and moral improvement.

If we could be prevailed on to believe, that the thinking principle in man, is a grain of ſalt, or a bubble of air, an electrical ſpark, or a drop of water, a globule of oil, or a particle of earth, it is not impoſſible that the divining rod, by the help of magnetiſm and electricity, may form intereſting communications with the faculties and affections, the tranſactions and ſecrets, of this hitherto inviſible principle.

It may diſcover *mines* of virtue which are hid, and *currents* of generoſity and genius, which flow unnoticed and unknown; it might bring to light, motives, plans, and purpoſes, that would undeceive dupes, and diſconcert impoſtors.

For a remarkable, and apparently, a well-atteſted inſtance of this ſingular faculty, which appears to have been exerted for private benefit, as well as public utility; ſee the article BLETON, a French peaſant, whoſe unaffected ſimplicity of manners, and ſurprizing accuracy in ſubterraneous prognoſtic, ſtaggered, though it could not ſubdue, the ſtubborn incredulity of the indefatigable Abbè Mongè.

VISION OF PETRONI.

In an age of political propheſy, and dramatic ghoſts, the following ſingular relation caught my eye, authenticated by the reſpectable evidence of Petrarch and Boccace.

Petroni, a Carthuſian monk of Sienna, in the middle of the fourteenth century, generally reſpected for his blameleſs life and ſanctity of manners, was regarded by his cotemporaries as a worker of miracles, before and *after* his death.

Having paſſed his life in religious auſterities, and nearly approaching the article of death, he uttered, under the impreſſion of inſpiration or good deſign, many pious exhortations, one of which forms the ſubject of our preſent article; but Boccace ſhall tell the ſtory in his own way.

"I was a few days ſince ſurprized by a viſit of an extraordinary nature; Father Ciani, a friar of Sienna, came to my houſe at Florence, and telling my ſervant that he wiſhed to ſee me, having ſomething of importance to communicate, was admitted. Cautiouſly ſhutting the door, and caſting his eyes round the room, as if to ſee that no third perſon

was

was preſent, he thus addreſſed me, in erect attitude and ſolemn tone of voice.

"I come at the expreſs deſire, and in conſequence of the dying injunctions of the holy Father Petroni, to warn you of your fate.

"It was by the more immediate will of the Almighty, revealed to the dying ſaint, as his ſoul was taking its flight to the realms of bliſs, that I am charged to repreſent to you, the dangerous conſequences of perſiſting in your preſent purſuits; and by the ſame authority, I earneſtly exhort you, againſt proſtituting talents ſo excellent as your's, to the ſervice of Satan, by ſtimulating rebellious paſſions, and augmenting the general depravity of manners.

"What ſervices might you not render to religion and virtue, if you would properly exert thoſe powers with which God hath ſo eminently bleſſed you, but which, as you now pervert them, will not fail conducting you to everlaſting perdition. How glorious will be your rewards, if inſtead of abandoning yourſelf to the inordinate ſallies of a lewd imagination, you would renounce poetry, romance, and profane authors, and devote the remainder of your life to the performance of your duties as a ſincere Chriſtian, and a prudent man."

Boccace, terrified at ſo ſingular a declamation, and feeling that there was much of truth and ſtrong argument in the words of Ciani, demanded of him, for what reaſons, and by what means the Carthuſian Petroni fixed ſo particularly on him, and knew any thing concerning him; for Boccace, at that period, was not ſo generally known and admired as a writer: "Such was the Divine will, ſuch the expreſs revelation from heaven," replied the religious meſſenger, "and I think myſelf happy in being the humble inſtrument in ſo deſirable a work; but it is not to you only that I am charged to go; I have ſimilar commiſſions to execute in different parts of Italy, France, and England, with perſons in ſituations far more diſtant than your's, and equally ſtrangers to the dying ſaint."

With theſe words Ciani departed, leaving a ſtrong impreſſion on the mind of Boccace, who had been ſtrictly and religiouſly educated, though afterwards ſeduced by paſſion, imagination, a full pulſe, and bad example, into the ſties of ſenſuality, which have been compared to a painted ſepulchre.

He immediately reſolved to re-

reform his manners, to bid adieu to poetry and women, and weed his library, which conſiſted in a great meaſure of profane authors. He became a different man, ſays his biographer, having previouſly led a vicious, diſſipated life, and would willingly have ſuppreſſed his Decameron, had not the numerous copies diſperſed abroad, rendered ſuch a ſtep impoſſible.

With reſpect to the *miraculous* part of the buſineſs attributed to Petroni, it cannot eſcape the ſagacity of my reader; it is impoſſible to conſider it in any other light than a deception, contrived by friendſhip and affection, to withdraw, or rather to drive an individual they loved, from the deſtructive faſcinations of voluptuouſneſs, and on whom they were of opinion, that *no other appeal would have operated.*

Happy would it be for mankind, if the ſame means had always been exerted in effecting purpoſes ſo ſalutary and deſirable.

VOLTIMAD, CORNELIUS, a humane Dutchman, an inhabitant of the Cape of Good Hope, whoſe intrepid philanthropy, impelled him to riſk, and (as it unfortunately proved) to loſe his own life in conſequence of heroic efforts to ſave the lives of others. Returning from a ride in the year ſeventeen hundred and ſeventy-three, he ſaw a ſhip driven on ſhore in a ſtorm, near Table Bay, not far from the South River fort: the ſtate of the veſſel, and the cries of the crew, on this occaſion, ſtrongly intereſted him in their behalf.

Voltimad, being unable to ſwim, provided himſelf with a rope, and being mounted on a powerful horſe, remarkably muſcular in its form, he boldly plunged with the noble animal into the ſea, which rolled in waves ſufficiently tremendous to daunt a man of common fortitude.

The ſpirited horſe and its worthy rider, approached near enough to the ſhip's ſide, to enable the diſtreſſed ſeamen to lay hold of the end of a cord, which he threw out to them; by this method, and their graſping the horſe's tail, he was happy enough, after returning ſeveral times, to convey fourteen perſons ſafely on ſhore.

But, in the warmth of heroic benevolence, he did not ſufficiently attend to the prodigious and exhauſting efforts of his horſe, who, in combating with the boiſterous billows, and bearing a conſiderable burthen, was almoſt ſpent with fatigue, and debilitated by the quantities of ſea-water which, in its preſent agitated ſtate, could not be prevented

vented from rushing in great quantities down the throat of this excellent creature.

In swimming with a heavy load, the appearance of a horse is singular, his forehead and nostrils are the only parts to be seen; in this perilous situation, the least check on his mouth is generally considered as fatal; and it was supposed, that some of the half-drowned sailors, in the ardor of self-preservation, pulled the bridle inadvertently; for the noble quadruped, far superior to the majority of bipeds, who harrass and torment his species, suddenly disappeared with his master, they sunk, and rose no more!!

This circumstance, which it is impossible to read or to relate without emotion, induced the Dutch East India company, to erect a monument to Voltimad's memory, they likewise ordered, that his descendants and relations should be provided for.

Before this intelligence reached the Cape, his nephew, a corporal in the service, having solicited to succeed him in a little employment he held in the menagerie, was refused, and retired in chagrin to a distant settlement, where he died, before the directors recommendation arrived.

While we lament Voltimad's fate, and the ingratitude his relation experienced, a circumstance arises in our minds, which still aggravates the misfortune.

In this bold and successful attempt to reach the ship, if this benevolent man, instead of embarrassing himself and horse with a fatal burthen, had given the sailors the end of a long rope, it might have been fixed to a cable, which, with proper help, might have been dragged on shore, and the whole ship's company saved, without involving their *two* benefactors in destruction.

As it is of importance to point out methods of escape in situations, in which we too often lose all presence of mind, it may prove useful to mention some circumstances relating to a Danish ship which was wrecked at Mossel Bay, in the neighbourhood of the Cape.

In this instance, by means of two lines, which were conveyed on shore, a stout rope was stretched in a sloping direction from the ship's mast to a post, firmly fixed in the ground; on this rope, a large metal ring was hung, to which each man was separately made fast, and slid on shore one after another, till the whole of the crew were safely conveyed, over breakers, through which no boat could possibly have made way, without being overset; in a few days the storm subsided, a

good

good part of the cargo was ſaved, and ſent in waggons to the Cape.

But it is always difficult, and frequently impoſſible, to carry on an intercourſe with the ſhore, which, in this inſtance, was effected by a ſeaman's tying a rope round his body, and boldly committing himſelf to the waves.

Such daring individuals do not always preſent themſelves, and various methods of conveying a line from ſhips in diſtreſs to people on ſhore, or vice verſa, have been deviſed by human ingenuity; by fixing a ſmall cord to an arrow, ſhot by a vigorous hand from a bow, or to a ball fired from a muſket, or a ſwivel, loaded with a quantity of powder, proportionate to the diſtance; by fixing a line to a buoy, and truſting to its being thrown on ſhore.

An apparatus has alſo been invented, by which a ſhell, filled with lead, may be thrown from a mortar, which, with a line fixed to it, will ſink ſufficiently deep into the earth, to allow the crew of a ſhipwrecked veſſel, to draw themſelves on ſhore.

VOLUMINOUS BOOK, a curious reaſon againſt publiſhing one, if it is on a ſubject likely to expoſe its author to pains and penalties.

"Whilſt I was at Moſcow," ſays a pleaſant traveller, "a quarto volume was publiſhed, in favor of the liberties of the people, a ſingular ſubject, when we conſider where the book was printed; in this work, the iniquitous venality of public functionaries, and the conduct of the ſovereign, were ſcrutinized and cenſured with great freedom.

"*Such* a book, in *ſuch* a country, naturally attracted general notice, and the offender was ſoon taken into cuſtody. After being tried in a ſummary way, his production was determined to be a libel, and the writer condemned *to eat his own words*.

"The ſingularity of ſuch a ſentence, induced me to ſee it put into execution: a ſcaffold was erected in one of the moſt public ſtreets of the city, the imperial provoſt, the magiſtrates, the phyſician and ſurgeon of the Czar attended; the book was ſeparated from its binding, the margins cut off, and every leaf rolled up into the form of a lottery ticket, when taken out of the wheel at Guildhall.

"The author was then ſerved with them, leaf by leaf, by the provoſt, who put them into his mouth, to the no ſmall diverſion of the ſpectators; and he was obliged to ſwallow this unpalatable food

food on pain of the knout, in Ruſſia, a puniſhment more dreaded than death.

" As ſoon as the medical gentlemen were of opinion that he had received into his ſtomach as much as at one time was conſiſtent with ſafety, the tranſgreſſor was ſent back to priſon, and the buſineſs reſumed the two following days; after three very hearty, but unpleaſant meals, I am convinced, by ocular proof, that every leaf of the book was actually ſwallowed."

A great book is a great evil, ſaid an ancient writer, an axiom, which the unfortunate writer in queſtion, felt to his coſt.

VOLUPTUARIES ſoliloquy, the well-meant compoſition of a modern writer, exactly agreeing in its tendency, with the profeſſed purpoſe of this collection.

VOLUPTUARIES SOLILOQUY.

" I find myſelf in poſſeſſion of fortune, youth, and health, and am determined to enjoy them. As pleaſure is my object, I muſt contrive to make it laſting; it is evident, that if I throw away the means, I can no longer compaſs the end. I perceive that I muſt not game; for, though I like play, I do not like to loſe what alone can purchaſe that, which I propoſe to enjoy; and I do not ſee, that the chance of winning other people's money, can compenſate for the pain I muſt ſuffer in being deprived of my own. I have reſolved therefore that I will not be a gameſter, there is not common ſenſe in the thought.

" But if I give up gaming, I am determined to take my ſwing of pleaſure. I muſt therefore aſk myſelf the queſtion, what is pleaſure? Is it high living and hard drinking? There is nothing very elegant in it, I confeſs; a glutton is but a ſorry fellow, and a drunkard is a beaſt; beſides, I am not ſure my conſtitution will bear exceſs. I ſhall get the gout, and grow out of all ſhape; I ſhall have a red face, full of blotches, a foul breath, and be loathſome to the women. I cannot bear to think of that, for I doat upon them. I prefer the favors of the fair, to the company of ſoakers, ſo farewell to drinking; I will be ſober, becauſe I love pleaſure.

" But if I give up wine, I will re-pay myſelf for the ſacrifice; I will have the fineſt girls that money can purchaſe, money, did I ſay? What a ſound has that. Am I to buy beauty with money, and cannot I buy love too? for there is no pleaſure even in beauty,

ty, without love; this unlucky queſtion gravels me.

"Mercenary love is nonſenſe; it is flat hypocriſy, and diſguſting; I ſhould loathe the fawning careſſes of a diſſembling harlot, whom I pay for falſe fondneſs. It is impoſſible to feel the genuine paſſion of love for a harlot; ſhe muſt be a modeſt woman; and when that befalls me, what then? Why then, if I am violently in love, and cannot be happy without her, there is no choice, I muſt marry her; for pleaſure is my object, and marriage is my lot, I am determined therefore to marry, becauſe I love pleaſure.

"As I have quitted all other women for a wife, I am reſolved to taſte this firſt of pleaſures without alloy; I muſt be cautious therefore that nobody elſe takes the ſame pleaſure too; for, otherwiſe, how have I bettered myſelf? I might as well have remained upon the common.

"I ſhould be a fool indeed, to pay extravagantly for an article, and let others ſhare it with me; I am therefore determined to keep her to myſelf, for pleaſure is my only object; and this, I take it, is of a kind that will not admit of participation.

"The next queſtion is, how I muſt contrive to keep her to myſelf? not by force, not by locking her up, there is no pleaſure in that notion; compulſion is out of the caſe, inclination is the only thing; I muſt make it her intereſt, and her wiſh, to be faithful.

"I will be kind and attentive to her; becauſe I will not deſtroy my own pleaſure; and I will be very careful of the temptations I expoſe her to, for the ſame reaſon. She ſhall not lead the life of your town ladies. I have a charming place in the country, where we will paſs moſt of our time; there *ſhe* will be ſafe, and *I* ſhall be happy. I love pleaſure, and therefore I will have little to do with that intriguing town, London. I am determined to make my houſe in the country as pleaſant as poſſible.

"But if I give up the gaieties of a town life, and the club, and the gaming-table, and the girls, for a wife and the country; I will have the ſports of the country in perfection; I will keep the beſt pack of hounds in England, and hunt every day in the week.—— But hold a moment there, what will become of my wife, all the while I am following the hounds? Will ſhe follow nobody, will nobody follow her? A pretty figure I ſhall make, to be chaſing a ſtag, and come home with horns on my own head. At leaſt, I will not

not riſk the experiment: I ſhall not like to leave her at home, and I cannot take her with me, for that would ſpoil my pleaſure; and I hate a whipper-in in petticoats. I perceive therefore I muſt give up the hounds, for I am determined nothing ſhall ſtand in the way of my pleaſure.

"Why then, I muſt find out ſome amuſements that my wife can partake in; we muſt ride about the park in fine weather; we muſt viſit the grounds and the gardens, and plan out improvements, and make plantations; it will be rare employment for the poor people.

"That is a thought that never ſtruck me before; methinks there muſt be a great deal of pleaſure in providing employment for, and adminiſtering to the comfort and inſtruction of our poor neighbours.

"I ſhall like a farm for the ſame reaſon, and my wife will take pleaſure in a dairy; ſhe ſhall have the moſt elegant one in England. I will alſo build a conſervatory, and ſhe ſhall have the choiceſt collection of plants and flowers in the country. I have a notion I ſhall take pleaſure in them myſelf.

"Then, there are a thouſand things to do within-doors; it is a fine old manſion, I will give it an entire repair; it wants new furniture, that will be pleaſant work for my wife. I perceive, I could not afford to keep hounds, and do this into the bargain; but this will give me moſt pleaſure, and my wife ſhall partake of it.

"I have an excellent library, ſo that with muſic, books, gardening, a few friends, and a young family, for we probably ſhall have children, I find there are a vaſt many pleaſures in a country life: and what a fool ſhould I be, to throw away my money at the gaming-table, or my health at any table; or my affections upon harlots; or my time upon hounds and horſes; or employ either money, health, affections, or time, in any other pleaſures or purſuits, than theſe, which I now perceive, will lead me to ſolid happineſs in this life, and ſecure a good chance for it hereafter."

VOLUNTEERS AND PROVINCIAL CORPS.

I would wiſh to do juſtice to many worthy individuals, who have gallantly ſerved their country; I am convinced that their well-timed energy *has* preſerved us, and will ſtill preſerve us from external attacks, and internal commotions.

But theſe important benefits are not without alloy, they have

in

in many inſtances been procured at the expence of ſobriety and domeſtic duty.

Fathers of families, induſtrious tradeſmen, and young men of regular life and converſation, have imbibed the gay manners, convivial habits, and diſſipation of military bon vivants.

Buſineſs is neglected, the counting-houſe is converted into an orderly, or rather a *diſorderly* room; the ledger muſt give way to an eſſay on tactics, or military manœuvres; and if bills are not delivered, drafts diſcounted, or cuſtom-houſe entries forgotten, it is conſidered as a ſufficient excuſe, that the lieutenant is attending drill, or that it is a grand field-day; affairs of the greateſt moment muſt give way, if they at all interfere with conſecrating the colors, a birth-day anniverſary, or the exceſſes of a meſs dinner.

Such little matters, will be laughed at and deſpiſed by men of rank and large fortune; but to perſons of an oppoſite deſcription, many of whom are unhappily ſeized with a military mania, they are productive of conſequences, which, but for their fatal and diſtreſſing effects, would almoſt render them ridiculous.

Several inſtances have occurred within the *very contracted* circle of the editor's acquaintance, where a declaration of bankruptcy has quickly followed a military promotion of the ſame perſon, and been evidently the conſequence of it.

I cannot but conſider the commanding officers, in every inſtance, as highly culpable; it is not only criminal, but mean, to entice men of narrow incomes, to imitate their expenſive manners, and diſſipate in a regimental dinner, as much as the ſubaltern probably has for the ſupport of his family a week.

To every ſervice of a military kind, I would attend with alacrity, but when thoſe are performed, we ſhould return to a due performance of the functions of private life, left while we avoid one evil, we incur by a union of folly and crime, ruin, ridicule, and diſgrace.

The following mode of raiſing volunteers in Scotland, has been communicated to me by a Highland farmer.

"Your leaſe expires next year, if your ſon does not immediately enliſt, remember that I give you notice to quit."

At the moment of preparing this article for my printer, a ſtrong ſenſation has been produced on the public mind, by Sir Robert Wilſon's pamphlet, written profeſſedly

feſſedly, and by a meritorious profeſſional gentleman, *againſt* volunteers.

A ſhort anſwer may be given to this well-written, and I doubt not, well-meant, but extremely ill-timed, and very inexpedient flouriſh: fact and experience are in every inſtance againſt the knight's deductions, and, if it is worth adding, *the Emperor Napoleon differs in opinion with Sir Robert*.

Volunteers, or if you would rather have it ſo, *National Guards*, eſtabliſhed the French revolution, and ſucceſsfully oppoſed the veteran troops of Frederic and Leopold; to volunteers, Lord Cornwallis lowered his colors, and the army of Burgoyne ſurrendered their muſkets; the ſame ſpecies of levy alternately reſiſted or deſied the cool conſcious ſuperiority (in his, as in other inſtances often miſtaken for tardineſs) the cool conſcious ſuperiority of Sir William Howe, and the fertile reſources of his ſucceſſors.

VULGAR INHUMANITY.

Moſt decent frequenters of the London theatres, have, at different times, had their ears aſſaulted by loud exclamations of "Play up Noſey," thundered from the gallery; and at a period, when the cauſe which firſt produced it, had long ceaſed to exiſt, and by many, at this time is not underſtood.

This outrage on public feeling was firſt occaſioned by Cervetto, a performer on the violin, whoſe noſe was unfortunately the moſt prominent feature in his face.

In conſequence of this unlucky malformation, a man of inoffenſive life and decent manners, was regularly perſecuted by the galleries for many years, and at laſt actually compelled to abandon the only means by which he was able to procure a livelihood.

This prepoſterous, but not uncommon ſpecies of cruelty, was attacked by a ſatirical poet, (I believe Mr. Murphy) who laſhed the popular follies of that day, in a ſenſible and ſpirited performance.

Have ye not roar'd, from pit to upper rows,
And all the jeſt was what—a fidler's noſe.
Purſue your mirth each night, the joke is ſtronger,
For as you fret the man, his noſe grows longer.

Of Cervetto, Mr. Garrick uſed to relate the following circumſtance. In one of the moſt intereſting ſcenes of a favorite part, when the attention of the whole

whole houſe was rivetted on this excellent actor, the long-noſed muſician gave vent to a long yawn, and ſo loud, as to be heard by every one.

The manager was conſiderably vexed, and ſending for the offender immediately after the play, demanded an explanation. "I aſk ten thouſand pardons," ſaid the fidler, in broken Engliſh, "but I always yawn extremely loud when any thing intereſts me very much." With this artful apology, he left the room, after being told, that in future he muſt ſuppreſs ſo ſingular a ſymptom of approbation.

WAKEFIELD, GILBERT, a feceder from the forms and doctrines of the church of England; a man of conſiderable learning and acuteneſs; but tried on my favorite touchſtone of expediency, prudence, and common ſenſe, his conduct was groſsly erroneous.

His defects on theſe moſt material points, involved him in difficulty and danger, injured him in the opinion of many of his beſt friends, and ultimately ſhortened his life.

Such are the evils of learning without prudence, of zeal inflamed by party fury, and of an obſtinate adherence to firſt principles, which, as hath been repeatedly inculcated in this work, though of themſelves and unattached, perfectly innocent, *may* be brought forward and enforced at times, and under circumſtances, which render them, not only inexpedient and inadmiſſible, but highly dangerous and unwarrantable.

Such was preciſely the caſe, and the moment when Mr. Wakefield, with all his firſt rate abilities, came forward as a political pamphleteer.—What follows I need not repeat; Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.

Two excellent writers, well acquainted with the late Mr. Wakefield, and *once*, with the editor of this collection, are evidently puſhing for the ſame road; I intreat, I beſeech them, to arreſt their career, to pauſe, before they arrive at the ſame *goal*; I have not ſpelt the word with a *J*.

The purpoſe of my preſent article, is, to remark Mr. Wakefield's arguments againſt ſocial worſhip, in contradiction to eſtabliſhed rules, immemorial cuſtom, and general utility.

Yet, with ſtrong convictions of the inexpediency of his pamphlet on this ſubject, and in ſpite of a religious education, and parental example, as well as precept, I confeſs with concern, that in the diſcord, repetition, and negligent rou-

tine of a crowded congregation, I feel not that heart-felt, devout compunction, that humble mental proſtration, which the ſolitude of a cloſet produces, and which are ſo natural, in an intercourſe between omnipotence and imperfection.

When ſalutary contrition, over-flowing gratitude, and prediſpoſing habit impell me to addreſs my Maker, I confeſs myſelf ſtrongly inclined to retire with *one* of the men, who, as Scripture records, went up to the Temple to pray.

On ſuch an occaſion, I hope and truſt, I ſhould not approach my Creator with a falſehood in my mouth: of all men on earth, I could with the leaſt truth, and the worſt grace, thank God, *that I was not as other men are*; conſidering religion as an operation of the heart rather than a buſineſs of the lips, I would *ſecede* like the parabled tranſgreſſor, to ſolitude and ſilence.

But if the fervor of ſelf-accuſation burſt involuntarily from my boſom, and the agonies of a bleeding Redeemer harrowed up my ſoul, I would merely ſay, "GOD BE MERCIFUL TO ME A SINNER."

In reply, it has been well obſerved, that a ſyſtem of contemplative devotion, ſuch as is here ſuggeſted, is calculated only for the refined feelings of the moraliſt and the philoſopher, but that it is not ſuited either in theory or practice, to the groſs conceptions, and unformed minds of the multitude; who, conſtantly employed in providing for the wants of the moment, and without ſtated intervals of leiſure for prayer and religious inſtruction, would inevitably lapſe into a ſtate of brutality, ignorance, indifference and vice.

WALCOT, JOHN, a country ſurgeon, and a ſatirical poet.

By too free an exerciſe of his wit, that dangerous weapon, which few poſſeſs, without attacking their neighbours, he rendered his ſituation uncomfortable, and at laſt relinquiſhed the different branches of a profeſſion, which he practiſed for many years, at a borough in Cornwall.

He is ſaid to have experienced the fate of Dryden, who was praiſed and cudgelled for another's rhymes; it is not improbable, that a man of genius, aſſaulted by dullneſs and malignity, ſhould repay inſult with ſarcaſm, and occaſionally feel the reſentment of thoſe who had ſtrong arms, but weak heads.

He accompanied Governor Trelawney to Jamaica, where he officiated as a clergyman, and

was preferred; but that correctneſs of manners which we expect in a Chriſtian miniſter, was incompatible with the eccentric impulſes of a poet; he ſoon got rid of what one of his predeceſſors has called, the mechanical part of the prieſthood, and ſtimulated by a conſciouſneſs of ſuperior merit, haſtened to the metropolis.

Having aſſumed the name of Peter Pindar, he long amuſed the town by ſatirical and laughable productions, written in a ſtyle and in a ſtrain peculiarly his own; kings, miniſters, peers, connoiſſeurs, painters, and hiſtorians, have alternately ſmarted under his laſh. His attacks on a great perſonage, though in my opinion *always wrong*, have in ſome inſtances been tolerated for their humor; but the ſatiriſt too often forgot, that a king ſhould be treated like a gentleman.

Yet, Peter is ſaid to have been efficacious, as well as entertaining; ſome he has puniſhed, more he has reformed. Several perſons well known at court, and in the belles lettres, were fair game, and he has completely hunted them down.

The empty, pert, arrogant, inſipid coxcomb has vaniſhed; affected connoiſſeurs, ignorant patrons, and pretended literati, have diminiſhed their importance.

From eating raw meat, and baking themſelves in ovens, men of ſcience have engaged in rational purſuits, and have turned their attention to uſeful objects.

The late productions of this author are confeſſedly unequal to the firſt efforts of his muſe; nor ought we to be ſurprized. Where is the mind ſtored with inexhauſtible materials? Will the field that never lies fallow, annually produce a plentiful crop? ſome friend ſhould adviſe the doctor to abſtain for a time from the preſs; ſo will he return with renewed vigor, and enter again the liſts with ſtrength unimpaired.

The forte of Peter Pindar lies in telling droll ſtories, and reciting ridiculous anecdotes, but he degenerates, occaſionally, into perſonal virulence, and is ſometimes culpably indelicate, as well as illiberal.

The ſubject of our preſent article has been ſtyled the Hogarth of Parnaſſus; whatever occurred in the ſcenes of faſhionable or common life, ſhabby, affected, baſe, or mean, he has placed in points of view, at once odious, ridiculous, and irreſiſtibly laughable.

I once read his lines on the mid-

midnight freaks of cats, which he deſcribes as he ſaw them from a window, by moonlight, ſtanding in his ſhirt; and his directions to a carpenter, on the ſubject of preparing a coffin, ſuppoſed to be written by a huſband who had juſt loſt his wife, in which he particularly deſires the ſcrews may be long, and the oak ſubſtantial; and they produced in the company greater burſts of merriment, than I ever ſaw produced by any literary compoſition.

With all the humorous propenſities of Peter Pindar, his pen has produced ſeveral ſonnets, breathing the genuine language of poetry and good taſte; tender, pathetic, and delicately ſentimental, inſpiring the raptures of love, and the ſoft emotions of deſire; yet on the ſcore of political expediency, he is culpable in a high degree; he has endeavoured by every means in his power to ridicule the executive branch of our government; ridicule is the parent of contempt, and if we once deſpiſe any man, however exalted by rank or office, we ſhall ſoon feel inclined to diſobey him.

WALPOLE ROBERT, Earl of Orford, an eminent Engliſh ſtateſman, whoſe memory, ſince my former impreſſion has been dexterouſly, but not in every inſtance, ſucceſsfully defended by Mr. Cox.

It was the opinion of Sir Robert, that every man had his price; Mr. Viner, who could dine on roaſted mutton one day, and eat it cold the next, is ſaid to have been the only inſtance this miniſter met with to contradict his theory.

He who lives within his income, is certainly the moſt independent man; and if we ſell our votes to candidates, or help to ſink their fortunes in conteſted elections, I ſee no right we have to complain of the venality of members of parliament.

During the American war, a little proſtituted paltry borough in the weſt, ſent up inſtructions to their repreſentative, to which he paid no attention, obſerving, a few days after, at a friend's table; "I bought them at a fair price, and do the ſcoundrels think I will not make my money of them?"

"I have a point of ſome importance to carry in the houſe of peers, and beg the favor of your grace to apply perſonally to your brethren, the biſhops," ſaid Sir Robert, (a few months before he retired, but when his power was viſibly declining) to his friend the Archbiſhop of York, (I believe Dr. Blackburne, the ſubject of

an article in this collection) the prelate ſhook his head at the propoſal of perſonal application, and made the following reply, "My good friend, there is but one way to proceed with them, and you may be aſſured I will put it in practice; trouble yourſelf no further about the matter, and be ſecure of their votes, as if they had already given them."

The archbiſhop for a few days took to his bed, tied up his knocker, the pavement before his houſe was covered with ſtraw, and by means of his phyſician, reports were circulated of the extremity of his danger. The biſhops caught at the bait, returned to their miniſterial duty, and Walpole ſucceeded; a few days after, they had a hearty laugh over their wine, at the trick they put on lawn ſleeves.

This miniſter appears to have been of the opinion of Hobbes, "That war was the greateſt of all poſſible evils," and Europe was certainly indebted to him and Cardinal Fleury for a long interval of peace. That this bleſſing was ſometimes purchaſed at the expence of national honor, and ſometimes of national treaſure, they did not pretend to deny; yet a love of peace may ſometimes lead us to make too great ſacrifices to it.

Sir Robert has generally been conſidered as the promoter and contriver of an act of parliament for ſubmitting dramatic performances to the inſpection of the Lord Chamberlain, which is, in my opinion, a ſalutary reſtriction on the liberty of the preſs; it was the *manner* of effecting it, that gave offence.

An underling was procured to ſcribble a dramatic piece, called the Golden Rump, a farrago of obſcenity, blaſphemy, and political abuſe; a ridicule of every moral and religious inſtitution. It was then preſented to Giffard, one of the managers, who previouſly taught his leſſon, carried it to the miniſter; *he* ſhocked at ſuch a maſs of enormity, carried it down to the houſe, recited ſome of the moſt exceptionable paſſages, and an act for ſubmitting plays to the Lord Chamberlain's inſpection, paſſed almoſt unanimouſly.

If the clandeſtine fabrication of the piece could be proved on the miniſter, it would merit ſevere cenſure; but like other political manœuvres, which ſhun the face of day, ſo much privacy was obſerved, that it is impoſſible to prove it on him; yet the opportunity was too favorable to be accidental.

Sir Robert Walpole was well acquainted with the irritability and

and warm temper of his maſter, the good, the excellent old king; by occaſionally giving way to it, he made his advantage, and is ſaid, ſometimes to have ſubmitted to perſonal indecorum.

On a certain occaſion, coming from court, he met the Duke of Argyle, and ſaw that he was diſcompoſed; enquiring the cauſe, he found that the king in the heat of a moment, had been guilty of ſome impropriety to the duke, who was not formed of ſtuff to ſubmit to ill-treatment from any one. "Your grace muſt not mind it," ſaid the premier, "it has happened to me a hundred times." "Very true," ſaid the duke, "but—— remember, you are not Argyle;" he then walked ſullenly to his carriage.

All the benefits promiſed to the country by a long oppoſition to this miniſter, appear to have been defeated, by diſſention and ſelf-intereſt; Sir Robert had his peerage in his pocket, and Mr. Pulteney degenerated into a ſilent vote, on the ſame bench with him. Thus has it ever been, we change men, but perſevere in bad meaſures; a love of office, and not of our country, is too often the motive for ſtate altercation with political leaders:

——— When will they act
from patriotiſm alone?
— — — — — — —
Led not by love, but intereſt and pride,
They will not let a king their vaſſals ride,
That power, they to themſelves reſerve alone,
And ſo through thick and thin, they ſpur old roan.

WARD, JOSHUA, a dry-ſalter, or to ſpeak more correctly, a *dry-ſorter*, of Thames-ſtreet, and afterwards inventor of certain medicines, which, though *now* ſo little is heard of them, rouzed in their day univerſal attention, and became a ſplendid foundation of fame and fortune, to the lucky projector.

His houſe in the city, and the whole of his property, having been deſtroyed by fire, at a period when inſurance was little practiſed, his commercial proſpects were blaſted, and he was ſpurred by the uſeful, but unpleaſant ſtimulus of a ruined fortune, to intellectual exertion.

After purſuing chemical ſtudies a few years on the Continent, in an inſpired or a propitious moment, he hit on his famous DROP AND PILL.

With theſe and other powerful agents at his diſpoſal, he returned to his native country, and excited no ſmall oppoſition, by a bold

a bold, but generally ſpeaking, a ſucceſsful practice, in a numerous but obſtinate claſs of diſeaſes, which, before and ſince his time, have ſo often proved a ſtumbling block to the practitioners of phyſic.

His opponents, in the more regular platoons of their profeſſion, attempted in vain to cruſh this reſolute interloper, by argument, by ridicule, and by legal authority. He produced a long catalogue of hopeleſs caſes, abandoned by the faculty, but fortunately treated by himſelf; he retorted on his enemies the accuſation of ignorance; and boldly charged them with locking up or neglecting potent preparations, which they were too indolent or too timid to make uſe of themſelves, and too envious to allow the privilege to others.

An application he recommended for the king's hand, eſtabliſhed his reputation beyond the reach of malignancy or competition; and he was protected, by a ſolemn vote of the Houſe of Commons, from the anathemas and interdictions of the college.

We may judge of the reſpectable ſtate of his finances, when, on being deſired to name the remuneration he expected from his royal patient, he replied, that permiſſion to drive his equipage (which was remarkable for bulky magnificence) through St. James's Park, would be the moſt gratifying fee.

In addition to this and other diſtinguiſhing marks of royal favor, promotion was beſtowed on his nephew, General Ganſell, whoſe military reſcue from an arreſt afforded fuel, many years afterwards, to the inflammatory invective of Junius.

The circumſtance of medicines once ſo celebrated, being now almoſt forgotten, has induced certain adepts in the art of doubting, to queſtion their having ever been really entitled to the reputation they once enjoyed.

When we recollect the baſis of theſe preparations, it would be fooliſh and abſurd to doubt their active powers, particularly when we conſider the miracles of chemiſtry, and its wonder-working operations on a mineral, ſelected from the materia medica by one who, whatever his defects might be in a regular profeſſional education, was confeſſedly poſſeſſed of gifts which, though no ſcience, are fairly worth them all, acuteneſs and common ſenſe.

To this may be added an obſervation, which I have had occaſion to mention more than once in this collection; it is, that

that the bulk of mankind often require more than common inducements to entice them to purſue the path which leads to their own welfare.

Common motives have been found generally inſufficient; ſomething more than mere light and ſhade are required, to enliven the ſtill picture of private life, and the dull uniformity of bare utility. To render it attractive, it muſt be occaſionally varied, embelliſhed and contraſted, by the romantic wildneſs of Salvator, the painful diſplays of Spagnoletto, the delicate ſtrokes of a Titian, and the morbidezza of Guido. In a word, fancy, imagination, and ſplendor, muſt be called in; ſenſibility muſt be awakened, pride ſoothed, and enthuſiaſm rouzed, to forward the wholeſome impreſſions of truth and plain fact.

To take advantage of this theory, which I have enforced and exemplified in the article PARACELSUS, and to apply it, with dexterity, to the various wants and wiſhes of mankind, ſeems the whole myſtery of quackery, in law, phyſic, and divinity.

A cool, ſober-headed Engliſhman, with all his prejudice againſt the political quackery, whims, caprices and metaphyſic legerdemain of his French neighbours, if indiſpoſed, and adviſed to take phyſic by his family apothecary, would perhaps liſten to him with ſurly impatience, and, after many ſtruggles, ſubmit to his diſcipline with the naufea of hopeleſs indifference.

Perhaps the ſame odd compound of fleſh and blood, virtue and infirmity, would attend with admiration to the flouriſhing harangue of an empirick, deſcending from his ſplendid vehicle; ſurvey the liveries and his equipage with complacency, and after hearing of ſpecifics, anodynes, and cordials, ſwallow all he heard and all he ſaw with implicit confidence, on being told, that my Lord Daſhall had found vaſt benefit, or that Lady Mary Jehu had taken them with wonderful effect.

Before we ſmile at or condemn ſuch conduct, let us be well aſſured, that on the moſt important occaſions of life, we have acted with leſs folly, or been guided by greater wiſdom.

The following jeu d'eſprit, appeared in a public print in the year ſeventeen hundred and thirty-ſix; it was occaſioned by Dr. Ward, the Chevalier Taylor, and Mrs. Mapp, a famous boneſetter, appearing together in the boxes of the theatre in Lincolns-

Inn-

Inn-Fields. Part of the entertainment of the evening conſiſted of a piece in which mock repreſentatives of theſe three celebrated perſonages, who form a group in Hogarth's Conſultation of Phyſicians, were introduced on the ſtage.

While Mapp to th' actors ſhew'd a kind regard,
On one ſide Taylor ſat, on th' other Ward;
When their mock perſons of the drama came,
Both Ward and Taylor thought it hurt their fame;
Wonder'd how Mapp cou'd in good humor be;
"Zounds, cry'd the manly dame, it hurts not *me*,
Quacks without art may either blind or kill,
But *demonſtration* ſhews that *mine* is ſkill."

It may be no improper appendix to Ward's article, to obſerve that his cotemporary, Mrs. Mapp, the ſubject of the preceding panegyric, was the daughter of a bone-ſetter, in North Wiltſhire, and remarkable for her maſculine form and coarſe manners.

From natural acuteneſs, and the opportunities afforded by her father's practice, having turned her attention to the management of fractures and diſlocations, and having acquired conſiderable dexterity, particularly in the application of bandages, ſhe ſettled at Epſom, and in the inſolence of ſucceſs, or the preſumption of real merit, advertiſed, that ſhe would not permit any medical man to ſee her apply a roller, without a previous fee of five guineas.

Having excited the avaricious hopes of a lover, by the little fortune which her father had left, in an ill-ſtarred, or rather an imprudent moment ſhe married, but her perſon not being attractive, this faithleſs partner retreated with the whole of her property. Bereft of father, huſband, and money, our undaunted female bore her misfortune with reſolution, and, by induſtry or bold practice, acquired conſiderable profit and fame in her paternal profeſſion; ſhe was patronized by Sir Hans Sloane, and being frequently ſent for to town; on ſuch occaſions it was her pride or her folly to appear in a coach and four.

A medical friend, by traditional information of his father, from Sir Hans, informs me, that the caſes in which our female ſurgeon ſucceeded, were for the moſt part, fractures which had never united, and that the whole ſecret of her proceſs was, to endea-

deavour, by various, and often violent means, to excite a new inflammation, which generally cauſed the bone to unite, and effectually anſwered the deſired purpoſe.

In one of her viſits to the metropolis, from the grandeur of her equipage, or the peculiarity of her dreſs, a long looſe robe, our adventurer being miſtaken for a miſtreſs of the old king, or ſome unpopular German perſonage, was ſtopped, ſurrounded, and bitterly reviled by the mob.

On being informed of the jeopardy of her ſituation, ſhe extricated herſelf with admirable preſence of mind, by the following laconic addreſs to the multitude, for whoſe meridian it was admirably calculated. "Damn your bloods, don't you know me? I am Mrs. Mapp the bone-ſetter." The crowd huzzaed, the coachman ſmacked his whip, and conveyed his miſtreſs in triumph and ſafety to her houſe.

With the uſual profuſion of thoſe who get money eaſily, and in the infatuation particularly incident to perſons of her deſcription, ſhe lived without prudence, and died in wretchedneſs and want.

Another diurnal poet was alſo inſpired to ſing the praiſes of Mrs. Mapp.

Ye ſurgeons of London who puzzle your pates,
To ride in your coaches and purchaſe eſtates,
Give over for ſhame, your pride has a fall;
The doctreſs of Epſom has outdone you all.

What ſignifies learning or going to ſchool,
When a woman can do without reaſon or rule,
What puts you to *non-plus* and baffles your art;
Her petticoat practice has now got the ſtart.

In phyſic as well as in faſhion we find,
The neweſt has always the run with mankind;
Now Mapp's all the cry, her fame's on record,
Forgot is the buſtle of Taylor and Ward.

Dame nature has given her a doctor's degree,
She ſecures ev'ry patient, and pockets each fee;
So if you don't inſtantly prove her a cheat,
While ſhe's in her chariot, you'll trudge in the ſtreet.

WARTON,

WARTON, THOMAS, profeſſor of hiſtory, fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, poet-laureat, and, in the opinion of a learned critic, treated unjuſtly in this compilation.

The only drawback I can or wiſh to make, from the antiquarian acuteneſs, the correct taſte, the various and indiſputable merits of Tom Warton, was his tempting young men, from ſtudies which were to qualify them for the ſupport of their future lives, to frivolous attainments, luxurious habits, and a ſyſtem which he preached and practiſed ſo ſucceſsfully himſelf, "to laugh and grow fat." By his powers of converſation, which were wonderfully faſcinating, beyond thoſe of any man I ever knew, and I am convinced, without any view but the natural one of receiving and communicating pleaſure, he drew many a young man from the thorny path of application.

The jovial attic board *the ſun the feather*, of good dinners, anniverſaries, muſic meetings, expeditions to Wallingford, London, or Woodſtock, and a thouſand arts, of affording variety to the dull fameneſs of an Oxford life, which Tom poſſeſſed beyond moſt men; ſuch amuſements were fair and conſiſtent, in a profeſſor of accumulated preferment, who had in his time raiſed no ſmall contributions on the bookſellers. But they were ruinous to thoſe who had to make their way in the world, with narrow fortunes; who were ill-qualfied to climb or creep in law, phyſic, or divinity, by their knowledge and attention being confined or *diverted*; to circulating a bon mot, tranſlating an antient black letter inſcription, determining, which, college excelled in long corks, or had a cook beſt qualified for ſerving up harrico of mutton, and haſhed calf's head.

During the latter years of his life, warned by the fatal and alarming cataſtrophes of two of his favorite companions, he felt and acknowledged his erroneous conduct; when I conſider the good points in Tom's character, I am inclined to attribute the faults I have alluded to, rather to the ſpirit of the times in which, and of the perſons with whom he lived, than to any obliquity of deſign, in the individual himſelf.

I have ſeen lines addreſſed to the ſubject of this article, ſoon after the change in his ſyſtem and opinions; the writer was a young man, who exhibited early proofs

proofs of intellectual energy, but split on the rock of misapplication.

Mistaking what ought only to be the amusement of an idle hour, for the business and occupation of his life, he so passed one half of his days, as to wholly occupy the remainder in repentant reflection, and bitter accusation.

The poet began his address with lamenting, the mortifying conclusion of his academic visions, which had been once gilded by the morning ray of sanguine hope; he tells the laureat, that his *new* advice is come too late, that he found it very difficult to consider that, as the wrong road, which had been so long, so gayly, and so successfully trod, by a man of genius and high attainment; he then proceeds, in a measure nearly approaching to what has been denominated doggrel:

But you tell me that to shine as a wit, is a jest,
That one grain of low cunning's worth a tun of the rest
To succeed in the world, and that prudence and sense,
Secure a man fame, and friendship and pence;
While ill-fated genius you're ready to swear,
Builds chimæras and castles aloft in the air;
And I'm tempted to think prudence better by half,
Than wit, and a knack at making folks laugh.

Great men use a bard, as rakes use a whore,
When their end is obtain'd, they'll see her no more:
Thus to poets like me, some kind modern patron,
Gives his beef and his port, for joking and flatt'ring;
But when we retire, he feels no concern,
If we snore on a bulk, or sleep in a barn.

Few are able or willing, like Dyson I fear,
To allow a poor author three hundred a year:
Or few will be found, tho' I'm loth to observe it,
Very few, who like Akenside, richly deserve it.

Come then, common sense, be a friend to an elf,
Who alas is a foe to no man but himself:
When the fever of gaming possesses his soul,
And love irresistible proffers the bowl,
When fashion and taste whisper both in his ear,
To live like a man with three thousand a year;
(Tho' his elegant ardors and wishes to curse,

He

He has ſcarce ever more than ten
pounds in his purſe;)
When Bacchus and Venus, thy
poet invite,
Do thou jog his elbow, to wiſh
them good night:
When Mahometan White is
ſoaring due Eaſt,
On the wings of poor Badcock,
who dy'd in the Weſt;
(Tho' Gabriel neglecting his
Bath pater-noſter,
Swears that White is himſelf an
Arabian Impoſtor;)
When amateurs feeble are pre-
tending to chatter,
Of learning and taſte, yet know
nought of the matter;
When arm'd at all points great
Bellendine Parr,
'Gainſt Curtis's zeal wages claſ-
ſical war,
Of diſputes long forgot, will be
ſifting the refuſe,
And re-publiſh old pamphlets, for
the ſake of a preface,
Excell all your Warburtons,
Jortins, and Hurds,
In ſonorous expreſſion, and ter-
rible words;
Shou'd *Gibbon the ſecond* obſce-
nities quote?
And put them in Latin by way
of a note.
Or Julian praiſe, who threw out
ſuch ſhabby taunts,
And boaſted his beard with many
inhabitants?
Shou'd *this firſt of hiſtorians* col-
lect from his ſtores,
That Conſtantine rais'd a reve-
nue on whores?
Or declare with a grave philoſo-
phical meekneſs,
Seduction and rape, an amiable
weakneſs?
Teach me then my new guide
more precious than ruby,
To nod, ſmile, and bow, on each
drivelling booby,
Let the roughneſs of ſatire then
ſmoothly be fill'd,
And preferment ſhall call me her
favorite child.
But adieu to theſe trifles, from
joke I'll be parting,
Since you frown at ſatirical
hints, my dear Warton,
And adviſe me to ſtudy, in
White, Blair, and Jortin,
And inſtead of abuſing great men
in my letters,
Like you, get preferment by flat-
'ring my betters:
Or the cudgels take up againſt
Gibbon unchriſtian,
Under *mild Horſley*'s banners,
that learned Philiſtian,
Who arrows polemic ſo keenly
doth try a-
'Gainſt the grand innovator, un-
leſs Prieſtley Goliah.
I've try'd all theſe arts 'till in-
vention's extinguiſh'd,
Call'd Moor independent, and
North a great linguiſt,

Said

Said their brethren the biſhops were one great example
Of piety, learning, and charity ample;
I have rail'd againſt ſchiſm, prais'd Grenville for wit,
I have bullied with Thurlow and *flouriſh'd* with Pitt;
I've attack'd a French writer, who, neglecting his beads,
Obſerves (while he ſcatters heretical ſeeds)
Biſhops ſhorten commandments, but lengthen their creeds.
All this I have done, and what's my reward?
To preach faſt a-ſleep half Farringdon ward,
To eat once a week the Churchwarden's mutton;
Hear his wife and his daughter retail city wit,
While Miſs is ſo *narvous*, ſhe can't eat a bit;
Tho' I know all the time, ſpite of mincing and munching,
She has eat fowl and ham by the pound, for a luncheon:
Tempted ſtrong by her caſh to take for a wife,
What's ſure to torment me the reſt of my life:
Thus for ſad naſty mixtures, to doctors we ſend,
Tho' the ſtomach revolts, yet our habits may mend.
Thus to ſtarve as a curate, I my life muſt devote,
Or marry a woman, who's juſt like a goat;
Whoſe beard on her chin grows ſo ſhockingly high,
That ſhe wants a ſharp razor, much oftener than I;
Her mother ſoft whiſpers, as ſhe helps me to gravy,
I really imagines our Polly wou'd have you.
I once was in love, but how the times alter,
Now Hymen's ſilk nooſe, looks to me like a halter;
Muſt I, once remark'd for an elegant wiſh,
From turbot and ſalmon, ſit down to ſalt fiſh?
Muſt I, once ſo bleſt by the Manciple's daughter,
Who amongſt Oxford bucks made ſuch terrible ſlaughter?
Muſt I, who have rifled a boſom of ſnow,
At laſt feed in London on liver and crow?
Muſt I, who admir'd a delicate ſkin,
Bed and board with a woman as ugly as ſin?
A monſter, a ſcarecrow, by night and by day,
To freeze all deſire, fright paſſion away:
Who ſerves her poor face (O that cruel ſmall pox)
As great auctioneers ſerve a vile country box;

E'er

E'er the day of ſale comes, ev'ry
effort is try'd,
With whitewaſh and plaiſter, the
mud-wall to hide,
Yet the bidders all find, tho' ply'd well with tokay,
The pleaſure ground boggy, and
the chimnies all ſmoky.
The life of a peaſant far pleaſanter
proves,
Contentment and health with
the woman he loves,
Tho' fortune denies him ragouts and rich treats,
Delight gives a zeſt to the morſel
he eats,
He awakes undiſturb'd by ennui
or pain,
To charms which a monarch
wou'd ſigh for in vain;
The vigor of health inſpirits each
kiſs,
While Cupid and Hymen both
hallow the bliſs.
Such once were my dreams,
when my mind us'd to rove,
On the arrow of Cupid, and Venus's dove;
Is there not cauſe enough for a
man to be ſorry at,
But the ſubject we'll quit, now
for you Mr. LAUREAT:
You remember I promis'd I'd
take ſhortly the freedom,
To ſend you inſtructions, wou'd
you deign but to read 'em.
I have ſent them at laſt, but at
Trinity College,
You are ſo full of antiques, and
of old gothic knowledge,
Of knights-fees, of prieſts, of
old books of maſs;
Of old freſcoed walls, and old
painted glaſs;
Of devoting your time to black
letter'd nonſenſe,
Which to read or to write has
been given up long ſince.
As if it imported three half farthing candles,
Whether Alfred was chriſten'd,
or his daughters wore ſandals;
If the heel of Achilles was imperfectly dipt,
Or if Milton, at Oxford, is the
laſt who was whipt;
Tho' Johnſon has try'd, like a
friend to our church,
To prove the republican taſted of
birch;
Or to find by a lucky inquiſitive
knack,
That Auguſtus had never a ſhirt
to his back:
That Zenobia's eyes were black
as a ſloe,
That ſhe ſcolded Longinus when
he trod on her toe;
That queen Cleopatra was a ſweet
charming ſinger,
Had a mole on her neck, and a
crooked fore-ſinger;
That RICHARD the third, whom
we all ſo abuſe,
Was *a good ſort of man* as ever
wore ſhoes.

On

On ſubjects like theſe, while you're ſolemnly preaching,
I preſume on your patience, and venture on teaching:
But left by my verſe, I the theme ſhou'd diſgrace,
My doggrel I'll quit, and alter my pace.

INSTRUCTIONS *to the* LAUREAT.

When with your annual ode you next reſort,
Wou'd you *for once* but warble truth at court;
By truth I mean, not baſe malignant rhymes,
That ſlander kings, and vilify the times,
That injure humble merit, patient, meek,
And force the tear down woman's lovely cheek,
With coarſe invective the rude page adorn,
And hold misfortune up to public ſcorn.
Now our lov'd king, whoſe fate made nations groan,
Is firmly ſeated on fair reaſon's throne,
Now let thy laurel'd muſe, ſerenely gay,
Pour truth's choice gifts on this auſpicious day,
Then future times, thy praiſes ſhall rehearſe,
And hail thee more than *a mere man of verſe*.
For Norman minſtrelſy, and ivy'd towers,
Knight-errant tales, and Spenſer's fairy bowers,
In dulcet notes, and harmony divine,
Let admonition point thy moral line,
Let theſe great truths, the courtier's chat o'erwhelm;
"A king of parties rules but half his realm,
Or Whig or Tory, let true merit be,
The only badge of worthineſs to thee,
Poſſeſt of that, tho' not a ſingle vote,
Cheriſh the ſtranger in a thread-bare coat.
'Tis not to view a fleet with ſails unfurl'd,
Or nightly trace the planetary world;
'Tis not with trifling mechaniſm to play,
And waſte, in happy nicknacks, half the day;
'Tis not with ſervants, to throw off reſtraint,
Here, Siddons, read, and *teach* good Weſt to paint,
To faſt and pray, to roll th' upliſted eye,
Are what the verieſt bigot can ſupply;
'Tis not to tempt by pageantry and glare,

The

The mobs huzza, the crowds unmeaning ſtare,
In theſe the bays from thee are eaſy won,
By pray'r and faſt the bigot Philip ſhone,
And while his Belgic regions flow'd with blood,
A fawning clergy call'd him great and good.
In acts like theſe thy fame can never live,
For theſe are proofs that any man cou'd give.
What though the nation haſtily complies,
With frequent meſſages, and large ſupplies:
Tho' often craving, ſtill ſo odd your fate,
You beg of bankrupts, yet accumulate.
Thus ſome young heir whom wealthy ſires have left,
Of no one gift, but common ſenſe bereft,
Thoughtleſs and gay, expenſive arts explores,
With glitt'ring gamblers, and Italian whores;
Newmarket betts, election conteſts dire,
And diſſipation ſet his ſoul on fire;
At laſt reflection comes when all is ſpent,
And poſts him quickly to the Continent;
As he departs, the ſteward makes his bow,
Of all his goods and chattels maſter now.
Your royal offspring, we admit, demand
Your ſoft ſolicitude and rearing hand,
Yet ſubjects are your children, who obey,
And claim your tendereſt love as well as they;
What if for *us* you had unlock'd your ſtore,
And *rich* yourſelf, and ſpar'd the *real poor*;
Left us untax'd, a ſhort liv'd peace to prove,
You have no cauſe to doubt your people's love.
Survey thy land, with pity's melting eyes,
Devour'd with impoſt, taxes, and exciſe;
Feel for *their* woes, thy private ſavings give;
Struggling with want, in miſery they live;
Except the choſen few, in affluence proud,
Who fly to London's faſcinating crowd,
Leaving the hapleſs villager a prey
To pain and hunger through the tedious day.
To Cam and Iſis turn a ſearching eye,

On

On either ſtands a univerſity,
Where old abuſe ſupports her drowſy reign,
And reaſon cries reform, but cries in vain;
There raw from ſchool the beardleſs freſh-man runs,
To dreſs and freedom, ſing-ſong, wine, and duns.
Pleaſure's allurements he at firſt repels,
But the bowl mantles, and his pulſe rebels;
Ungovern'd there, a copious ſtore he lays,
Of pangs repentant for his future days.
Tutors and proctors, all in ruin join,
They dare not frown, who help to drink his wine;
His eyes old coins inſtead of bibles ſearch,
Hume and Voltaire prepare him for the church;
At length amended by affliction's rod,
The man of ſin, becomes a man of God.
A vacancy proclaim'd, to ardent hopes,
A lonely fellow he no longer mopes;
That metaphyſic, that perplexing creed,
Oppreſs'd with debt, he ſigns, but does not read;
Haſtes to that living, he has purchas'd dear,
And life devotes to doubt, ſuſpenſe and fear.
Next view that church in which thou art ſupreme,
Where biſhops ſlumber, deans and chapters dream;
No airy viſions their's, like luckleſs bards,
They dream of gold, and wake to rich rewards;
Here thoſe who labor moſt, are paid the worſt;
The curate thin, with holy drudg'ry curſt,
Trembling, with hat in hand, he ſees from far,
The mitred prelate in his ſplendid car;
There hateful tythes from brawny labor tear,
The hard-earn'd morſel of the ſcanty year.
For a few weeks the pluraliſt may ſport,
But ſpends his happier hours at cards and court;
Leaving his curate to the ruſtic taunt,
Againſt church livings he muſt ever want.
Fanaties, infidels, and tythemen's jars,
The pariſh fill with hatred, vice, and wars.

Yet abſentees are not of ills the worſt,
Oppreſs'd by reſidents, are doubly curſt;
Behold yon pars'nage, where a palliſade
And new made faſh, o'erlook the border'd glade;
Amidſt his flock, of ills to fill their cup,
The rector lives, he lives and eats them up:
His rev'rence hear, in church-men's rights how loud,
Deep learn'd in modus, and his glebe well plough'd;
The rector ſee, well ſkill'd in price of corn,
Do ſenſe and learning his arch'd brow adorn?
He was at college every ſcholar's ſcorn:
But faith untainted, orthodox ſupplies
The want of other Chriſtian qualities.
What volumes thoſe which claim his conſtant looks?
No doubt a bible, and ſome godly books;
A ſmall miſtake, look nearer, you'll diſcern
Blackſtone, a Tract on Tythes, and Juſtice Burn:
His WORSHIP dread, by his commands abide,
The laws of God and man are on his ſide.

Here the poet takes occaſion to raiſe his voice againſt uniting the juſtice of peace with the clergyman, a cuſtom he obſerves daily gaining ground, but fraught with ſerious evils, and too often arming the little tyrant of his pariſh, with dangerous and irreſiſtible power; the laws of God and man are called in to ſupport him; beſides, the palm of the divine, becomes by this means frequently tarniſhed, by the greaſy paw of the ſmuggler and the poacher.

Around his houſe the ſcowling ſmugglers lag,
To leave the hare, or drop the monthly keg.
Like old inquiſitors, who preach'd the word,
He to the bible adds a two-edg'd ſword:
Him if on earth our gentle Saviour ſees,
Who mildly came diſpenſing joy and eaſe,
He ſcarce will think a miniſter of peace.
His furious tenets charity confound,
While Athanaſian curſes echo round.
Martyr of vice, and ruddy with the bowl,
He ev'ry Lent ſtills damns his neighbour's ſoul;

And

And tho' religion, heav'nly maid came down,
To ſoothe our ſorrows with a heav'nly crown,
He turns this manna the Almighty ſent
To curſes, tyranny, and puniſhment.
His deeds, *his* vain profeſſion clearly prove,
Forgot that *new*, that *beſt* command, to love.
If from *his* fold a wanderer ſhould creep,
And rational diſſenters catch the ſheep;
Wou'd the poor animal meet better fare?
His head, his heart, his fleece wou'd ſuffer *there*.
For Chriſtian doctrine, and for truths divine,
Where faith and works together ſhou'd combine,
Sceptic ſurmiſe and metaphyſic play,
Which hint and doubt the word of God away;
The Chriſtian ſyſtem to *our reliſh* haſhes,
Theology and politicks together daſhes;
"To an age refin'd, an age like this we ſee,
Forms of religion ſhou'd adapted be,
Improv'd, explain'd, a mere new moral code."
WAS IT FOR THIS THAT JESUS SHED HIS BLOOD,
HIS PRECIOUS BLOOD; SO MANY MARTYRS DY'D?
AH SURELY NO—A SAVIOUR CRUCIFY'D,
SHALL BE MY FAITH, OR NONE.——————
And can we wonder that from guides like theſe,
Who from religion baniſh Chriſtian peace,
The crowd miſled ſhou'd turn their fickle eyes,
To ſuperſtition, rant, and mockeries?
Theſe points demand thy care, my royal ſire,
Reform in theſe, thy people all deſire,
Except the ſleek eccleſiaſtic moth,
Who will deſert thee in the day of wrath;
Theſe and a ſervile, baſe, inſidious tribe,
With ſtateſmen's quibbles, wou'd thy reaſon bribe,
Theſe *hoary errors*, keep at any rate,
Calling religion, *a mere wheel of ſtate*.
Reform, my ſire, ſhall give thee laſting fame,
And Patriot King ſhall be thy future name.

WATSON, HENRY, the ſon of a Lincolnſhire grazier, a claſs of men in whom I have often experienced mild manners, warm hoſpitality, and correct information, under a rough exterior.

By diligence and ſucceſs in his ſchool exerciſes, particularly in arithmetic, the ſubject of our preſent article, excited the hopes of his parents and inſtructors, and at the age of ſixteen, deſerved and obtained the patronage of Mr. Whichcote, who was for almoſt forty years a worthy repreſentative for the county of Lincoln.

This gentleman's intereſt procured for him admiſſion into the academy at Woolwich, where he became the ſcholar, and ultimately the friend of Mr. Thomas Simpſon, an individual eminent in his day, and remarkable for profound knowledge, and abſtracted revcries, which at times wholly abſorbing his facultics, gavc, to one of the firſt of our Engliſh mathematicians, the appearance of an ideot and a dunce.

Mr. Watſon, at an early age, received a commiſſion in the Corps of Engineers, and was ſoon diſtinguiſhed for unremitting induſtry, and vigorous intellect; he engaged in the moſt active and perilous ſervices of the war of ſeventeen hundred and fifty-ſix, aſſiſted at the ſiege of Belliſle, and afterwards at the taking of the Havannah.

It was in attacking the laſt of theſe places, that his quick ſighted energy conſiderably facilitated the capture of the Moro Castle. This enterprize had been previouſly pronounced by his aſſociates, as a tedious and deſperate buſineſs, only to be accompliſhed by ſap; a mode of proceeding tantamount to defeat, in a climate, far more deſtructive than the fire of the enemy.

"I will engage to make a practicable breach in four and twenty hours, or periſh in the attempt," were Watſon's words, and although carried apparently lifeleſs to his tent during the cannonade, he performed his promiſe.

On this occaſion, he received public thanks of the commander in chief, Lord Albemarle, and afterwards a flattering mark of approbation from his ſovereign, at a crowded levee.

Conſiderably advanced in rank as well as reputation, he accompanied Lord Clive to Bengal, where his good intentions, and well-directed plans, are ſaid to have been counteracted by "party jealouſy and French intrigue;" though

though it is not eaſy to conceive how Gallic influence could prevail in Engliſh councils.

"The ſame malignant ſpirit," ſays my authority, a warm and partial friend of the gallant colonel, and occaſionally treading in the ſteps of the defenders of Mr. Haſtings, "the ſame malignant ſpirit purſued his patron Lord Clive, who was cenſured for ſeverities always exerciſed by conquerors, more eſpecially when ſuch ſeverities were the only means of ſecuring ſafety to the victors, and retaining what they had acquired."

I appeal to the good ſenſe and integrity of the worthy writer, whoſe words I quote, whether there were not many corrupt and unjuſtifiable proceedings on the part of Lord Clive, wholly unconnected with the means of ſecuring the fruits of victory. I have been ready in various parts of this collection, I have been more than ready to do juſtice to the merits and public ſervices of this noble lord, I called him in one inſtance the ſaviour of our commercial and territorial poſſeſſions in the Eaſt Indies; but there certainly were ſpots in this eaſtern ſun, which I ſhall ever conſider it my duty, as a ſervant of the public, to notice and to cenſure; *although certain eminent writers have acted differently.*

But I return to Colonel Watſon: thoſe hours of retirement and leiſure, which Europeans in India generally paſs in languor, liſtleſſneſs, luxurious eaſe, and gentle inactivity, *he* devoted to literary, ſcientific, and other uſeful purſuits, though not immediately connected with the military profeſſion.

He felt and indulged a ſtrong bias towards every thing which related to the ſafety, health, celerity, and means of defending or manœuvering a ſhip; he tranſlated Euler's famous treatiſe on that ſubject, and received from the ingenious author a ſupplement in manuſcript, which does not appear in the early French editions; he planned, commenced, and would have carried into execution, extenſive and important improvements in the foreign docks of the Eaſt India company, but his intentions, ſays the writer I have before quoted, "were again fruſtrated by envy and ſelfiſhneſs."

Without wiſhing at all to detract from the colonel's acknowledged merits, I am enabled to ſay, on good authority, that his plans for eſtabliſhing naval arſenals, and enlarging our docks and harbours in the Eaſt Indies, however excellent, and clearly demonſtrative of his zeal and capacity, were wholly incompatible with

with the deranged ſtate of the finances of the Eaſt India company.

In peruſing the materials to which I am wholly indebted for the preſent article, it was impoſſible not to remark their tendency to irritation and complaint; I am ready to make ſome allowance for the conſtitutional and national warmth of the author, I agree that his reſentments were derived from an amiable and generous ſource, and that the blindneſs and ingratitude of the world, and the general conduct of mankind towards their friends and benefactors, too often juſtify the language of complaint.

Yet, a man who was able to expend forty thouſand pounds on ſpeculation, and who bequeathed a fortune of near fifty thouſand guineas to his natural daughter, a ſum wholly acquired in the ſervice; the friends and family of a man ſo circumſtanced, cannot with juſtice or truth accuſe his employers of having been niggardly, in remunerating his ſervices.

WAY TO KEEP HIM, an old, but excellent ſong, quoted incorrectly in a former article.

Ye fair marry'd dames who ſo often deplore,
That a lover once bleſs'd, is a lover no more,
Attend to my counſel, nor bluſh to be taught,
That prudence muſt cheriſh what beauty has caught.

The bloom of your cheek, and the glance of your eye;
Your roſes and lillies may make the men ſigh,
But roſes and lillies and ſighs paſs away,
And paſſion will die as your beauties decay.

Uſe the man that you wed like your favorite guittar,
Tho' muſic in both, they are both apt to jar;
How tuneful and ſoft from a delicate touch,
Not handled too roughly, nor play'd on too much.

The ſparrow and linnet will feed from your hand,
Grow tame by your kindneſs and come at command;
Exert with your huſband the ſame happy ſkill,
Their hearts, like your birds, may be tam'd to your will.

Be gay and good-humor'd, complying and kind;
Turn the chief of your care from your face to your mind;

'Tis

'Tis there that a wife muſt her
conqueſts improve,
And Hymen may rivet the fet-
ters of love.

WEDDERBURNE, ALEXANDER, an advocate of North Britain, who, after being educated for, and practiſing at the bar of that country, quitted it in conſequence of certain unprovoked, illiberal, and unjuſtifiable words, addreſſed to him from the bench.

Reſolving not to ſubmit to that which he could not correct, the ſubject of our preſent article left the court, to which he never returned, with the following reply; "My lord, you have ſaid that as a judge, which you *dare* not juſtify as a gentleman."

The ſurly preſident, readier to give offence, than to apologize for or defend it, was ſilent; he felt he had acted wrong, but wanted generoſity and ſtrength of mind to acknowledge it; and this perſonal inſult, diſhonorable only to the perſon who was guilty of it, was the firſt cauſe of our fortunate lawyer's repairing to London.

On his arrival in England, he enliſted under the banners of oppoſition, and ſuch was his reputation, his ſpirit, or his zeal, that the miniſter of the day ſoon found it neceſſary to ſecure his ſervices; he was appointed Solicitor-General, on the reſignation or diſmiſſion of Mr. Dunning, amidſt the invectives and groans of his party.

In a cauſe which came on ſoon after the appointment, his political tergiverſation, received a memorable dreſſing from his predeceſſor in office, who, notwithſtanding his hoarſe guttural utterance and everlaſting *hems*, has ſeldom been equalled as a pleader; nor can the editor think of or mention him at this diſtant period, without ſtrong emotions of love, admiration, and regret.

Mr. Wedderburne became, not long after, the defender, and what required no ſmall ſhare of ingenuity, the ſucceſsful defender of the firſt Lord Clive, who is ſaid to have ſent him the title deeds of a freehold eſtate, for his fee.

Having repeatedly incurred the cenſure of verſatility for his alternate direliction and ſupport of different parties, he ultimately ſteered his veſſel into the wiſhed-for port, became Lord Loughborough, and ſucceeded to the higheſt honors ambition could aim at, or regal patronage beſtow.

It is for the purpoſe of noticing and conſidering the charge of political verſatility, ſo often pro-

produced againſt him, that I grace my page with his lordſhip's name; this taſk I feel myſelf more particularly called on to perform, becauſe *at a certain time*, I bellowed forth moſt vociferouſly on the ſubject, with more violence and perſonality, than was conſiſtent with decency or juſtice; an error which I readily confeſs. On this ſubject I crave my reader's indulgence for a few minutes.

To reſiſt the miniſter of the crown whenever he palpably and unneceſſarily deviates from rectitude, economy or the principles and ſpirit of the Engliſh conſtitution; to keep in reſerve and occaſionally to hold forth to the executive branch, a reſource, a great body of intellect, honor, and integrity, whenever inſolence, obliquity, or ignorance, ſhall render a change of the king's ſervants neceſſary; alternately, impartially, and diſintereſtedly to defend and define the rights of the ſubject and the prerogative of the crown; to be equally inimical to regal and democratic tyranny; to be unſullied and intrepid guardians of the public purſe; to ſee that the treaſures of the country ſhall be poured forth only on occaſions which imperiouſly demand them; but at the ſame time, and on the unerring principle, that public welfare is the ſupreme law, to take eſpecial care, in the great and tremendous queſtions of peace or war, that no unworthy ſacrifices of future intereſt, honor, and ſecurity, ſhall be raſhly, timidly, or unguardedly made; that no baſe and ignominious conceſſions, conditions, or ſtipulations be admitted, merely to purchaſe the ſhort-lived, precarious, and periſhable meed of tranquillity, which may be diſſipated in a moment by inſidious profligacy, and leave us amidſt the ruins of our cities, towns, and ſtrong holds, to be curſed and execrated by generations yet unborn: for theſe reaſons, and on theſe and other important occaſions, a parliamentary oppoſition is and may be highly uſeful and neceſſary, to the happineſs and proſperity of a country.

But if every man, who on a few ſpeculative unimportant points, has occaſionally differed in opinion with a miniſter, is, for the remainder of his life to purſue him with unabated malignity and perſonal rancour; if, in ſpite of expediency, juſtice, truth, or common ſenſe, and in the mean hope of ſucceeding to his poſt, and providing for a train of hungry dependants, he is indiſcriminately to oppoſe every meaſure of the man who has once been his antagoniſt, however calamitous

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the ſituation of the country, or urgent the call for unanimity, and zealous co-operation; I cannot conceive a more iniquitous perverſion of the name and deſign of a minority.

As we are on the ſubject of oppoſition, will Mr. ***** pardon a ſhort addreſs.

It is impoſſible for any man to deny the ſuperiority of your diurnal *bon bouche*, your political acuteneſs, your point, your humor, and your wit;

Micas, velut inter ignes luna minores.

but on the ſcore of propriety, patriotiſm, and expediency, *many* of your friends and well-wiſhers, amongſt whom the editor is anxious to *preſerve* a place, have their doubts of your taking the proper ground.

Situated as we are, and with our exiſtence threatened by a rapacious uſurper, who calls in to his aid, perjury diſguiſed by diſſimulation, and fraud enforced by power; is it right, is it reaſonable for any Engliſhman, more particularly for one poſſeſſed of Mr. *****'s parts, property and reputation, to call our reſiſting plunderers and aſſaſſins a ridiculous war; is it policy, juſtice, prudence or common ſenſe, to deride *our* reſources, and magnify thoſe of the enemy; to cover columns after columns with *borrowed* declamations againſt military exertions, ſo honorable to the heads, the hands and the hearts of all concerned?

WENHAM, JANE, a woman tried and condemned for witcheraft at Hertford in the year ſeventeen hundred and twelve.

This abſurd verdict was given againſt the opinion of the learned judge; he told the jury that *young* and not *old* women were witches.

On this occaſion Mr. Bragge, incumbent of the pariſh in which the priſoner reſided, declared, "That on the faith of a clergyman, he believed Jane Wenham to be a witch." "On the faith and credit of a judge," replied the magiſtrate, "I take *you* to be no conjurer."

The old woman was ſaved from the malignity of vulgar prejudice, by the ſalutary interpoſition of the crown.

WESTLEY, JOHN, though not abſolutely the founder of his ſect, an early, a conſiderable, and zealous methodiſt preacher, who appears to have ſelected, with ſagacity, his religious ſyſtem from the Catholic, Geneva, Lutheran, and Moravian churches.

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By courting perſecution, and inviting contempt, (with him, a favorite tenet) he ſucceſsfully worked on a powerful paſſion in the human breaſt, which conciliates us more readily to thoſe, who practiſing or affecting the ſins and infirmities common to our nature, place themſelves on a flattering level with the common herd of mankind, whoſe pride is wounded, and reſentment excited, by a preſumptuous pretenſion to manners more correct, and conduct more perfect, than their own.

On this foundation ſtone of ſelf degradation, he reared a ſtructure of popularity, fanatic deſpotiſm, influence, and charitable contribution, which, falling little ſhort of the ſplendid pinnacles of Dominick and Ignatius, promiſes to far exceed them in ſtability and duration.

During his infancy, a houſe in which he was ſleeping being on fire, the child was ſnatched from the bed with much difficulty, and narrowly eſcaped burning. *Ex igne ereptus*, he happily applied to himſelf; and this brand caught from the fire, afterwards proved a zealous, uſeful, and, I believe, a conſcientious well-meaning man.

It has been lamented, that I do not join the cry againſt the enthuſiaſm and rant of methodiſm. But while we have ſo many careleſs clergymen, I ſee no medium for the lower ranks of mankind to obſerve, between a total direliction of religious duties, or their following, what I readily agree they too often prove, blind guides.

Yet, with all its evils, and with various abſurdities, methodiſm has been found effectual in purifying the vulgar, and amending the mob, who require other motives, and inſtruments more powerful than reaſon and common ſenſe, to alarm, to rouze, and ſtimulate their hopes and fears.

A ſcore or two of weak-headed people hanging or drowning themſelves, and a dozen or two luſty baſtards, got by their vigorous paſtors in an unguarded moment, is ſurely purchaſing, at a cheap rate, regularity of manners, peace, and order, among our hewers of wood and drawers of water.

Mr. Weſtley diffuſed among a deſperate, a dangerous and degenerate race of men, in the neighbourhood of Briſtol, a love of decency and religious knowledge; a praiſe-worthy and meritorious work, often attempted in vain.

To ſpread o'er American wilds, order and civilization; to pour on the aſtoniſhed mind of the ſavage cannibal, goſpel truths; to

to bend untutored ignorance to faith or acquieſcence, have ſignalized the martyr, and canonized the ſaint. Yet I am of opinion, that greater difficulties preſent themſelves to the reclaimer of a European, wallowing in filthy iniquity, and obſtinately perſiſting in ſurly ignorance.

The man who attempts to coerce and reſtrain habits ſo inveterate, and paſſions ſo furious; and to teach *animals* ſcarcely ſuſceptible of any pleaſure, but the moſt groſs ſenſual gratification, has obſtacles to ſurmount, unknown to an inſtructor of the ſimple, but unpolluted ſons of nature.

Paſſing on a certain occaſion a conſiderable thoroughfare, I was a ſpectator of the different treatment preachers of the goſpel experience, in different ſituations.

Being ſtopped by a crowd, the voice and zeal of an itinerant holder-forth, excited my attention. I liſtened to his extempore harangue, which was animated, ſenſible, and well delivered; his efforts were fervent, his language clear, and his arguments, drawn from heaven and hell, death and judgment, were affecting.

The multitude was motionleſs and ſilent, when two beadles made their appearance, ſuddenly laid hands on the preacher, and led him off (I think illegally) in diſgrace.

From the ſame ſpot, a boy might have thrown a ſtone againſt a church, which affords a ſinecure of eight hundred pounds a year to a young Oxonian, who is an excellent ſhot, and rides the beſt gelding in a neighbouring county.

It was the fate of Mr. Weſtley to come under the laſh of Dr. Warburton, who, in his Doctrine of Grace, after what has been called horſe-play, ſays, that the devil acted as midwife to Weſtley's new-born babes.

In this, and other works of the Biſhop of Glouceſter, there is too much levity for a biſhop, and too much uncharitable abuſe for a Chriſtian.

The following bold apoſtrophe occurs in one of John Weſtley's productions, "If I leave at my death ten pounds above my debts, and the little arrears of my fellowſhip, let every one bear witneſs againſt me, that I lived and died, a thief and a robber." The poſthumous ſtate of his finances, eſtabliſhed the truth of this declaration.

Part of a hymn on a female ſinner, juſt expired, written by this apoſtle of methodiſm, is worth recording; it once made a ſtrong impreſſion on me, and diffuſed a pleaſing, and I hope

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an improving melancholy over my mind, on hearing it recited by one, whom I have not often heard without emotion, and seldom without amendment. To this lady, and the companion of her life, this collection is considerably indebted, and the editor of it still more, for many of the pleasantest, and some of the most useful hours he ever passed.

The following are Westley's affecting Stanzas.

Ah, lovely appearance of death!
What sight upon earth is so fair;
Not all the gay pageants that breathe,
Can with a dead body compare;

With solemn delight I survey
A corpse when the spirit is fled,
In love with its beautiful clay,
And wishing to lie in its stead.

The wanderer's head is at rest,
Its achings and throbbings are o'er,
That quiet, immoveable breast,
Is heav'd by affliction no more.

This heart is no longer the seat
Of sickness, of sorrow, and pain,
It ceases to flutter and beat,
It never shall flutter again.

Those lids she so seldom cou'd close,
By sorrow forbidden to sleep,
Seal'd up in eternal repose,
Have strangely forgotten to weep.

It has been shrewdly said, by the subject of the present article, in his Observations on the History of England (for he was led by the versatility of genius, to history and physic, as well as divinity) that the family of the Steuarts *never had, at any time,* a right to the English crown.

He supports this assertion from the circumstance of Isabella, consort of King John, being the wife of another man, the Count de la Marche, at the time the king married her, which certainly bastardized her children by John. But even John himself had no right, for prior to him was Matilda, from whom King George the third is lineally descended.

The Primitive Physic of Mr. Westley had the merit of good design, but venturing out of his depth, in a subject, on which he trusted to exploded receipts and fantastic whim, rather than judicious authors, or actual observation;

tion; ſome of his remedies are ineffectual, too many highly dangerous, and the work laid him open to the attack of a vigorous aſſailant.

A modern writer, who adds the energy of truth to good poetry, has paid the honeſt tribute of well-earned praiſe, to a man who ſpent a long and active life in the ſervice of his fellow creatures.

Round Weſtley's urn no ſanguine laurels bloom,
No widow's curſes murmur on his tomb;
No blood-ſtain'd ſpectres haunt his parting hour,
Grin round his bed, and o'er his pillow low'r;
No butcher'd orphan glares indignant by,
To ſcare the ſlumbers from his cloſing eye,
But peace comes ſmiling with a ſeraph's wing,
And ſteals the barb from death's *relenting* ſting.
To his laſt hour, the good man's meed is given,
APPROVING CONSCIENCE, AND APPROVING HEAVEN!
With all the warmth that genius cou'd impart,
He pour'd the living precept on the heart;
Conſol'd the feeble, and confirm'd the ſtrong,
And led the timid fearleſsly along;
Grief, ſickneſs, ſorrow, want, his bounties ſhar'd,
And needy worth was ſure of its reward.
Not even avarice, the vice of age,
Clouded the luſtre of his life's laſt ſtage;
Rich in the treaſure of a feeling mind,
He knew no good but that of all mankind.

WHAT ARE WE DOING? A natural and uſeful queſtion, in the mouth of every man we meet, to which an obvious and eaſy reply may be made.

After an armed truce, and peace without ſecurity, we are again at war with France, whoſe territorial acquiſitions, and population are too great for the ſafety and repoſe of Europe; to that empire, already too powerful, have been added the maritime provinces, navigable rivers, ſtrong holds, wealthy cities, and flouriſhing towns of Flanders, which have been for many centuries the mart for Engliſh manufactures; a valuable and regular vent for the productive commercial genius of Great Britain.

Vaſt indeed, and rapid have been the ſtrides of that military republic,

republic, or rather that republican monarchy to the univerſal empire of Lewis the fourteenth, to prevent which our anceſtors bled, Naſſau contrived, and Marlborough conquered in vain.

Such are the reſources of the foe we have to encounter; yet theſe and other evils we now experience, might have been prevented in the reign of Queen Anne; to determine preciſely whoſe fault or whoſe crime it was, at that interval of culpable negligence or perfidious corruption, would require, and has required, a voluminous diſcuſſion.

It however, does not admit of a doubt, but, that, at the period of which I ſpeak, the wild bull might have been ham-ſtrung, the maniac might, and ſhould have been everlaſtingly crippled.

When we conſider the paſt, and *behold* the preſent ſtate of France; the Revolution in that country, although commenced and carried on, under other colors, appears to have been a deep-laid ſcheme for corrupting the principles, diſturbing the internal tranquillity, ſubverting the conſtitution, and ſeizing the commercial advantages of England.

The inſidious plan for *blowing up this country* (I quote the words of a Frenchman) and for carrying into execution *a deadly but pacific warfare*, with the ſources of our happineſs, was dictated by ambition, ſelfiſhneſs, French aggrandizement, and French vanity; but good faith, humanity, gratitude and common honeſty, were wholly baniſhed from it.

Such being the generous policy laid down and adopted by our enemy; that of diſarming us by a hollow truce, and ſapping the ſprings of our wealth and national energy, by hoſtile commercial enactments, war is clearly our ſafeſt, our only reſource.

But, is every man in the kingdom prepared to contribute fifteen ſhillings in twenty out of all he poſſeſſes? Are we qualified *one and all*, and if qualified, are we inclined to ſhoulder the muſket? Is there a ſpirit of co-operation and contribution *proportionate to the magnitude of their ſtake*, in the more wealthy and elevated claſſes of ſociety?

Undue alarm, and torpid inſenſibility ſhould be avoided; but he who looks boldly in the face of danger, is beſt able to oppoſe it.

Whatever be our fate, the part we have acted, and *ſtill have to act*, is honorable to the ſpirit and reſources of the country; on every ſhore, and on every ſea,

ſea, our campaigns have been brilliant and ſucceſsful; *invincible* armies ſubdued, whole fleets deſtroyed, or reluctantly wafted into our ports. Victory abroad, at home proſperity, peace and plenty; is it *ridiculous* Mr. ***** to have procured and to defend ſuch important bleſſings?

Whilſt the kingdoms of Europe have been humbled, diſmembered, or *fraternized*, and the German empire is triturated into impalpable powder by Gallic empirieiſm; Great Britain, dignified, firm, and ſerene in conſcious ſecurity, and eminently aſcending in the ſcale of political importance, mounts in the whirlwind, and defies the ſtorm.

But it is not only as Britons fighting for our God, our king, and our country, that we ſhall be diſtinguiſhed in after ages; the part we have acted as Chriſtians, as men who *feel* what they profeſs, has been alſo glorioufly conſpicuous.

With many near and urgent claims on our charity and benevolence at home, we received, we hoſpitably received ten thouſand miſerable fugitives, from the diſſipated repentant prince, to the humble curé; forgetting antient prejudice, and preſent hoſtility, we ſheltered them from murderers and robbers, we treated them with liberality and kindneſs.

With ſo many rational ſources of ſolace and ſatisfaction, why or wherefore ſhould we deſpair; peace with the barbarians had paralyſed our commerce, which already feeling the energy of the ſon of the illuſtrious Chatham, is rapidly reviving; the ocean is covered with our ſhipping, and the timid Gaul, if he ventures with his *invincible flotilla* only to the mouth of his harbour, is in a moment involved in fiery deſtruction;——ſo may he periſh, and his councils periſh with him!

WHAT BOOKS SHALL I READ? a queſtion often aſked, but ſeldom ſatisfactorily anſwered; it was put to Mr. Pope by the ingenious Doctor Young, when the poet was preparing himſelf for ordination.

In a moment of frolic, the tranſlator of Homer, replied "Thomas Aquinas." Young, in the ſimplicity of his heart, and not yet a courtier, thinking his friend in earneſt, immediately purchaſed the works of the author he recommended, and retiring to his cloſet, devoted himſelf wholly to ſtudy.

It was ſoon obſerved, that the author

author of the Night Thoughts did not appear as usual among his friends; and Pope calling at his lodgings, discovered him wading up to his neck in Aquinas; a hearty laugh took place, and but for this lucky explanation, an interesting poet, and a good parish priest, would have been lost to the world.

Sir Richard Blackmore, when a medical student, made a similar application to Sydenham, who recommended Don Quixote; whether he followed the doctor's advice is not recorded; yet I think if he had perused, felt, and properly tasted that fine vein of solemn ridicule, so exquisitely sketched by Cervantes, who possesses the rare art of telling the most laughable stories, with features unmoved; it might have prevented Blackmore devoting so much time, and wasting so much ink and paper, to the enchantments of Merlin, the heroic Arthur, and his puissant knights; it would have saved him from the satirical shafts of Pope, and the injurious, because unmerited, panegyric of Dr. Johnson.

Although so much has been said and sung, to the disparagement of Blackmore, and his muse; if not a good poet, he appears from cotemporary and traditional evidence to have been what is a far more praise-worthy, and important character, a sincere Christian, and a good man; a conscientious discharger of the duties of private life; humane, and charitable, with a wife of similar dispositions.

Associating rarely with gay and elegant circles, they passed the last years of life, as most rational beings would wish to pass them, in tranquillity and retirement, preparing for the great journey we all must take; Sir Richard had probably found his muse, a pleasant fire-side companion, after his medical fatigues, and as every man is at times inclined to mount a hobby-horse, perhaps an aerial pegasus, is the least expensive, and under the guidance of discretion, as little mischievous as any.

Instructions as to the proper method of studying have often been given, and catalogues of books which young men ought to read, have frequently been made; in the present state of literature, it would be highly desirable, to have a list of books which need not, or ought not to be read.

Such an *index expurgatorious*, would be useful in forming a modern library, and is indeed become absolutely necessary for the direction of the common class of readers, who are perpetually

petually miſtaking compilations for original works, and for want of proper guides, inſtead of going to the fountain head for information and amuſement, ſometimes quaff from muddy, and ſometimes from unwholeſome ſtreams.

A *catalogue raiſonnè* nearly anſwering this deſcription, was once attempted by the late Mr. Patterſon, a man to whom modern collectors in this country are under conſiderable obligations.

I have ſomewhere ſeen propoſals for executing a plan of this kind addreſſed by a ſociety of learned men, in one thouſand ſeven hundred and thirty-four, to that illuſtrious patron of literature, the Marquis Scipio Maffæi; but a project, which properly executed, would have laid open, and at one view, all the ſources of original information, produced by a ſtrange fatality, a moſt violent paper war; the various departments of learning, were to have been allotted to the different perſons according to the nature of their purſuits and qualifications; but for want of union and concord, the whole, except the proſpectus of which I ſpeak, which was well drawn, fell to the ground.

"WHAT WORK A WIFE SHOULD DO," extracted from a book of huſbandry, publiſhed in the early part of the ſixteenth century.

If a man had preſumed to hint to the late Mrs. Woolſtoncroft, that a married woman who followed theſe directions, might be as happy in herſelf, and as uſeful a member of ſociety, as one formed upon *her* plan, and exhibited in a certain ſingular, and very reprehenſible book, publiſhed ſince her death; the bare ſuppoſition would probably have produced a ſneer from the heroine, and a contemptuous frown in the philoſopher, who in the memorial he has left of his deceaſed wife, has palpably overleaped the boundaries of decorum and good ſenſe: perhaps the ſceptic who is for diſcuſſing and unveiling *every thing*, had in his mind the ſentiment of a certain poet, and was of opinion that he was

"Never ſo ſure our wonder to create,
As when he touch'd the bounds of all we hate."

But the old faſhioned doctrine of domeſtic duties, and female occupations, muſt not be forgotten.

"When firſt thou awakeſt in the morning, lift up thy heart and voice in thankfulneſs to God who made thee; thus calling to mind thy Maker at thy early riſing, thou ſhalt ſpeed better for it the reſt of the day.

"Having arrayed thyſelf as becometh a decent houſewife, ſweep thy houſe and dreſs thy diſh-board, and ſee that all things be ſet in due order within and without, that the kine be milked, the calves ſuckled, and the milk ſkimmed; then let the young children be taken up, waſhed right wholeſomely all over them in ſpring water, combed and kirtled, and ſit down with thy family to breakfaſt.

"Corn and malt muſt be ordered for the mill, and that thou have thy meaſure again, mete it to and from the miller, who elſe will not deal truly with thee; or thy malt will not be dried as it ſhould be.

"Thou muſt make butter and cheeſe according as the weather urgeth, and the cows fill the diſhes; the ſwine muſt be ſerved morning and evening, not forgetting the poultry; and when the time of year cometh, thou wilt take good heed how thy hens, ducks, and geeſe, do lay; gather up their eggs diligently, and when they wax *broody*, ſet them right cunningly, ſo that neither beaſt, ſwine, nor vermin hurt or moleſt them; all whole footed fowls thou knoweſt will ſit a month, and all cloven-footed fowls, three weeks, except pea-hens, turkies, cranes, and buſtards.

"I adviſe thee earneſtly to remember well one thing; when in winter time, that the days be ſhort and the evenings long, and thou ſitteſt by the fire, and haſt ſupped, conſider in thy mind, whether the works that thou and thy maidens do, are of advantage equal to the fire and candle, the meat and the drink that they conſume; if not, go to thy bed, ſleep, and be up by time to breakfaſt before day-light, that thou mayeſt have all the day before thee entire, to thy buſineſs.

"In the beginning of March it is time for a wife to have an eye to her garden, and to get as many good ſeeds and herbs as ſhe can for the pot and the platter; in March alſo is the ſeaſon to ſow flax and hemp, it needeth not for me to ſhew how it ſhould be ſown, weeded, pulled, watered, dried, beaten, broken, tawed, hackled, ſpun, wounden, warped and wove, for in ſuch matters peradventure, thou art better inſtructed than me.

It is my buſineſs to obſerve, that although a woman cannot wholly

wholly and altogether get her living honeſtly by the diſtaff, yet it ſhould always be ready for a paſtime; it ſtoppeth many unemployed gaps, and provideth articles, both for bed and board, for which hard money muſt otherwiſe go forth from thy huſband's purſe; there be ſpinſters as well as wives, who make it a matter of conſcience, never to *buy* ſheets, body-clothes, towels, ſhirts, ſmocks, and ſuch like.

"It is a wife's occupation to winnow all manner of corn, and to keep a watchful eye, that the day-labourers and out-dwellers, bring not with them, nor carry forth nor conceal their pokes (bags) which under a pretence of holding their bottle and ſcrip, only ſerve to lower the heap on the barn floor.

"It is a wife's occupation to waſh and to wring, or to ſee well after and be among them, that the ſoap and fire-wood be not made waſte of; to be briſk at harveſt, and in time of need, while the coppers are boiling the proviſion, to help her huſband load the waggon or the cart; to go or ride to market, and ſell her butter, cheeſe, eggs, chicken, geeſe, and pigs; to purchaſe all neceſſary things, and to make a true reckoning and account thereof to her huſband, when ſhe returns."

To addreſs the above homely directions indiſcriminately, to women of all ranks, would be caricaturing advice, and converting wholeſome rules, into ironical ridicule.

Yet, if the majority of our young women of ſcanty expectations, would not fix their eyes ſo ſteadily as for the moſt part they do, on the more elevated and wealthy claſſes of ſociety, whom they vainly and ruinouſly attempt to imitate; if in their views, their education, their habits, their dreſs, and their manners, they could happily be prevailed on to attend more to domeſtic duty, and leſs to trifling amuſement, and ornamental accompliſhment; if they could be convinced that to make a pudding or a ſhirt, or even their own gowns, is a ſpecies of knowledge rather more uſeful, than dancing a minuet, talking bad French, or ſpoiling a piano forte; we might in that caſe hope to ſee gradually diminiſhed, that ſhocking and enormous maſs of venal beauty, which renders our paſſing the ſtreets, after a certain hour, diſtreſſing to our feelings, hazardous to the morals, and injurious to the health of the riſing generation.

Women, indeed, formed on the narrow, unphiloſophic plan, here aimed at, would probably not

reach that criterion of abſolute perfection and equality, ſought after and expected by Mrs. Woolſtoncroft, they perhaps would in ſome reſpects, come under the deſcription of what ſhe calls domeſtic drudges; ſurely a more deſirable ſtate, than being drudges to infamy and proſtitution.

Women thus educated and thus inſtructed, would probably revolt, at living as concubines with one man, or at indulging warm wiſhes for another, the huſband of a friend; they would not only ſubmit to ſtated returns of religious worſhip *without repugnance*, but would ſeize with eagerneſs and pleaſure every opportunity of pouring forth their hearts in gratitude and adoration to the Almighty Creator of the univerſe.

When their laſt hour was come, as reaſonable beings, ſenſible of their frailties and faults, they would naturally caſt an anxious eye towards that world unknown; they would neither deſire nor deſerve the panegyric of a modern philoſopher; by quitting a ſcene of trial, and temptation, on which eternal happineſs, or eternal miſery depended, with cold indifference, or ſuppreſſed anxiety.

WHAT MUST YOUNG WOMEN DO? A queſtion occurring at the one hundred and ninth page of my firſt volume, and ſucceeded by the following words; cuſtom forbids *their* making overtures to men; *they* cannot, however heartily they may wiſh it, get married when they pleaſe.

Indeed it is impoſſible to viſit a theatre, a church, or a watering place without remarking the number of agreeable women, nine tenths of whom will waſte their ſweetneſs in the deſert air.

If this is an evil, which perhaps admits of doubt, a remedy for it has been *peremptorily* demanded of me, by a lady, who ſometimes reads, and ſometimes writes for this compilation.

If it *is* an evil, to have a number of pleaſant well-dreſſed members of ſociety, who make good daughters, good ſiſters and *excellent aunts*, the only remedy is, that the young women in queſtion ſhould form their habits, their dreſs, and their manners, to that claſs of ſociety which *can* marry.

The female who is *determined* never to wed without a carriage, a town and country houſe, &c. &c. ſhould recollect, that there are about half a million of *both* ſexes of the ſame opinion, and that in ſuch a lottery, the *prizes* are few; indeed, I have known ſome of theſe nice calculating damſels, who

who fancied they *had* ſucceeded, make miſerable unhappy wives.

But for a woman who is ſatisfied to accept a man's hand from the middle ranks of life, who prefers comfort to ſplendor, and internal peace to external ſhew, who can ſubmit to paſs an hour or two every day in her kitchen, make a pudding for her huſband, and mend his ſtockings without flying into hyſtericks; a woman who is ſatisfied with a *treat* once in a year or two at Margate or Brighton, but is juſt as well pleaſed and much happier with the arm of a man ſhe loves, *up* Conſtitution-hill, *round* Kenſington gardens, and ſometimes a ſocial *ſhake* to Richmond;—a woman ſatisfied with theſe ſimple but real pleaſures, unleſs ſhe has ſome intolerable defects of body, mind or temper, may in my opinion, get a huſband any day of the week, if ſhe acts with common prudence and diſcretion.

WHITAKER, JOHN, an orthodox divine of the church of England, rector of a pariſh in the county of Cornwall, the name of which I find it extremely difficult either to write or to pronounce, and author of a Hiſtory of Manchester, which ought rather to have been called, occaſional remarks on the general ſtate of Britain, under the Romans and Saxons, as it ſwells far beyond the legitimate bulk of a local hiſtory, in ſize, extenſive range, and diverſified ſubject.

This learned and animated writer is a ſtrong *manneriſt*, if we may be allowed to apply a painter's expreſſion to a literary man.

Were one of his productions to be copied by a Chattertonian artiſt, on old parchment, and in the character, phraſe, and obſolete expreſſion of other times; were it to be immured in an old cheſt, or buried in the receſſes of Herculaneum, and at a proper ſeaſon to be produced with the cobwebs, mouldineſs, and venerable ruſt of antiquity, I could inſtantly diſcover the Mancheſter hiſtorian, by his deep learning, acute reſearch, etymological ſkill, and what is not always united with them, his flowery ſtile and rhetorical flouriſh, but more than all, by his deciſive tone and plauſible dexterity, in referring all evidence, direct, collateral, or by implication, to the confirmation of his own hypotheſis.

In one of his publications, Mr. Whitaker ſupports with pertinacious ingenuity, the doctrine of a Trinity, in a manner, according to his own account, "equally

"equally new and juſt, confirmed by a train of hiſtorical reaſoning, comprehenſive in its ſcope, and deciſive in its efficacy."

Readers at all in the habit of indulging doubt or enquiry, will naturally wiſh to know, what mode of reaſoning or what evidence has enabled the Corniſh rector to decide, as it were by mathematical demonſtration, a queſtion which has proved a ſource of perplexity or bitter altercation to many great and many good men.

He aſſerts, that the Trinitarian myſtery "derives its origin from the antient Hebrews, who received it from their anceſtors, the Patriarchs, and retained it through every period of their hiſtory, till the coming of the Meſſiah."

One of the principal foundations on which he reſts his hypotheſis, is, that the Almighty, ſpeaking in the firſt perſon, in the book of Geneſis, makes uſe of the pronoun and its relative, in the plural number, "WE will make man after OUR own image:" yet this proof ſo ſatisfactory to its triumphant producer, and imputed by many to the idiom of an Oriental language, has not appeaſed the anxieties of the ſcrupulous.

For this and other peculiarities, I have heard him cenſured, in words applied by him to David Hume, *with a little alteration*; they poſſeſſed very different qualities, but had they been compounded by ſome miraculous or chymical proceſs, into one man, the *tertium quid*, would have been an excellent and faultleſs writer, each of them poſſeſſing in an eminent degree, what the other wanted.

"He is too ſanguine to be conſiſtent, too fond of a favorite hypotheſis to be accurate, too much warped by local predilections to be authentic, too flowery, verboſe, and declamatory to be correct;" yet after all his faults, ſome of which many readers conſider as beauties, I am not acquainted with any modern writer who excells Mr. Whitaker, in tracing the obſcure etymologies, and elucidating the dark periods of our Anglo-Saxon hiſtory.

On ſubjects of ſcripture criticiſm, he is elaborate and ingenious; in eccleſiaſtical remark occaſionally diligent and ſucceſsful, and equalled only by Mr. Badcock; but falls ſhort of the South Molton critic in conciſe energy, concentrated copiouſneſs, and argumentative cloſeneſs.

WICK-

WICKLIFFE, JOHN, a ſtudent of Merton, in the fourteenth century, and rector of Canterbury College, Oxford, a foundation afterwards ſwallowed up in the magnificent ſtructure, founded by Cardinal Wolſey, at Chriſt-church.

He fulfilled the duties of his office with credit, till, by the intrigues of the Vatican, he was removed; two crimes were laid to his charge, ſuperiority of talent, and preſuming to think for himſelf, while the income of his rectorſhip attracted the avaricious wiſhes of his ſucceſſor, Woodhull, a hungry regular, who was at once hated and deſpiſed.

It has been frequently objected to Luther, that if the monopoly of indulgences enjoyed by his order had not been invaded, he would have held his peace. Had Wickliffe been permitted to enjoy his poſt undiſturbed, thoſe religious doubts, firſt produced by the injuſtice of his oppreſſors, perhaps might have been diſſolved in the dangerous ſunſhine of luxurious eaſe.

As the Almighty only can read the ſecrets of the heart, I will not decide on the motives of our intrepid reaſoner, who was ſpirited and energetic, while the majority of his cotemporaries were bound in the fetters of credulity, and ſcholaſtic chimæra; his was the merit of firſt leading the way to unperverted truth, he made rapid advances in demoliſhing popiſh errors, at a period remotely anterior to Luther and Melancthon.

The doctrines which Wickliffe preached, and in which he was openly countenanced by the Duke of Lancaſter and his ſon, were wonderfully bold for the age in which he lived; they are additional proofs of what has been often inculcated in this work, that forcible argument, uncontrovertible deduction, intereſting truth, and even common ſenſe, will not on all occaſions, inſure a favorable reception from mankind, blinded by ſuperſtition, and prejudiced againſt their benefactors, by the ſelfiſh ſuggeſtions of intereſted and irritated teachers.

The human mind muſt be gradually trained and prepared by the mild influence of literature, philoſophy, and ſcience, or the precious ſeeds will fall on a ſoil, either choaked with weeds, or unfriendly to vegetation.

The tenets maintained by the ſubject of this article were theſe:

I. The conſecrated bread and wine are not the real body, but only the emblem or figure of Chriſt.

II. Rome is no more the head than any other church, nor was more

more power given to Peter than the other apoſtles.

III. When the church miſbehaves, or makes an ill uſe of her endowments, it is not only lawful, but meritorious, for a prince or temporal lord to take them away.

IV. The goſpel affords ſufficient direction for the conduct of a Chriſtian; all other rules or diſcipline eſtabliſhed by men, in matters of faith, may or may not be followed, according to the conſcience or convictions of every individual.

Wickliffe, who, contrary to the fate of many reformers, died a natural death, was publicly examined by his old enemies Archbiſhop Langham, and Courtney, Biſhop of London, before a vaſt concourſe of people, in St. Paul's church.

On this occaſion, he was accompanied by his patrons, the Duke of Lancaſter and Lord Percy, and a diſpute ariſing between the ſpiritual and temporal peers on a point of ceremony, whether Wickliffe ſhould ſit or ſtand, the people took part with the biſhops, and the meeting broke up in confuſion.

The following words paſſed between Courtney and the Duke. *Biſhop.* "It is unreaſonable that a clergyman cited before his ordinary ſhould ſit during his anſwer. He ſhall ſtand." *Duke of Lancaſter.* "Wickliffe, ſit down; for you, my lord biſhop, you are grown ſo proud and arrogant, I will take care to humble your pride, and that of all the prelates in England."

Biſhop. "My confidence is in God alone, who gives me boldneſs to ſpeak the truth." The *Duke*, ſpeaking ſoftly to Lord Percy, "Rather than take this from the biſhop, I will drag him by the hair of his head out of the church."

The ſubject of our preſent article was Rector of Lutterworth in Leiceſterſhire, and at a public meeting of the clergy in that county, was reproached by Knighton, a canon of Leiceſter, in the following words: "You have tranſlated the goſpel of Chriſt out of Latin into Engliſh; that goſpel which was entruſted to the clergy and the doctors of the church, that they might miniſter it to the laity and the weaker ſort, according to the exigency of time and occaſion; by *your* means, this Scripture jewel, this evangelical pearl, has been rendered vulgar and of ſmall account, and will at laſt be trodden under the feet of ſwine."

With equal propriety, Knighton might have addreſſed himſelf to the cutler, who furniſhed knives for the purpoſe of eating dinners:

dinners: "You have done an imprudent action, you have put inſtruments of deſtruction into hands which may perpetrate miſchief with them; a paſſionate man may murder his neighbour, and a deſponding one commit ſuicide."

WIDOW OF EPHESUS, the faithleſs relict of a doating huſband, the circumſtances of whoſe ſtory have been related and embelliſhed by poets, hiſtorians, ſatiriſts, and wits, for the purpoſe of raiſing a laugh at the expence of thoſe widows who propoſe themſelves as patterns of inconſolable and everlaſting affliction; it proves, if any proof were wanting, that the moſt outrageous expreſſions of ſorrow and regret, may be ſpeedily followed by flagitious conduct.

A paſſage in Petronius, and a *baſſo relievo*, dug from the ruins of Nero's palace, are the teſtimonies in favor of this tale, on the truth of which, learned men have not exactly agreed.

The weakneſs of human reſolution, and the probability of over-acted, great, oſtenſible ſorrow, not being always real, and ſeldom of long duration, have, however, given currency to the anecdote, from the days of John of Saliſbury, a biſhop of the Gallican church, at the cloſe of the twelfth century, to the time of Euſtace Deſchamps, who, in thirteen hundred and ninety-three, compoſed a ſhort hiſtory of this tranſaction in French verſe.

A wire-drawn novel, on the ſame ſubject, publiſhed in duodecimo, at London in 1665, under the aſſumed name of Harris, ſcarcely deſerves to be mentioned; though conſidered and coveted by collectors as a ſcarce book, it is a ſtrange unintereſting medley of wild digreſſions, ſceptic opinions, and culpable obſcenity.

It is not a little ſingular, that, among the various ſuperſtructures built on the ground-work of Petronius, Du Halde mentions a Chineſe publication, caſt in a dramatic form, and apparently borrowed from the frail ſubject of our preſent article. Perhaps it may be aſked, did the Satyricon ever find its way to the libraries of Pekin? To this it may be anſwered, that human nature is the ſame in all countries; that without having peruſed the ſatiriſt of Nero, a writer of common ſagacity, and a little knowledge of the world, would naturally deſcribe widows like their ſex, inconſtant, and young men as hot-headed and amorous.

The frail ſubject of our preſent article has afforded materials to various writers. The following

ing is taken from an old book in obſolete French, and the production of the fourteenth century. "*Honis,*" ſays the writer, "*ſoit qui en mauveſe fame ſe fie.*"

A brave but gentle knight was bleſſed with a tender and loving helpmate, who was the delight of his heart, and the pleaſure of his life; they were conſidered as patterns of nuptial felicity; but all earthly happineſs is tranſitory. The dame having been ſorely oppreſſed with a grievous malady, her fond huſband, from the effects of anxiety and broken reſt on a delicate conſtitution, languiſhed for a few months, and died.

No bounds were ſet to the lamentations of his unhappy widow, ſhe obſtinately refuſed both comfort and food; vowing that the ſhort remainder of her days ſhould be devoted to ſolitude and grief; that ſhe might honour the memory of that beloved man, who, for her preſervation, had ſacrificed his life.

She followed his body to the grave, and, after the funeral rites were performed, throwing herſelf on the ſepulchre, with diſhevelled hair, ſhowers of tears, and heart-rending groans, declared, that the hand of death alone ſhould tear her from that ſpot which contained the remains of all that was dear to her on earth.

Her friends made allowance for violent language and frantic geſture, when they conſidered the magnitude of her loſs, and hoping that the oblivious hand of time would diminiſh the ſharpneſs of her pangs, requeſted her to quit the dreary manſion of death, and withdraw to her own houſe. Their words availed nothing, and, after repeated expoſtulations, they left the diſconſolate fair one in the family vault, which had been lately and magnificently erected by her huſband; lights, food, furniture, and additional clothes were placed in the mauſoleum.

It was the cuſtom of that age, whenever a malefactor was hanged, to expoſe his body for ſeveral days on the gibbet, as an impreſſive example; and to prevent its being ſtolen (which relations, on ſuch occaſions were generally eager to do, that they might bury a ſight ſo reproachful to their families) a centinel was placed on the ſpot during the night.

It happened, that on the very day of the interment of the knight, a robber had been executed, and at no great diſtance from the widow's ſubterraneous apartment.

The midnight hour approached, and in that ſevere ſeaſon of the year when moſt men would prefer a fire ſide and a jovial board,

board, to a nipping froſt, and the keeping watch over an executed criminal.

The ſoldier on duty was a young man, graceful in his form, of creditable birth, and decent education. Imagining that in ſuch a night there would be little danger of ſurprize, and finding it impoſſible to keep himſelf warm by motion, he reſolved to retire a few minutes from his poſt for the purpoſe of procuring an additional garment, and a cordial draught to warm his ſtomach.

A light iſſuing from the door of the vault caught his eye, proceeding to the ſpot, he knocks, and, being queſtioned who he is, and whence he came, briefly relates his ſtory, adds, that he is almoſt frozen to death, and begs admiſſion, and a little refreſhment.

After ſome delay, with mutual injunctions and promiſes of good behaviour, the door is opened, and a cup of wine revives the young man's ſpirits. He eagerly looks around him, and ſees, with ſurprize, a lovely female immured in the caverns of death; he ſwallows a ſecond glaſs, and as love and good liquor render moſt men eloquent, attempts to enter into converſation. The widow reluctantly informs him of what had taken place, and gives him to underſtand, that ſhe had firmly reſolved to live and die with the corpſe of her huſband.

He will not believe what he hears; expatiates on the folly of a young and beautiful woman burying herſelf alive, and inſiſts, that the beſt tribute ſhe can pay to the knight's memory, would be to return without delay to ſociety, and ſpend the income he had generouſly left her in acts of charity and benevolence, rather than thus unreaſonably devote herſelf to ſackcloth and aſhes for life.

After gently chiding him for having introduced a ſubject on which ſhe had irrevocably made up her mind, ſhe repents having admitted the ſtranger, and preſſes him inſtantly to leave her. He profeſſes great concern that his advice ſhould give offence, thanks her for her hoſpitality, and hurries back to ſee that the body is ſafe: but, in his abſence, the brother of the perſon who had undergone the ſentence of the law, watched his opportunity, and conveyed it away.

Terrified at the circumſtance, and convinced that death would be the certain conſequence of having quitted his poſt, the centinel ſeeks in vain for that which was loſt, and, in the unceaſing reſtleſſneſs of vexation, wanders, without exactly knowing why,

to

to the mauſoleum of the knight. In the mean time, his perſon and advice had made a deep impreſſion, and had driven every idea of her clay-cold huſband, from the widow's heart.

He requeſts admiſſion; the well known voice produces in her breaſt a ſhort lived ſtruggle between pride and inclination; he enters, and gives to great love a victory complete; a victory, however, not without thoſe recollections of what we ought, but what we cannot do, and which give dignity and decorum, even to defeat.

The young ſoldier, with terror in his looks, relates his misfortune, declares himſelf a loſt man, and that diſgrace and death will be his inevitable portion. "It would be a pity," replied the fair tenant of the manſion, in a ſoftened tone, "it would be a pity that ſo well diſpoſed a youth as you appear to be, ſhould miſerably periſh in the prime of your days; but, alas! what can be done, what can a forlorn, a deſerted woman do?" "It was by liſtening to that voice, and by the faſcination of thoſe eyes, that I omitted returning to my poſt, and would they but look kindly on me," replied the centinel, gently preſſing her hand, "would they but look kindly on me, it would be ample compenſation for death in its moſt terrible ſhape."

"Alas," cried the dame, "where is my widow's vow, where is the memory, reſpect, and unremitting ſorrow, for my departed huſband; ah, remorſeleſs, bewitching young man, you have baniſhed them from my breaſt for ever. Ought I to expect good faith in a ſecond love, who have ſo ſpeedily been taught to forget the obligations due to my firſt. Ah, ungrateful ſoldier, *if* you deceive me, but I will not believe it poſſible; I yield to the omnipotence of love, which, like neceſſity, is the parent of many inventions, and it points out what muſt now be done to ſnatch you from that death which, I feel, would be productive of my own.

"The dead body, ſo lately depoſited in this vault, muſt ſupply the place of that which has been taken away; there is neither ſenſation, reſentment, hope, nor fear with the dead. Heaven is my witneſs, that while I was a wife, nothing was omitted on my part for the ſolace and comfort of my departed huſband." They inſtantly opened the coffin, and bearing the corpſe between them, conveyed the knight from his ſumptuous mauſoleum, and ſuſpended him on the ignominious tree.

tree. 'SO MOURNED THE DAME OF EPHESUS HER LOVE, AND SO WAS COMFORTED.'

Thus far moſt of the narratives agree, but their concluſions widely differ; in one inſtance, the happy pair, after having given and received ſo deciſive a proof of mutual attachment, become man and wife. In another, the lady having informed the ſoldier that it is in her power to relieve him from his embarraſſment, makes, in a manner not the moſt conſiſtent with female delicacy, a previous agreement, that if her plan ſucceeds, he ſhall accept of her hand in wedlock; but, after a performance of the agreement on her part, the quondam lover declares, in a ſurly tone, that a woman of her character is not to be truſted, and quits her abruptly.

A third relater of the ſtory makes the poor widow take an active and indecorous part in maiming and mutilating her huſband, that his body may not appear different from that of the malefactor; and the perfidious centinel, after receiving ſuch ſtrong proofs of her love, inſtead of repaying it with gratitude and rapture, ſpurns her rudely from his embrace, and reproaches her in bitter language for her unnatural conduct; declares, that if he had been weak enough to marry her, he ſhould expect to be ſpeedily ſupplanted and murdered by ſome more vigorous and ſucceſsful rival. With more of the ſtern ſeverity of an executioner than of grateful gallantry, he then unſheaths his ſword, and at one ſtroke, ſeparates her head from her body.

With ſo much unmerited obloquy, and ſo much of unfeeling ridicule attached to the deſerted ſtate of a widow, a ſtate to which the woman of our heart may the next moment be reduced; I may perhaps be pardoned, for adding a few words on the ſubject.

"By the inſurmountable barrier of a teſtamentary forfeiture, *my* better half ſhall be guarded from nuptial indiſcretion," ſays a man of prudence and foreſight, "ſhe ſhall not have it in her power to waſte the inheritance of my forefathers, and the fruits of the induſtry of my life, on a youthful paramour of eighteen, or a brawny citizen of Tipperary."

The prudent man ſickens, and dies; his parchment-bound widow, in the mid-day of life, ruſhes from her weeds, after ſix long months, into the world.

For many years in the uninterrupted habit of nuptial endearment and legal gratification, and with all her paſſions about her, ſhe finds a cruel, an unjuſtifiable

tifiable embargo laid on the firft of pleafures; laid on too by a mercilefs taſk-maſter who had prepared a burthen for his wife, to which his whole life proved *he* was unequal; a taſk-maſter, who within ſix months of his wedding day, had *a little ſnug thing* in the new buildings; who would himſelf, had *he* been the ſurvivor, have been dropping ſugar plums into the mouth of ſome forward hoyden, or country couſin, or been hugging the greaſy beauties of his cook-wench, before the body of his deceaſed wife was cold in her ſhroud.

"Theſe are your moral philoſophers, who would enforce the rigid maxims of forbearance," cries his injured relict, in the inquietude which unnatural compulſion and unjuſtifiable coercion ever produce. In the heat of irritation, ſhe yields to voluptuous indulgence, and ſinking into infamy is generally avoided.

"What then is to be done?" exclaims the anxious father of a family, with a will voluminouſly extended into unceaſing proviſionary inuendoes, a dexterous attorney at his elbow, and that devil, a fortune-hunter, waiting to ſtep into his ſhoes, haunting his imagination. "What is to be done? Is there no way?"—

If you have children, ſettle on them, to the uttermoſt farthing, the *whole* of your fortune, whatever be the amount, to be equally divided between them after your own death, and that of their mother. Bequeath to your widow, ſuppoſing her to be leſs than fifty years of age, abſolutely, and *unclogged with conditions*, an annuity for her life, generouſly proportionate to the magnitude of your fortune.

On the ſubject of future marriage, let her be perfectly at liberty, nor expoſe yourſelf, by the fatal, the fooliſh, the frequent error, of ſuppoſing, that *her* conduct, whom generoſity does not influence, will ever be rendered correct by legal reſtriction.

It is ſurely far preferable, that the ſharer of your bliſsful hours, the ſoother of your early cares, your children's mother and guide, whoſe conduct and example muſt have a powerful effect on their future lives; it is far preferable that ſhe ſhould again enter the ſtate of wedlock, though not in every reſpect, according to your wiſhes; than that ſhe ſhould exhibit to the world, as in too many inſtances has been done, a ſhocking and odious ſpectacle of age without decorum, of a life commenced in honour, but ending in ſhameful proſtitution.

In declining life, when the pulſe *ought* to beat with ſober temperament, and indicate only a nurſe

a nurſe and a night-cap, there can be no poſſible objection againſt preventing tottering imbecility, and hoary impotence, from *committing* the ſin of matrimony, under circumſtances, in which avarice, folly, or worſe motives, muſt, on one ſide or other, have been predominant. In ſuch caſes, legal interdiction ſeems as neceſſary as fetters for a deſperate felon, or the coercion of a ſtrait waiſtcoat, for an unmanageable madman.

WILLAN, JOHN, a ſtable-boy, at Barnet, and a contractor for providing the artillery with horſes, who (to uſe a common, and as a foreigner tells me, our national characteriſtic expreſſion) *died worth* a hundred thouſand pounds.

In the humble condition of an attendant at the Red Lion, he attracted the notice of the Duke of Cumberland, in the year 1745, by his unwearied diligence and ſobriety, but more particularly by his accurate knowledge of every thing relating to the diſeaſes, the form, the value, and the comforts of a horſe.

It is not to celebrate an hoſtler, though ſucceſsful induſtry, in any ſtation, deſerves praiſe; it is not to work up inſignificance into heroiſm, of which a good-natured critic accuſes me, that this article is introduced: Willan, by humble, but honeſt merit, raiſed himſelf from obſcurity to affluence; without being injuriouſly crafty, he attained dexterity in purſuits, where numbers fail.

But it was not for theſe reaſons only that he deſerved a ſhort memorial; it was to enforce an important, a ſometimes forgotten leſſon, that I mentioned his name in this place.

His qualifications were of a diſtinct peculiar kind, and fortunate accident placed him in a line, where thoſe qualifications, and *only thoſe*, enabled him to do credit to his patron, to ſerve his country with fidelity, and ultimately to lay a foundation of fortune and of fame.

In the various occurrences of life, who does not lament a differently conducted diſtribution? who can ſee without indignation many an official ſituation occupied by inſignificant tools, without one talent or attainment, to enable them to diſcharge their duty with public applauſe, or private ſatisfaction.

In theſe and ten thouſand inſtances, motives totally foreign to requiſite performance, are thrown into the preponderating ſcale, by partiality and friendſhip. I have known men advanced and preferred for the following curious reaſons,

reaſons, becauſe they were God-children to their patrons, becauſe they were odious in a preceding reign, had ſaved a favorite's life, or repeatedly forfeited their own.

The aſſociate of a Pharo table has obtained the command of a fleet, from which a worthy character has been diſmiſſed, in a career of the moſt brilliant victories; envoys have been diſpatched on important miſſions, for whom even enemies have bluſhed; a well-played rubber at whiſt, being an excellent ſhot, a keen fox-hunter, a three-bottle man, a hummer of a catch and glee, have been the means of providing many a comfortable retreat at the Admiralty, the Cuſtoms, the Treaſury, the Stamps, or the Exciſe, for men, whoſe abilities in any other reſpect, ſcarcely qualified them for ſigning a Treaſury-warrant, or voting a congratulatory addreſs.

In private life, this prepoſterous miſconception, or intereſted miſapplication of ability, is ſometimes diſtreſſing, and ſometimes ridiculous, as it occaſionally appeals to our duty, as chriſtians, and our feelings as men.

I have known a perſon, who notwithſtanding his being *a very poor ſcholar*, and an invincible brogue, was forced on a family as a Maſter of Languages, becauſe he was father of a numerous offſpring, who had loſt their mother.

A ſurgeon was once *irreſiſtibly* recommended to me at a watering-place, who was paralytic and purblind; but I could not poſſibly object to his bleeding me, as he was a very worthy creature, and beſides, had been unfortunate in the world.

Not many years have paſſed, ſince a man was crammed down the throats of a borough in the Weſt, as a Singing-Maſter, with one eye, and a defect in the palate of his mouth, becauſe he was diſtantly related to a French ſurgeon, who had been particularly fortunate in his treatment of My Lord, on his tour.

Tailors verſed in all arts but that of making clothes; Butchers, who deal in carrion; and Lawyers, who know more of whiſt than the ſtatutes; Authors, who underſtand more of cookery than grammar; Phyſicians, who are readier at retailing ſcandal than preſcribing; and Surgeons, who think more of running-horſes than their patients, are, on every occaſion, ruſhing in at the avenues of prejudice, or of recommendatory commiſeration, to deprive us of the advantages of profeſſional eminence, extraordinary genius, and mechanic dexterity.

To

TO EXPECT US TO PREFER A MAN FROM ANY MOTIVE BUT EXCELLENCE IN THE ART HE PROFESSES, IS A PERVERSION OF MORAL JUSTICE, AND HOWEVER IT MAY BE RECOMMENDED BY CHARITABLE DESIGN, IS EXERTING A CRUEL AND IRRATIONAL SPECIES OF DESPOTISM.

WILLIAMS, Mr. the ſchool-fellow, the confidential friend, and afterwards, the private ſecretary, of Richard Weſt, Eſq. Keeper of the ſeals in Ireland, in the reign of King George the firſt.

This gentleman is mentioned for the ſake of introducing part of a letter well worth recording, which, in the anxiety of real friendſhip, he wrote to the widow of his Patron, on the ſubject of her Son, Mr. Richard Weſt, a young man of lively imagination and elegant manners; who, vibrating between a love of literary leiſure, and the ſeverity of profeſſional ſtudy, incurred the riſk of ſinking into ſordid ſupineneſs.

A tendency to this inglorious eaſe, is the misfortune of the age, the natural effect of morbid refinement, on an immenſe population, from which, and from the circumſtance of *genteel employments*, ſufficiently numerous, not offering, our coffee-houſes are filled with liſtleſs loungers, and our jails with wretched priſoners, the unhappy victims of pride and vanity.

The lady, to whom the letter is addreſſed, was a daughter of Biſhop Burnet; and the young man, who is the ſubject of it, was in habits of the cloſeſt intimacy with Mr. Gray, a man ſcrupulouſly nice in the choice of his aſſociates. Several of his letters are preſerved by Mr. Maſon, and his Ode to May, deſerved and obtained the praiſe of Dr. Johnſon.

Lyons, Jan. 12, 1739.

——— ——— ——— "I often think of my friend Dick, and write on purpoſe that you may communicate what I ſay to him. You have not ſpoke of him a great while; from whence I conclude two things, that he is pretty well, but does not ſtudy the law; if he did, your ſatisfaction and his, would ſoon make me hear of it.

"Young people do not ſee far, and, what is worſe, do not care to be adviſed by thoſe who can. They will not be the better for *our* experience. What would I not undertake, were I twenty years of age, and with my preſent knowledge of the world? It is at his ſervice.

"I have often conſidered his averſion to the law, and lament it, becauſe it is a natural, and

almoſt a ſure method of advancing himſelf. His father's name, ſo much eſteemed, his friends and mine, with his own parts, could ſcarcely have failed. He has no fortune, at leaſt, none ſufficient to keep him clean, unleſs in retirement, which I know (though perhaps he does not) he never will chuſe.

"My caſe and his were much the ſame. With ſmall expectations of fortune, and lively parts, I was ſoon introduced into good company; they were pleaſed, and I was flattered. 'My boy,' ſaid my father, who was an excellent mathematician, but knew very little of the world; 'My boy ſhall qualify himſelf for polite circles, and ſome one or other of theſe great men will provide for him.'

"I directly ſtudied French, Italian, dancing, fencing, riding, drawing, heraldry and muſic. In ſhort, I was made a fine gentleman, inſtead of being educated to a profeſſion; inſtead of acquiring knowledge, that was uſeful and neceſſary to mankind, I was furniſhed only with the ſuperfluities of life. Without a fortune, I was taught to live as if I had one. Habits were formed, which if I did not ſucceed, would make me miſerable for the reſt of my days.

"Something more than Greek, Latin, French, Italian, &c. was neceſſary; and I was ſhut up for two years, in order to ſtudy the Hiſtory of Europe, Domat on the Civil Law, Grotius, Puffendorff, and laſtly, four folio volumes of Treaties. This labour gone through with tolerable ſucceſs, I was next to find a Patron. My great friends had not been uſed to hear me ſpeak of wanting employment; they reliſhed my converſation, and praiſed my Odes; however, they ſmiled on, till my father's pockets grew low, and dreſs and chair hire became too expenſive.

"Luckily, a Patron was at laſt found, who underſtood what wit and parts were, as he excelled in them himſelf; but he knew, that theſe alone, were not enough; I endeavoured to convince him, I had more material furniture in my head, and ſucceeded. We went abroad together; the weight of his character, which was excellent, and his being a near relation of the miniſter, gave me reaſon to expect the moſt flattering conſequences. What hindered? Why, the commoneſt thing upon earth, my patron was turned out, and Mr. Secretary had to ſeek for another.

"With better luck than ordinary, and two or three great men's recommendation, another was found, and my little boat

was

was again afloat; the gale was profperous and the weather fine; but in a twelvemonth, the Envoy died. Thefe changes aftonifhed me; I was a young man, and did not recollect that people were to die, or miniſters to be turned out.

"What was to be done now? No money, and my former patron in diſgrace. Friends timid and cold, unable or unwilling to ſerve me. In this condition, in want of every thing but a fine coat and a laced ſhirt, I languiſhed on for three long melancholy years; ſometimes elevated for a moment, by a ſmile, or a nod, but for the moſt part ſolitary, dejected, and reduced to the agony of talking of my misfortunes and wants, and that baſeſt of all conditions, the intolerable ſlavery of borrowing to ſupport an idle, uſeleſs being. What would I *then* have given for a profeſſion. My Greek, my wit, my Italian, my dancing, and my treaties, were entirely uſeleſs to me.

"In this wretched ſituation, retired eighteen miles from London to an obſcure village, in debt to tailors, drapers, butchers, and chandlers ſhops, I received a letter from an intimate friend, acquainting me, that he was juſt appointed to a conſiderable employment; and deſiring me to come directly to town, and determine which of the conſiderable places, he had to beſtow, would be moſt agreeable to me.

"Gueſs at my joy and gratitude, I can expreſs neither, any more than my grief, but by thoſe tears which now flow from my eyes, becauſe that friend is no more.

"He overlooked my unfitneſs for any place under him, from my ignorance of the law; and obliged me to take the beſt he had to give, which was full a thouſand pounds a year. His age, and my own promiſed riches, for many years to come; but it was permitted that *he* ſhould die too, with which I end the hiſtory of myſelf.

"My reaſon for reciting it, you and Dick know too well, it is to make him ſenſible, that WITHOUT THE KNOWLEDGE OF SOMETHING, WHICH MANKIND CANNOT DO WITHOUT, NEITHER WIT, PARTS, FRIENDS, NOR PATRONS, CAN SECURE A MAN FROM WANT.

"Let us ſuppoſe for a moment as law is not his favourite ſtudy, that he *ſhould* ſucceed in the diplomatic path, and be appointed Secretary to a Miniſter at a Foreign Court; let it be remembered, that he cannot obtain *that* without a kind of knowledge to the full as difficult and diſagreeable in acquiring as the law

of England; as remote from wit and poetry, and thoſe purſuits with which he has too long amuſed himſelf. But, ſuppoſing him to have ſo far ſucceeded, as to be King's Secretary to the firſt embaſſy in Europe, he will not be in half ſo comfortable a condition to a man of ſenſe, as if he was in a three pair of ſtairs chamber at the Temple, in the way of getting only 200l. a year.

"In ſhort, places are ſo precarious, the attendance in ſearch of them, ſo mean and unmanly, refuſals and delays ſo inſupportable, and the loſs of them, when obtained, ſo dreadful to one who has not a good private fortune, that it is a line no reaſonable man would ever adopt by choice; A USEFUL PROFESSION IS BETTER THAN A THOUSAND PATRONS.

"I grieve when I recollect, that my friend Dick is now twenty-two, and has not yet read one book ſince he left Eton, for which he or his family, will be at all the better as long as he lives."

The Editor of this compilation is not able to ſay what effect ſo much good advice produced; I fear not that which the giver of it wiſhed, as Mr. Weſt, with a good heart, and many companionable qualities, *was infected with the cacöethes ſcribendi*, which, generally ſpeaking, diſqualifies thoſe who labor under that incurable diſeaſe, for performing either the common buſineſs, or the more important duties of life, with efficacy and ſpirit.

WILLIAMS, RHYNWICK, an individual of debauched manners, and obſcure life, whoſe crimes or misfortunes have procured him a name, by which he will more eaſily be recognized by my readers,—the Monſter! an ignominious diſtinction, which was univerſally beſtowed upon him, with other epithets of abuſe and deteſtation.

Excited by no one intereſt or gratification, but the helliſh one which ariſes from terrifying and injuring a lovely but defenceleſs part of the creation; Williams is deſcribed, as having employed thoſe intervals of time which could be ſpared from an effeminate employment, and vulgar ſenſuality, in wandering through the ſtreets, to ſeek unhappy females, for the exerciſe of his unaccountable malignity.

After much threatening, and much obſcene language, menacing, geſture, and bitter imprecation; with a weapon, and in a manner hitherto neither diſcovered nor underſtood, he ſecretly and

and ſuddenly inflicted deep and dangerous wounds, before the objects of his malice recovered from the ſurprize his previous deportment produced.

Such has been the ſtrong language of terror, and indignation, delivered upon oath in a court of juſtice, and received with implicit faith by the generous ſenſibility of a ſympathizing public: for who, at the recital of ſuch atrocious barbarity, has not felt for a wife, a mother, or a ſiſter? And that breaſt muſt be callous to humanity as well as juſtice, which has not throbbed with reſentment againſt the unnatural maimer of beauty, youth, and innocence.

The vigorous Roman, who, to remedy the ſcanty population of his country, ſnatched the Sabine virgin from her weeping mother, repaired the injury as far as he was able, by honorable wedlock, and the gentle endearments of domeſtic love; in modern times, the headſtrong raviſher, condemned to death by the laws of his country, finds ſome ſalvo for his crime, in the fury of ungovernable paſſion, or the unjuſtifiable duplicity of a vile coquette, who excites, abuſes, and enjoys.

But the ſtrange depravity of the ſubject of this article ſeems to admit neither extenuation nor defence; towards *him*, ſeverity in its utmoſt exceſs, is a virtue; at the tribunal of gallantry, doubt and diſtruſt are treaſon, and moderation is almoſt conſidered as ſharing in his guilt.

But as there are other tribunals before which this and every other tranſaction ſhould be deliberately examined, without prejudice, and without paſſion; it is our duty to obſerve, that previous to his being apprehended, ſeveral perſons had been poſitively charged on oath, with being guilty of the ſame offence, for which Williams was afterwards committed and puniſhed.

This circumſtance, together with a ſpecies of alibi, partially, but not ſatisfactorily proved on the trial, authorizes me in venturing to ſuſpect, that he might poſſibly not be the guilty perſon. Yet, if after coolly examining the evidence, it ſhould appear ſufficiently correct and exact, to bring home the charge inconteſtibly, and prove him actually the *man*, I ſhall ſtill (for ſome reaſons I mean to produce) be equally unwilling to allow that he was the *Monſter*.

Melancholy experience obliges us to confeſs, that human nature, in its loweſt ſtate of depravity and degradation, is capable, when unreſtrained by religion, by fear, or by ſhame, of flagrant enormities, which manhood revolts

volts at, and decency cannot name. Yet I believe few inſtances can be produced, in which many great and repeated riſks and dangers have been incurred, for the mere unmixt motive of miſchief only, without ſome foreign alloy of carnal appetite, intereſt, ambition, envy, or revenge.

I can, without difficulty, conceive a hot-headed, unprincipled ſcoundrel, working himſelf into a paroxyſm, little ſhort of madneſs, from the rage of diſappointed luſt, or the irritating anguiſh of a certain diſeaſe, entailed on illicit love. I can imagine him, in a moment of promiſcuous and indiſcriminate cruelty, declaring war againſt the whole female ſex, and binding himſelf by oaths and execrations, to maim, diſfigure, and deſtroy.

Such inſtances, I fear, have occurred; I would conſider them as devils incarnate, as imps of hell in human ſhape; to ſhoot, to hang, or drown them, with other noxious animals, beaſts of prey, and mad dogs, would be a uſeful and meritorious ſervice.

Williams by no means anſwered either of theſe deſcriptions, for he was the confidential and happy lover of many women *of a certain deſcription*; his health had no otherwiſe ſuffered, than from the languid characteriſtic debility of a long courſe of debauchery, which always impairs the faculties, and exhauſts the frame.

But while his fair friends bleſſed him with ſmiles, they did not repleniſh his purſe; his poverty was abject, he was almoſt pennyleſs, and if he really was the monſtrous culprit deſcribed, which I ſtill doubt, I am clearly of opinion, his aim was rather at the pocket than the perſon.

To throw ſome light on this aſſertion, it will not be amiſs to obſerve, that cutting open, and ſometimes cutting off the pockets of females, is by no means an uncommon ſpecies of theft; that it poſſeſſes this recommendation, when performed with dexterity, the contents of the pocket drop inſtantly on the ſpot, and are taken up by the offender at his leiſure, without alarming the perſon plundered, and with little fear of detection.

If it ſhould be objected, that, in every known inſtance, wounds were inflicted, but the pockets remained untouched, and that it was aſſuredly bad policy in a pick-pocket, to give a previous alarm, by violent language and outrageous behaviour; I ſhall only obſerve, that the trade he had taken up, and the myſterious manner in which he carried it on, were new to him; that, as a noviciate, he exerciſed it unſkilfully.

His

His virulent language, and threatening deportment, in the complicated mafs of evidence given in, are placed at a wrong period of the tranfaction; they *followed*, rather than *preceded* the offence, and were made ufe of, when, after being accufed of ill-defign, he had been repeatedly defired to keep his diftance; they are to be regarded as the paffionate ebullitions of difappointed villainy, affecting the honeft indignation of fufpected innocence.

The fingular, the heroic, perhaps, the miftaken zeal of Mr. Swift, ought not to pafs unnoticed; who, after expofing himfelf to the unerring piftols of Col. Lenox, and fearlefs of female frowns and public refentment, generoufly ftood forth to defend a miferable man, the object of univerfal deteftation.

The culprit, it muft be confeffed, had to contend with the learning and abilities of diftinguifhed lawyers; with zeal to ftimulate, prejudice to give fuccefs to, and lavifh fubfcriptions to reward their efforts; "While all I could oppofe to fuch powerful combinations," fays Williams, in a pamphlet, remarkable for figurative language and obfcure fentiment, the effect of gloomy guilt, or the perturbation of oppreffed innocence, "while all I could oppofe, was ignorance and indigence, a menaced advocate, brow-beaten witneffes, a ftorm of prejudice, and fhipwrecked hopes.

"At fome future time, when the refentments of my enemies have fubfided, they may be prevailed on to acknowledge, that public juftice is fometimes converted into a deadly weapon by private revenge; that prejudice is the nurfe of error, and reward, the mother of perjury.

"Thofe, alfo, who were fo eager in procuring and pronouncing the fentence againft me, at fome remote period may be induced to confefs, that, in contemplating the aggravated magnitude of my offence, they neglected to examine, with their ufual ftrictnefs, the various contradictions of my accufers, their exafperated paffions, and other circumftances, which, if they could not pofitively and certainly acquit me of the crime, at leaft rendered my innocence as probable as my guilt."

Perhaps, it may be an object worthy the confideration of thofe appointed to expound our laws, and difpenfe us juftice, whether *demanding exceffive bail, that iron rod of the old tyranny*, and which, in the cafe of the wretched

ed Williams, and others I could mention, is tantamount to perpetual impriſonment, be conſonant with the mild ſpirit of the Engliſh conſtitution.

If a man's crime be ſo atrocious as to merit perpetual impriſonment, and the law of the land annexes it to his crime, in God's name, be that his ſentence. But I truſt the venerable bench will never ſo far yield to the impulſe of popular infatuation, as to puniſh crimes with pains and penalties, aggravated by poverty and abhorrence, but to which they never were, by law, originally attached.

" I hope," and I thank God and our forefathers, for the conſoling hope, " I hope and truſt that the penal code of England, is too accurately and preciſely defined, by humanity and common ſenſe, ever to be ſilenced or miſled by the anticipations of prejudice, the outcry of paſſion, by mercileſs precedents, or the deciſions of times, whoſe example, it will in *every* inſtance, be meritorious to avoid.

WILLIAM THE FIRST, King of England; part of a letter written by him to Pope Gregory the ſeventh, in the year one thouſand and ſeventy-ſix; when we recollect the ſtate of men's minds at that period, it is a proof of the vigorous intellect and independent mind of the Norman.

"The legate Hubert lately admoniſhed me, that I ſhould do fealty to your holineſs; he alſo reminded me of certain ſums due to the ſee of Rome.

" To the latter I made no objection, but to the former I will never ſubmit, becauſe I never promiſed to do it, nor is there any good evidence that my predeceſſors have done it; continue, holy father, to pray for us and the ſafety of our kingdom."

I doubt if his majeſty was correct in what he ſaid of his predeceſſors not having done fealty.

WINE, a luxury ſeldom taſted by authors.

We ought not to lament that its conſumption declines, as a moderate abridgement may help to reduce us to a calmneſs and ſobriety, ſuitable to our circumſtances and ſituation.

In a converſation on the ſubject of adulteration, a gentleman introduced a ſample of wine, he was going to purchaſe; the taſters accidentally caſting a little from their mouths on the fire, the quantity of its natural or adventitious inflammatory ſpirit, was ſo great, that it ſet the chimney in a blaze, and was productive of alarm and expence.

The

The owner of the houſe immediately ſent for the wine-merchant, related the circumſtance, and inſiſted on their paying the damage, the firemen, &c. or loſing the cuſtom of himſelf and all his acquaintance; Meſſrs. Elderberry, Sloe, and Company, ſubmitted to the fine with reluctance.

The circumſtance is mentioned in this place, for the purpoſe of calling on gentlemen, to keep a watchful eye on theſe manufacturers in the Oporto trade; who, ſince the additional tax, have been more than uſually aſſiduous in their vocation.

Should theſe *inventors of port*, obſtinately perſiſt in their ineffectual, and I fear, unwholeſome methods, of improving the flavor, and adding new tints to the juice of the grape, gentlemen know their remedy.

Since powder and pomatum have become an expenſive luxury, it has become a faſhionable policy, to abſtain from uſing them; I recommend it to the worthy profeſſors of NEAT AS IMPORTED, to be careful, leſt they puſh their refinements ſo far, as to eſtabliſh a ſimilar mode among *their* cuſtomers.

"You are an excellent packer," ſaid a *bon vivant* to a waiter, who brought him a bottle of wine, of very ſcanty meaſure, "I don't underſtand you, ſir," replied the attendant. "You have contrived to pack a quart of wine in a pint decanter," was the explanation.

WISHART, WILLIAM, an eminent Calviniſtic writer, principal of the college of Edinburgh, and the ſubject of a pointed ſarcaſm, or as ſome think, of an acrimonious miſrepreſentation of Dr. Johnſon; "YOU HAVE WISHART AGAINST REPENTANCE," which with his uſual tone and predominating emphaſis, he pronounced in a diſpute with Mr. Boſwell, on the comparative merits of the Engliſh and Scotch divines.

The title of the book alluded to, was, if I miſtake not, The Danger of a Death-bed Repentance, a pious and energetic work, in which Dr. Wiſhart conſiders a religious and well-ſpent life, as *indiſpenſably* neceſſary to ſalvation; that according to the expreſs words and tenor of the goſpel, this neceſſity is repeatedly inſiſted on, without any reſerve or exception. He deſcribes with conſiderable pathos, the *ſnare* into which ſo many thouſands have been deluded, to go on ſecurely and uninterruptedly in a courſe of ſin, and to retrieve all at laſt by a death-bed repentance.

He inſiſts, "that all hope, or even poſſibility of eſcaping from the

the wages of ſin in another world, by ſuch means, is abſolutely excluded, by the nature and deſign of religion, and the plain declarations of holy writ, that to form the Chriſtian character is, and muſt be, a long and gradual work of time, application and ſtruggle, that it muſt have a beginning, a middle, and an end; that a ſinner arreſted in the full career of thoughtleſs ſenſuality, and called to his account, after only a few hours of repentance and remorſe, the effect of ſelfiſh fear, and by no means the offſpring of ſpontaneous, habitual propenſity; that ſuch a perſon would in fact be unfit to appear in the preſence of his Maker; he would not be qualified to aſſociate with the ſpirits of juſt men made perfect.

"If we neglect to acquire the neceſſary diſpoſitions, if we do not endeavour to ſubdue the baſe and malignant paſſions; in a word, if we do not acquire a heavenly temper, change of place will ſignify nothing, we can be happy no where; we muſt create a heaven in our own boſoms, before we can expect to enjoy that which is prepared for us."

I will not refuſe to the Edinburgh divine, the merit of good deſign; nor can it be denied, that the poſitions he wiſhes to eſtabliſh, are ſupported by various paſſages of ſcripture; and that the arguments he produces, are admirably calculated to make ſtrong impreſſions on the human mind, ſo very apt to be ſeduced by trifling purſuits and momentary gratifications, from moral and religious duties; yet a ſyſtem ſomewhat leſs terrific than that of Calvin, hath been deduced from the words of our Saviour, to the dying malefactor, one of his companions on the croſs; alſo, from the parable of the laborers, who did not repair to their work in the vineyard, until the ninth hour.

To theſe, another conſideration may be added, that it is preſumptuous in mortals to pretend to limit the extent of God's mercy, and thus pronounce, as it were, ſentence of everlaſting damnation on the majority of their fellow creatures, whom humanity, expediency, and common ſenſe, ſhould induce us to leave repoſing on the boſom of their God.

We have ſcripture authority for believing, *that in our Father's houſe there are many manſions*; and it is neither impious nor irrational to ſuppoſe, that there may be gradations of puniſhment as well as reward.

I cannot quit ſo momentous and

and awful a ſubject, without lamenting, *that* folly and procraſtination, which delay to ſickneſs, old age, infirmity, or to a period which never may arrive, that ſalutary taſk, which ought to be the chief pleaſure and buſineſs of life, in the days of health and ſtability.

Such conduct is little ſhort of madneſs, and can only be compared to the ſons of Belial, repoſing on the ſilken pavilions of pleaſure, while thunders roll and lightnings flaſh; and rioting in luxurious exceſs and criminal indulgence, while the ſword of divine vengeance, upheld only by a ſingle hair, is ſuſpended over their heads.

WIT, DANGERS OF, thus pointed out by a modern divine.

"He who poſſeſſes wit, is in general ſo delighted with the praiſe and attention it procures, that he will ſuffer no conſideration of propriety or charity, to keep it within bounds; to raiſe the loudeſt laugh, and keep the table in a roar of merriment, is his only object.

"It cannot be denied, that this is gratifying to a young man of lively parts, a warm imagination, and ambitious of fame; but in the bliſs of ſuch enjoyments, he ought to recollect, that in every large company, there are many ſelfiſh, ill-natured people, who, from envy, or for worſe purpoſes, will not fail to circulate a joke, which probably firſt originated from harmleſs levity, but which diffuſed by theſe retailers of ſcandal, may render the object of it, ridiculous for life, and ruin him for ever as a commercial or profeſſional man; for he whom we have long laughed at, we ſhall ſoon begin to deſpiſe."

A ſtriking inſtance of this ſpecies of miſapplication occurs in the life of Swift, who conceiving an averſion againſt the political opinions of Serjeant Betteſworth, a lawyer of abilities and reputation in the reign of Queen Anne; made a rhyme to his name, which attached an unconquerable ridicule to it, and by the barriſter's own confeſſion, deprived him of a thouſand pounds a year.

Calling on the dean, he threatened to chaſtize him, which the lampoon certainly deſerved; yet Swift of all party zealots the moſt malignant, pretended to make an outcry on the occaſion, forgetting that it was himſelf who had given the firſt blow: he clearly deſerved a *threſhing* for the inſult, and ought to have had it.

"Another common failing with men of wit, is, that they are

are perpetually tempted to wander from matter of fact; so many little additions to, or deviations from it, appear necessary to *varnish the tale*, that they become gradually reconciled to falshood, forget that the law of truth is, or ought to be, inviolable and sacred, and at last consider the *excellence* of a story, as a sufficient apology for its being wholly unfounded.

"But, let us see whither these pursuits will lead; the enemies the wit hath created, for no man likes to be made a joke of, and the provocations he receives, sour his temper, and exasperate his passions; anger gets the better of prudence, and he degenerates into a bully, a duellist, a satyrist, or a cynic; the talent which first made him a public favorite, now estranges him from the common benefits of society, and he becomes a living proof, that even in this life, JUDGMENTS ARE PREPARED FOR THE SCORNER."

WOMEN. It has been observed by a late writer, that in the conquest of South America, the Spaniards received considerable assistance from the females of the country they invaded.

Columbus would have perished for want of food, had he not been supplied by a woman; and Marina, who acted in the double capacity of mistress and interpreter to Fernando Cortez, was actively instrumental in the destruction of Mexico, where she first drew her breath.

The females, in the instances I have mentioned, were of that unhappy class, who are generally attached to their companions, only by the gross, unsentimental tie of carnal appetite: they were the mere instruments of pleasure and convenience, the domestic drudges, rather than the confidential friends, of their *masters:* it is natural, if women are treated as slaves, that they will, *like slaves*, be indifferent to a change of tyrants.

But I could produce ten thousand instances, from ancient and modern times, of FAITHFUL, HONORABLE WIVES, who, in the trying moments of private adversity, or public disaster, have heroically exposed themselves in the cause of their husbands and their children, to danger, difficulty, and death.

Our French neighbours are said to have expressed warm wishes for English girls and English guineas, nor have I a doubt of their ardent desire to deprive us of those invaluable treasures; BUT THEY MUST HEW A PASSAGE TO THEM THROUGH OUR HEARTS.

Du-

During the arduous ſtruggle in which we are engaged with an implacable foe, I have witneſſed numerous inſtances of female patriotiſm, and zealous co-operation; indeed, ſo convinced are the whole ſex, that *our* foe is an enemy to every thing decent, deſirable, and amiable in life, that I now heſitate in believing, that *any* of our lovely princeſſes would ſubmit to the foul embraces of an Egyptian marauder; —that humble beauty, and unaſſuming tenderneſs, which are now the only ſolace of my life, would, I am convinced, prefer death to ſharing my paternal cottage, with a Gallic ſans-cullottes, or a hot-headed democratic renegado.

WOMAN EATERS, a ſpecies of monſter lately deſcribed, who kill the objects of their fury, by means not eaſily accompliſhed, and by which few women are ſaid to have died.

In the courſe of a trial, which attracted conſiderable attention, a few years ſince, an inſtance of this atrocious method of proceeding, was brought to light.

A witneſs, who was footman to an unfaithful wife, being aſked on what occaſion it was that he firſt obſerved any improper familiarity between his miſtreſs and the friend of his maſter, thus explained himſelf:

"Walking at a certain time, in a field adjoining to the houſe in which the family reſided, I happened accidentally to look back, without being aware that any perſon was behind me; when I ſaw Sir Thomas kiſſing my miſtreſs, as if he would eat her up."

"Moſt of us, at one time or other of our lives," ſaid a barriſter, "have ſuffered from the indulgence of unruly appetites; but when gentlemen proceed to ſuch lengths as to devour their neighbours wives, they muſt not complain if they are compelled to pay for ſuch luxuries."

It was obſerved, on this occaſion, that the wife of the baronet exhibited no appearance of diſ ſatisfaction, altho' her huſband ſeemed to be *eating up* Mrs. D*******; ſhe called it only a whet, and ſaid, that her good man would return to family fare with undiminiſhed appetite.

WOODEN SHOES. At a time when a pair made of leather, coſt a labouring man, for himſelf only, thoſe for his wife and children wholly out of the queſtion, more than two-thirds of his weekly pay, it may be a matter of utility, as well as curioſity.

curiosity, to give the following dialogue, produced by a modern traveller, on a subject, which in a late reign formed one of a set of political watch-words; *the Pope, the Devil, and the Pretender; France, Poverty, Soup Maigre, and Wooden Shoes.*

A. Let me cheapen this pair of wooden shoes.

B. For heaven's sake walk on, and let me not hear you mention that, which is justly held in derision, contempt, and abhorrence, by every free-born Briton.

A. How much a pair, friend?

C. From two-pence to seven-pence, sir, I have all sorts and sizes.

A. You seem to have a fine parcel.

C. Yes, heaven be praised, there is no want of shoes in this country.

B. Such as they are.

C. I believe no place affords better, or cheaper, sir.

B. Pray now, honest friend, how is it possible for a human creature to walk in them?

C. Was there ever such a foolish question? Don't you see thousands in the market, who never wear any other? Walk with them, quotha!—ay, and run with them, and dance with them too.

B. Is it possible that there can be any warmth in wooden shoes?

C. They are much warmer than your's.

B. Are they light?

C. Much lighter, I understand, than ploughmen's shoes in England, and full as pliant.

B. Are they durable?

C. You cannot easily wear them out, only keep them from breaking, and they will last a long while.

A. They certainly are a cheap and comfortable accommodation for the poor.

B. Wooden shoes a comfort! ridiculous.

A. Let me see,—why then, for about half-a-crown, a man may shoe himself, his wife, and half a dozen children.

B. May trammel, may fetter them, you mean.

A. How can that be, when you hear they dance in them?

B. And so they might in chains, and probably with equal *comfort.*

A. They are perfectly at liberty to make use of others.

B. At liberty in wooden shoes! I am surprized to hear a man of your good sense, talk at such a rate.

A. However preposterous you may think me, these people surely have the liberty of wearing others, without molestation, whenever they can afford to purchase them; in the mean time, you cannot deny

deny that wooden ſhoes, the object of your prejudice and averſion, protect their feet from thorns and flints, better than your Engliſh dog-ſkin and ſhamoy; uſe ſoon makes them wear eaſy, and the ſmallneſs of the price places them within the reach of the pooreſt man.

B. At what purpoſe are you aiming? where will all this eloquence, in favor of a badge of ſlavery, carry you?

A. To a very important one; in the northern parts of Great Britain, where all are lords or beggars, ſhoes are a ſcarce article of cloathing; nineteen go barefoot, for one that is well ſhod. Would it not, therefore, be an act of charity to introduce the uſe of this kind of ſhoe?

B. Would you ſow ſedition? would you raiſe another rebellion among them?

A. By no means; I only inſiſt, that wooden ſhoes are better than no ſhoes at all.

It may not be amiſs in cloſing this article, to obſerve, that the Editor has juſt paid a guinea for two pair of ſhoes, and that when he firſt commenced collecting materials for the Common Place Book, the price was only ſix ſhillings each pair.

WOOLSTONCROFT, MARY, a vigorous writer, who, ſince ſuch important revolutions have taken place in the political forms, is of opinion, there is urgent neceſſity for reformation in the domeſtic inſtitutions of mankind.

This advocate for the rights of women, wiſhing to raiſe her ſex to their rank in the ſcale of exiſtence, ſucceſsfully combats the diſgraceful arts by which they have been rendered the mere inſtruments of pleaſure, the playthings of capricious paſſion; ſhe inſiſts, THAT MIND HAS NO SEX, that the female part of the creation are as capable of all that is great and good, as men; and that the inſidious ſyſtem of artificial homage, frivolous occupation, and petty gallantry, ſo generally adopted, is only a cunning device to divert their attention from more important concerns; that it is diſguiſing fraud by flattery, and ſacrificing intereſt to indolence.

Mrs. Woolſtoncroft is equally averſe to the precepts of Rouſſeau and Gregory, and indeed to every ſyſtem which lays down *a wiſh to pleaſe*, as the paramount incitement to female action; conſidering it as an irrational and degrading ſpecies of dependence on

on a being, equally fallible with themſelves.

It is her wiſh that women would acquire ſtrength of body and firmneſs of mind; ſhe conſiders the faſhionable phraſes, *ſuſceptibility of heart, delicacy of ſentiment, and refinement of taſte*, as ſynonymous epithets for weakneſs and imbecility; ſhe endeavours to convert the *lovely tremblers* of the preſent day into active citizens, dutiful daughters, good mothers, and uſeful miſtreſſes of families.

Her deſcription of a female, educated in all the paſſive debilitating propenſities of a modern fine lady, is impreſſive and pathetic. "When the protector of *ſuch* a woman dies, and leaves her with a large family, a double duty then devolves on her, to educate them in the character both of father and mother; to form their principles, and ſecure their property.

"But having never thought, much leſs acted, for herſelf, ſhe has only learned to pleaſe men and depend on them: yet how is ſhe to obtain another guardian for herſelf and children? a huſband to ſupply the place of reaſon? a rational man, though he may think her a pleaſing, docile creature, will not chooſe *to marry a family* for love, when the world contains ſo many pretty women without incumbrances.

"What is then to become of her? ſhe either falls an eaſy prey to ſome mean fortune-hunter, who defrauds her children of their paternal inheritance, and renders *her* miſerable, or becomes the victim of diſcontent and blind indulgence. Unable to educate her ſons, or impreſs them with reſpect; for it is not a play on words to aſſert, that people are never reſpected, who are not themſelves reſpectable; ſhe pines under the anguiſh of unavailing regret, and the vices of licentious youth bring her, with ſorrow, perhaps with poverty, to the grave."

This affecting ſketch, too often exemplied in life, is well contraſted by a different character.

"Let fancy preſent another woman, with a tolerable underſtanding, a conſtitution ſtrengthened by exerciſe, and a body in the vigor of health; qualified by intellect and education to comprehend the moral duties of life, to eſtimate the dignity and ſuperiority of virtuous independence. Formed for a due performance of her relative duties, ſhe marries from affection, but not without prudence; and looking beyond mere matrimonial bliſs, ſecures her huſband's reſpect,

ſpect, before it is neceſſary to exert mean arts to pleaſe him, and feed a dying flame, *a flame which nature doomed to expire, when the object becomes familiar.*

"Fate at length breaks the tender tie; ſhe is left a widow, perhaps without ſufficient proviſion; but ſhe is not deſolate. The pang of nature, though felt, is gradually ſoftened into melancholy reſignation; ſhe returns to her children with redoubled fondneſs, and anxious to provide for them, affliction throws a ſacred ſplendor over the character of a mother.

"Conſcious that the being from whom all our comforts flow, looks down with approbation on virtuous effort; abſtracted, as well as elevated by grief, ſhe cheriſhes the fond hope, that theſe eyes, ſo lately cloſed, may ſtill ſee her; ſhe ſubdues every wayward paſſion, and fulfils the important office of a parent with exemplary propriety.

"Exalted to heroiſm by misfortune, ſhe repells love, and, in the bloom of life, ſuppreſſes a paſſion, which might have been inſpired and returned; concentrates her affections on her children, and her hopes on a world beyond the grave.

"I think I ſee her ſurrounded by her family; their intelligent eyes meet hers, whilſt health and innocence ſmile on their cheeks. As they grow up, the cares of life are leſſened by mutual attention; and ſhe lives to ſee the virtues which ſhe planted on principle, confirmed by habit; her children ſtrong in character, in body, and in mind, able to endure adverſity with unbroken ſpirit, or to enjoy proſperity without being corrupted."

Mrs. Woolſtoncroft's opinion that the woman who converts a warm lover into a rational and ſincere friend, has no cauſe for regret, however juſt and philoſophical, may not, perhaps, be cordially acquieſced in by ladies at a certain age. She ſpeaks with ſtrong diſapprobation of boarding ſchools, and the general ſyſtem of female education; but, till both ſexes are converts to reaſon, rather than paſſion, much of her theory will be conſidered as the reſpectable error of a ſenſible mind, the chimæra of a romantic imagination, ſearching for unattainable perfection.

To follow all her arguments, and produce the various bold and incontrovertible truths advanced in her work, would ſwell this article to a ſize inconſiſtent with the nature of this Collection.

If, however, this ſpirited writer could prevail on her ſex to conſider dreſs, cards, and novel reading, as the amuſement, but

not the buſineſs of life; if that unthinking race, fluttering through the ſtreets, crouding the theatres, and ſubmitting to the ſlavery of faſhion, which they ſo often ſink under; diſſatisfied at home, and abroad the diſturbers of their neighbours; if ſuch triflers could be converted into reaſonable women, examples of wiſdom, piety, virtue, modeſty, and humanity; *ſuch a revolution* would rank the name of Mary Woolſtoncroft with thoſe of the greateſt benefactors to mankind.

It has been obſerved, in reply to ſome of her ſtrictures on the preſent ſtate of women, that daily experience proves the eſtabliſhed ſyſtem cannot be very unpropitious to improvement; that the various departments of hiſtory, poetry, politics, ethics, and philoſophy, have been, and ſtill are, graced with a long and ſplendid catalogue of female worthies; that in the ſocieties of a crowded capital, a provincial town, or the maſs of a watering place, we ſhall find a number of ſilly, idle, uninformed men, more than proportionate to women of the ſame deſcription.

If the education of women, in *ſome* reſpects, approached nearer to that of men, they might, in *ſome* inſtances, be happier, but I doubt, in that caſe, if we ſhould love them as wives, daughters, and ſiſters; particularly, if, as another writer recommends, *they were to ride on horſeback aſtride, and dreſſed in ſmall clothes: Spectatum admiſſi riſum teneatis amici.*

XIMENES, a celebrated Spaniſh ſtateſman, a Cardinal, and Archbiſhop of Toledo, who, by the aſcendency of great talents, accompanied with fortunate incident, burſt from the dark cloud which had for ſo many centuries enveloped his country, and emerging from the embarraſſments of narrow fortune, a tender conſtitution, and a numerous, a reduced, but reputable family, guided the reins of a great monarchy with deciſive vigor, acknowledged capacity, and integrity unimpeached.

A juncture cannot be imagined which more particularly required the vigorous exertion of judgment and reſolution, to check the pride and preſumption of a rich and powerful nobility, who, defying the royal authority, and meanly claiming exemption from burthens and impoſitions laid on their fellow ſubjects, eſteemed the power of tyrannizing over the peaſants, and oppreſſing the provinces, as the hereditary and moſt valuable privilege of exalted rank.

In the fifteenth century, the caſtle

caſtle of a Spaniſh grandee, with its adjacent territory, might be deſcribed as a fortreſs, or royal garriſon, and the haughty lord of the ſoil, ſurrounded by his vaſſals and dependants, as little leſs than a ſovereign prince; while the pomp of his retinue, the ſplendor of his equipage, the luxury of his table, and his farms, flocks, and herds, with a long train of huntſmen, hawks, and dogs, made a near approach to regal magnificence.

To remove oppreſſive and licentious enormity, to reduce within legal bounds arrogant pretenſion, to extinguiſh unjuſt and partial privileges, to enforce the forgotten leſſons of obedience and ſubordination, Ximenes, the ſon of a country attorney, was called from the cloiſter, to which, with the uſual policy of that age, he had retired; thus ſecuring fame, fortune, and rank, by appearing to renounce them.

Four of our preſent Engliſh biſhops owe their mitres to the ſoft interceſſion of female patronage; and, ſince family connection and parliamentary intereſt have been long conſidered by the diſpenſers of church preferment, as more powerful recommendations than ſuperior capacity and eminent attainment; I rejoice rather than lament, that the gentle, but irreſiſtible impulſe of love, occaſionally ſteps in to reſcue men of benevolence, learning, and taſte, from the ruſtic oblivion, thankleſs drudgery, and unrequited toil, of parochial duty.

Ximenes was appointed confeſſor to Iſabella, the wife of Ferdinand, and Queen of Caſtile in her own right; having thus ſecured the ear of a queen, other avenues to preferment and honor were quickly opened to his view.

He appears to have been ſufficiently endowed with two qualities, generally found in eccleſiaſtics, a quick-ſighted attention to his intereſt, and a peculiar ſkill in cultivating, without ſcandal (for *he* was upwards of ſeventy) female favour and protection: for theſe purpoſes, his predominating character was admirably calculated.

By the more immediate nomination of Iſabella, and contrary to the wiſhes of her huſband, he aſcended with decent reluctance, but filled, with exemplary propriety, the archiepiſcopal throne of Toledo, was afterwards appointed regent, and diffuſed an income of more than two hundred thouſand ducats a year, in rewarding merit, cloathing the naked, feeding the hungry, founding ſeminaries of learning, and other public ſervices.

The univerſity of Alcala which

he built and magnificently endowed; splendid editions of the Polyglott bible, and the Mosarabic Liturgy, will be lasting monuments of his liberal patronage of learning and learned men.

(A copy of the Cardinal's bible, called the Complutensian, from its being printed at Alcala, *supposed* to be the antient Complutum, produced, at the Pinelli sale, five hundred pounds.)

Though our prelate thus succeeded to the highest honors ambition could aim at, or royalty bestow, he had, early in life, experienced affliction, that salutary school in which sooner or later all must be initiated, though half the business of life consists in teaching us to avoid, instead of qualifying us properly to endure it.

Stimulated by restlessness which has sometimes been considered as the inseparable attendant of genius, but much oftener the consequence of uneasy situation, and comfortless domestic prospects, Ximenes resolved to visit Rome, but near the confines of Italy was attacked by banditti, who, seizing the little sum his father could advance, left him wounded on the road.

By the assistance of a good Samaritan, whom in his prosperity he did not forget, he was enabled, after a short delay, to continue his journey to Rome, which possessing at that time real power, of which it *now* scarcely retains the shadow, was the land of ecclesiastic promise, and the fountain head of clerical honour and emolument.

From the dexterity of his applications, or the goodness of his recommendations to Alphonso Borgia, a turbulent Spaniard, absorbed in enriching his nephews, who sat on the throne of St. Peter, under the name of Callistus the third, he procured what has been called *a speculative bull*, that antient source of contention which entitled the person named in it, to the first vacant prebend, however valuable.

Ximenes, whose temper and circumstances did not permit him to relinquish any fair advantage, on his return to Spain availed himself of this right, with which he was legally invested by one whom he considered as supreme head of the church.

The firmness of his demands, involved him in altercation with Carilla, at that time Archbishop of Toledo, who, stimulated by interest, or offended by resistance, imprisoned this defender of papal jurisdiction, which it was his fate, at a future period of his life, strenuously to resist, when, on the subject of indulgences, he opposed the artful blandishments, and

and humbled the triple crown of Pope Leo the tenth.

A ſeditious prieſt was confined in the ſame place; in a loud voice, and with ſcriptural language, he raiſed the drooping ſpirits of Ximenes, exhorting him to regard the preſent calamity, as a ſure forerunner of future elevation.

After a ſhort pauſe, ſignificant geſture, and an accurate, or pretended inſpection of his countenance, "I perceive," exclaimed the enthuſiaſtic priſoner, "I clearly perceive, in every feature of your face, ſtrong emanations of the holy ſpirit, united with the nobleſt qualities of the head and heart; you ſhall be the reſtorer of your family, the faviour of your country, and an exalted light of the church.

"In the ſame cell to which I am now conducting you," continued our prophetic phyſiognomiſt, firmly graſping his hand, "was once impriſoned the holy prelate Zerevilla, who afterwards exchanged his fetters for a mitre. Rely on God's providence, and the interceſſion of the Bleſſed Virgin, to conduct you from ſimilar misfortunes, to equal, if not ſuperior triumph and exultation."

This prediction of flattery or of infatuation, which, had it failed, would, with Ximenes and its foreteller, have been buried in everlaſting oblivion, contributed perhaps, like others of ſimilar tendency, to haſten its own accompliſhment; and the future regent of Spain, prudently tempering policy with devotion, and rendering fanaticiſm ſubſervient to the purpoſes of ambition, converted the ſteps of the altar into a footſtool to the throne.

This anecdote of phyſiognomy ſo remarkable, ſeems to have eſcaped the prolixity of Mr. Lavater; I doubt if that ingenious German makes ſufficient allowance for the foreign impreſſions and alterations effected by education, ſuperſtition, philoſophy, and intereſt, on the human features.

By theſe omnipotent innovating taliſmans, men have been taught to counteract and almoſt efface the great biaſſes of nature and diſpoſition, and to conceal the diſpoſition of a ravenous wolf, or the beaked vulture, under the gentle ſemblance of a lamb, or the mild aſpect of a turtle-dove.

This opinion is happily illuſtrated by the well-known ſtory of an antient ſage, who was interrupted in one of his diſcourſes by a ſarcaſtic ſneerer, in the following words: "Let the hoary hypocrite preach up virtue and phi-

philoſophical forbearance, and cry down carnal indulgence, as long as he pleaſes, but believe not a word that he ſays, for I ſee by his face he is a glutton, and a laſcivious debauchee, devoted to vice and criminal indulgence himſelf."

The provoked diſciples were preparing to puniſh, with ſignal ſeverity, this inſolent traducer of a preceptor whom they loved with veneration, and whoſe character they had long looked up to and contemplated as the nobleſt model of human virtue and perfection: "Abſtain from violence," cried the philoſopher, "let him depart unmoleſted; however wrong his deductions may be, the data on which he reaſons are not without ſome foundation: I was early and ſtrongly inclined to the vicious propenſities he alledges againſt me, and ſhould probably have been the monſter he deſcribes, but for the divine precepts of philoſophy, and the preter-natural influence and interference of that guardian ſpirit which preſided over the hour of my birth, encourages me to reſiſt the allurements of vice, and ſecretly directs every action of my life."

I ſhould conclude this article with conſiderable ſatisfaction, were I able to exculpate my favorite character Ximenes from the odious guilt of religious intolerance, and bloody perſecution; but rigid impartiality compells me to declare, that a great, and, in many inſtances, an enlightened miniſter, the reformer of various abuſes in church and ſtate, who had puniſhed the ſpoilers, robbers, and murderers of Mexico and Peru, with death and confiſcation; whoſe voice the proud oppreſſors of his country trembled at and obeyed, was a zealous and active enforcer of the rules of the holy office, an unrelenting kindler of the fires of the deteſtable inquiſition; that he perſonally attended, with pomp, and apparent pleaſure, thoſe abominable *Auto da Fes*, which took their origin from hell.

The cauſe of truth might perhaps induce me to hear with a ſmile, or with a ſigh, that his zeal was ſo ſucceſsful as to prevail, by argument or by threats, on three thouſand Mahometans to be baptized in one day; but his condemning to ſlow fires, numbers of unhappy Moreſcoes and Jews, who ſtubborn in the habits of religious ſuperſtition, turned with horror from the croſs, will hand down the name of the cardinal to after ages, as a bigoted and mercileſs tyrant, an enſlaver of the ſacred rights of conſcience and private opinion, a dealer

dealer of death, and as he thought, of damnation round the land, on all whom he, a creature of frailty and miſtake, conſidered as enemies of Divine revelation.

I have heard, I have frequently heard with pleaſure, but without conviction, arguments in favor of Ximenes, forcibly delivered, and artfully arranged by his countryman, a learned and ingenious friend, who may perhaps favor theſe pages with a peruſal; but I *ſtill think* that the regent was ſufficiently powerful, had he poſſeſſed the inclination, not only to have moderated, but to have overthrown the inquiſition, however interwoven with the dark maxims and ſtern deſpotiſm of the Spaniſh government.

I *ſtill* am of opinion, that no juſtification can be fairly deduced from an expreſſion made uſe of, in the parable of our Saviour, when the various gueſts who were bidden to a feaſt, having on various pretences abſented themſelves, meſſengers were ſent to viſit the highways, to COMPEL OTHERS TO COME IN.

If reaſoning in defence of religious perſecution, often derived from this ſtale foundation of popiſh caſuiſtry, if compulſion, if ſanguinary compulſion in matters of opinion, be once received as obligatory, or even lawful, we then are bound to applaud rather than execrate, the torrents of blood, which have been ſhed from the days of David and Cambyſes; the Roman cruelties exerciſed on the primitive Chriſtians, or by our antient Druids; the horrid Spaniſh *exterminations* in South America, and the bloody maſſacre of St. Bartholomew's Day; the revocation of the edict of Nantz, or the Sicilian Veſpers; the laſcivious fury of Henry the Eighth; the unrelenting bigotry of Mary; the proteſtant aſſociation fires of ſeventeen hundred and eighty, the exaſperated zeal, and conſuming violence of the Birmingham bigots.

The tomb of Cardinal Ximenes is ſtill ſhewn in the college, which he founded at Alcala, and part of the epitaph deſcribes his character, in the Latin of the age in which he lived:

Prætextam junxit Sacco, Galeamque Galero,
Frater, Dux, Præſul, Cardinëuſque Pater,
Qui virtute ſua junxit diadema cucullo.

His device emblematic of the man, was a rock with an arrow ſhattered to pieces againſt it; the motto *Frangitur in ſolido*, was ſuppoſed to denote his ſupreme con-

contempt for the defamatory libels, continually pouring forth againſt his adminiſtration.

Firm in conſcious integrity, he heard without emotion, the calumnies of his enemies, and the only anſwer he vouchſafed to a diſappointed prieſt, who accuſed him of luxurious indulgence, was, ſhewing him a hair cloth, which (whatever his external dreſs might be) he conſtantly wore next his ſkin.

This prelate is almoſt the only inſtance on record, of an individual, at the ſame time reſpected and feared as a miniſter, and reverenced as a ſaint, by his cotemporaries, who generally aſcribed to him the power of working miracles.

It has been doubted whether the religious enthuſiaſm of Ximenes, and the canting myſticiſm of Cromwell, were real or affected. There perpetually occur, amidſt the victories, cabinet intrigues and moſt ſtrenuous energies of the protector, ſuch *ſeekings of the Lord*, ſuch fanatic nonſenſe, and unintelligible jargon, that we are ſtaggered in deciding on his real character.

If Cromwell's religion was hypocriſy, he deſerved a halter; if it was real, he muſt have been a madman, but of a ſingular ſpecies; he was only mad "North and North Weſt; when the wind was Southerly, he knew a Hawk from a Heron."

This is not uncommon; has not the wiſeſt man of us all, ſome darling infatuation, ſome indulged enthuſiaſm, ſome romantic weakneſs in theory or practice, which, at intervals, leads us aſtray from expediency, propriety and common ſenſe?

The Spaniſh Regent appears to have been ſuperior in ſkill, predominating dexterity, and *nice* management to the Engliſh Protector; the latter was equally powerful, but wielded rougher and more viſible *unmechanic* tools.

That military deſpotiſm, which Ximenes once, and only once, on a trying occaſion, diſplayed on a parade from the window of a ſaloon, Cromwell called in too often, and almoſt on every occaſion. He probably accommodated himſelf to the manners of ſterner characters, and uſed ſuch inſtruments as were required by the coarſer feelings of the *Sans Culottes*, by whom he was ſurrounded. To account for the incoherent rhapſodies which Oliver delivered for ſpeeches, we ſhould recollect, that although bred at the univerſity, he had neglected claſſical acquirement, and devoted the golden, the precious irrecoverable moments

ments of youth, to the alternate and contradictory purſuits of groſs ſenſuality, and religious humiliation.

Had Ximenes been a native of England, and attained the power of Cromwell; the ſingular awe-inſpiring nature of his character, would have completely ſubjugated, or diſſipated, the ſpirits and reſolution of the republican and royaliſt leaders, by gentle but irreſiſtible means, and without rendering himſelf like the uſurper, odious to ſo conſiderable a portion of his ſubjects, a circumſtance which paved the way for Charles the ſecond. In that caſe, and with an able *nephew*, the offspring of his own loins, England might ſtill have been crouching at home, and triumphing abroad, under the iron ſceptre of a protector.

YOUNG, EDWARD, a poet and a divine, with more imagination than judgment, but poſſeſſing a ſolemn ſpecies of plaintive verſe, peculiarly his own; he appears to have been conſcious of its merit, when he called his collected compoſitions, The Works of the Author of the Night Thoughts.

The doctor is ſaid to have ſhut his ſhutters, and to have written by a lamp at mid-day, ornamenting his ſtudy with ſkulls, bones, and inſtruments of death; thus early encouraging, by habitual gloom, and melancholy objects, an imagination naturally fertile, in ſeeking for or creating objects for diſcontent.

It has been ſaid, that if Young had been a biſhop, he would never have been an author; but he was far advanced in the pathetic ſtrains of complaint, at a time of life, when hope is warm in the boſom of moſt men; *had* he attained the mitre, a diſappointment in the primacy might have produced the ſame effects on a mind which ſeems to have been endued with more than common ſenſibility, and to have been depreſſed with temporary obſtructions of his proſpects, which every man ſtruggling through life naturally expects to meet with; and if he cannot ſurmount them, does not think himſelf juſtified in retiring to the cloiſter or the hermitage.

Yet it cannot be doubted that THIS GENIUS OF DESCRIPTIVE WOE, had really felt the arrows of domeſtic calamity, and that diſappointed proſpects afforded him an oſtenſible and ſufficient cauſe of complaint.

His Univerſal Paſſion contains much juſt ſatire, good verſe, and laughable humor; but its character is debility. This poem having

having been publiſhed before Pope's Satirical Epiſtles made their appearance, has the credit of giving the lead to that kind of writing.

The country 'ſquire, who welcomes his friend with a thump upon his back; the coffee-houſe beau, who values himſelf on the learning of his heels; the antiquary who is indifferent to his daughter's ſtarving, provided Cleopatra's ſafe; and the lady on horſeback, who *whiſtles ſweet her diuretic ſtrains*, are well deſcribed, and the ſatire, as all ſatire ought to be, is morally applied, without the perſonal malignity of Pope; yet every reader, *and perhaps for this reaſon* prefers Pope.

In Chrononhotonthologos, a ſatirical drama on the vicious ſtyle of certain tragic writers, and not badly written, many of Dr. Young's literary eccentricities are pourtrayed in caricature; particularly the violent ſpeech on the blow, which furniſhed a plot to his Revenge. Bombardinian, the general, on receiving a box on the ear from his royal maſter, breaks out into the moſt furious hyperbole; calls on the ſun and moon to put themſelves into eclipſe, bids hills, dales, ſeas, cities, run together, and into chaos pulverize the world, becauſe Bombardinian hath received a blow.

In another part of this curious drama, and with Young evidently in his eye, the king is alarmed by the arrival of an expreſs to inform him, that an enemy had invaded his territory, and that a blazing bullet *bigger than the ſun* had laid his royal citadel in aſhes. Furious exclamations follow, but the converſation is interrupted by a meſſenger who enters haſtily, and informs his majeſty, that the queen is ſuddenly and dangerouſly ſeized with a complaint in her ſtomach.

Like a good huſband, this news abſorbs his whole faculties, and he directly exclaims, "Bid the phyſicians of the world aſſemble in conſultation ſolemn, and ſedate; more to corroborate their ſage reſolves, call from their graves the learned men of old, Galen, Hippocrates and Paracelſus; all, all attend, and with them bring, whole magazines of gallipotted noſtrums; the man who cures our queen, ſhall have our empire."

Though the tragedies of Young are animated, brilliant and claſſical; though they paint in glowing language the fury of rage and revenge, and the agonies of jealouſy, and deſpair;

pair; yet it muſt be confeſſed, that their beauties are diſgraced by fuſtian and rant.

Were I to produce ſome of the greateſt beauties, and ſome of the greateſt abſurdities that an Engliſh library affords, Young would be the author I ſhould fix on; his beauties are ſublimity of thought, and dignity of expreſſion; his faults are extravagance, bombaſt, obſcurity, and abject flattery.

Yet his Night Thoughts, by which only he will hereafter be remembered, irreſiſtibly ſeize the mind of a reader, and powerfully intereſt him in the midnight ſorrows of the plaintive bard; they have a merit which no productions but thoſe of real genius ever poſſeſs; with ſcarce any facts or incidents to awaken curioſity, they ſpeak to the heart, through the medium of the imagination; they inſtruct, but do not fatigue us; they amuſe, and ſeldom are languid.

His view of the nature and faculties of an immortal ſoul, clogged by the finite and periſhable materials of its houſe of clay, is profound, ſtriking, comprehenſive, and what in him is rare, *cloſely* comprehenſive.

How great, how ſmall, how abject, how auguſt,
How complicate, how wonderful is man!
How center'd in his make ſuch ſtrange extremes,
Of different natures marvellouſly mix'd:
Connexion exquiſite of diſtant worlds,
Diſtinguiſh'd link in beings endleſs chain,
Midway from nothing to the Deity;
An heir of glory, a frail child of duſt!
Helpleſs, immortal, inſect, infinite!
A worm, a god———!
An angel's arm can't ſnatch me from the grave,
Legions of angels can't confine me there!

His arguments in favor of infinite duration in a future ſtate, though not logically concluſive, are beautifully poetic:

"O ye bleſt ſcenes of permanent delight,
* * * * * * * * *
Cou'd ye ſo rich in rapture fear an end,
That ghaſtly thought would drink up all your joy,
And quite *unparadiſe* the realms of light."

Yet, excepting flattery which *was*

was his trade as a courtier; a few tragical rants, his poetical flights, and the imbecilities of old age; publiſhed, I think unwarrantably, in ſome late volumes, which his friends ought to have ſuppreſſed; with theſe exceptions, Young is entitled to the rare, but important praiſe, of not having left a line, which for moral or religious reaſons, on his death-bed, he could wiſh to have eraſed.

The young author, impelled by a love of fame, or of money, who is ardently puſhing forward in the race for applauſe; and the copious writer who is too apt to conſider rather what will be read, than what he ought to write, will do well to weigh this circumſtance, and apply it:

Nam ſemel emiſſum fugit irrevocabile ſcriptum.

Mr. Herbert Croft has taken much pains to prove, that the character of Lorenzo, frequently introduced into the Night Thoughts, could not be meant for the poet's ſon—nor, indeed, does it ſeem poſſible.

But the elaborate zeal he exhibits, has been attended with an effect, which the zeal of his friendſhip never deſigned; it is a tacit confeſſion, or rather a proof, that there *were* certain traits and ſtrong reſemblances in the picture, which rendered ſo much induſtry and effort neceſſary to prevent our miſtaking it for a family likeneſs.

Young, in the early part of life, was fond of muſic, and touched the German flute with much taſte. Being once on the river with ſome ladies, he played them ſeveral tunes, and then put the flute in his pocket.

Some officers rowing by juſt as he ceaſed playing, one of them rudely aſked him, why he left off. "For the ſame reaſon that I began," replied Young, "to pleaſe myſelf." One of them immediately told him, that if he did not continue playing, he would directly throw him into the Thames. His female friends began to be much alarmed, and Young, on their account, played till they reached Vauxhall, where both parties ſpent the evening.

The doctor had marked his man, and took an opportunity, in one of the dark walks, to tell the ſon of Mars, that he expected him to meet him at ſuch a place, in the morning, to give him a gentleman's ſatisfaction, and that he choſe ſwords for the weapons. The officer was ſurprized, on their meeting, to ſee

Young

Young advance towards him with a large horſe piſtol, with which he told him, he would inſtantly ſhoot him through the head, if he did not dance a minuet: after ſome difficulties, he complied, and the officer reflecting on his impertinent conduct, acknowledged the juſtice of his treatment.

THE END.

H. Reynell, Printer, 21, Piccadilly.

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